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GYPSY QUEEN. (PAGE 41.)

THE SPANISH GYPSY;
THE LEGEND OF JUBAL

AND

OTHER POEMS, OLD AND NEW,

BY

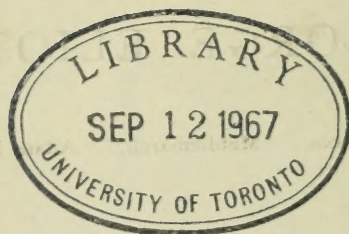
GEORGE ELIOT

Author of "Romola," "Middlemarch," "Adam Bede," &c.

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THE SPANISH GYPSY.

BOOK I.

'Tis the warm South, where Europe spreads her lands
Like fretted leaflets, breathing on the deep:
Broad-breasted Spain, leaning with equal love
On the Mid Sea that moans with memories,
And on the untravelled Ocean's restless tides.
This river, shadowed by the battlements
And gleaming silvery toward the northern sky,
Feeds the famed stream that waters Andalus
And loiters, amorous of the fragrant air,
By Córdoba and Seville to the bay
Fronting Algarva and the wandering flood
Of Gaudiana. This deep mountain gorge
Slopes widening on the olive-pluméd plains
Of fair Granáda: one far-stretching arm
Points to Elvira, one to eastward heights
Of Alpujarras where the new-bathed Day
With oriflamme uplifted o'er the peaks
Saddens the breasts of northward-looking snows
That loved the night, and soared with soaring stars:
Flashing the signals of his nearing swiftness
From Almería's purple-shadowed bay
On to the far-off rocks that gaze and glow—
On to Alhambra, strong and ruddy heart
Of glorious Morisma, gasping now,
A maiméd giant in his agony.
This town that dips its feet within the stream
And seems to sit a tower-crowned Cybele,
Spreading her ample robe adown the rocks,
Is rich Bedmár: 'twas Moorish long ago,
But now the Cross is sparkling on the Mosque.
And bells make Catholic the trembling air.
The fortress gleams in Spanish sunshine now

('Tis south a mile before the rays are Moorish)—
Hereditary jewel, agraffe bright
On all the many-titled privilege
Of young Duke Silva. No Castilian knight
That serves Queen Isabel has higher charge;
For near this frontier sits the Moorish king,
Not Boabdil the waverer, who usurps
A throne he trembles in, and fawning licks
The feet of conquerors, but that fierce lion
Grisly El Zagal, who has made his lair
In Guadix' fort, and rushing thence with strength,
Half his own fierceness, half the untainted heart
Of mountain bands that fight for holiday,
Wastes the fair lands that lie by Alcalá,
Wreathing his horse's neck with Christian heads.

To keep the Christian frontier—such high trust
Is young Duke Silva's; and the time is great.
(What times are little? To the sentinel
That hour is regal when he mounts on guard.)
The fifteenth century since the Man Divine
Taught and was hated in Capernaum
Is near its end—is falling as a husk
Away from all the fruit its years have riped.
The Moslem faith, now flickering like a torch
In a night struggle on this shore of Spain,
Glares, a broad column of advancing flame,
Along the Danube and the Illyrian shore
Far into Italy, where eager monks,
Who watch in dreams and dream the while they watch,
See Christ grow paler in the baleful light,
Crying again the cry of the forsaken.
But faith, the stronger for extremity,
Becomes prophetic, hears the far-off tread
Of western chivalry, sees downward sweep
The archangel Michael with the gleaming sword,
And listens for the shriek of hurrying fiends
Chased from their revels in God's sanctuary.
So trusts the monk, and lifts appealing eyes
To the high dome, the Church's firmament,
Where the blue light-pierced curtain, rolled away,
Reveals the throne and Him who sits thereon.

So trust the men whose best hope for the world
Is ever that the world is near its end:
Impatient of the stars that keep their course
And make no pathway for the coming Judge.

But other futures stir the world's great heart.
The West now enters on the heritage
Won from the tombs of mighty ancestors,
The seeds, the gold, the gems, the silent harps
That lay deep buried with the memories
Of old renown.

No more, as once in sunny Avignon,
The poet-scholar spreads the Homeric page,
And gazes sadly, like the deaf at song;
For now the old epic voices ring again
And vibrate with the beat and melody
Stirred by the warmth of old Ionian days.
The martyred sage, the Attic orator,
Immortality incarnate, like the gods,
In spiritual bodies, wingéd words
Holding a universe impalpable,
Find a new audience. For evermore,
With grander resurrection than was feigned
Of Attila's fierce Huns, the soul of Greece
Conquers the bulk of Persia. The maimed form
Of calmly-joyous beauty, marble-limbed,
Yet breathing with the thought that shaped its lips,
Looks mild reproach from out its opened grave
At creeds of terror; and the vine-wreathed god
Fronts the pierced Image with the crown of thorns.
The soul of man is widening toward the past:
No longer hanging at the breast of life
Feeding in blindness to his parentage—
Quenching all wonder with Omnipotence,
Praising a name with indolent piety—
He spells the record of his long descent,
More largely conscious of the life that was.
And from the height that shows where morning shone
On far-off summits pale and gloomy now,
The horizon widens round him, and the west
Looks vast with untracked waves whereon his gaze
Follows the flight of the swift-vanished bird

That like the sunken sun is mirrored still
Upon the yearning soul within the eye.
And so in Córdoba through patient nights
Columbus watches, or he sails in dreams
Between the setting stars and finds new day;
Then wakes again to the old weary days,
Girds on the cord and frock of pale Saint Francis,
And like him zealous pleads with foolish men.
"I ask but for a million maravedis:
Give me three caravels to find a world,
New shores, new realms, new soldiers for the Cross.
Son cosas grandes!" Thus he pleads in vain;
Yet faints not utterly, but pleads anew,
Thinking, "God means it, and has chosen me."
For this man is the pulse of all mankind
Feeding an embryo future, offspring strange
Of the fond Present, that with mother-prayers
And mother-fancies looks for championship
Of all her loved beliefs and old-world ways
From that young Time she bears within her womb.
The sacred places shall be purged again,
The Turk converted, and the Holy Church,
Like the mild Virgin with the outspread robe,
Shall fold all tongues and nations lovingly.

But since God works by armies, who shall be
The modern Cyrus? Is it France most Christian,
Who with his lilies and brocaded knights,
French oaths, French vices, and the newest style
Of out-puffed sleeve, shall pass from west to east,
A winnowing fan to purify the seed
For fair millennial harvests soon to come?
Or is not Spain the land of chosen warriors?
Crusaders consecrated from the womb,
Carrying the sword-cross stamped upon their souls
By the long yearnings of a nation's life,
Through all the seven patient centuries
Since first Pelayo and his resolute band
Trusted the God within their Gothic hearts
At Covadunga, and defied Mahound;
Beginning so the Holy War of Spain
That now is panting with the eagerness

Of labor near its end. The silver cross
Glitters o'er Malaga and streams dread light
On Moslem galleys, turning all their stores
From threats to gifts. What Spanish knight is he
Who, living now, holds it not shame to live
Apart from that hereditary battle
Which needs his sword? Castilian gentlemen
Choose not their task—they choose to do it well.

The time is great, and greater no man's trust
Than his who keeps the fortress for his king,
Wearing great honors as some delicate robe
Brocaded o'er with names 'twere sin to tarnish.
Born de la Cerda, Calatravan knight,
Count of Segura, fourth Duke of Bedmár,
Offshoot from that high stock of old Castile
Whose topmost branch is proud Medina Celi—
Such titles with their blazonry are his
Who keeps this fortress, its sworn governor,
Lord of the valley, master of the town,
Commanding whom he will, himself commanded
By Christ his Lord who sees him from the Cross
And from bright heaven where the Mother pleads
By good Saint James upon the milk-white steed,
Who leaves his bliss to fight for chosen Spain;—
By the dead gaze of all his ancestors;—
And by the mystery of his Spanish blood
Charged with the awe and glories of the past.

See now with soldiers in his front and rear
He winds at evening through the narrow streets
That toward the Castle gate climb devious:
His charger, of fine Andalusian stock,
An Indian beauty, black but delicate,
Is conscious of the herald trumpet note,
The gathering glances, and familiar ways
That lead fast homeward: she forgets fatigue,
And at the light touch of the master's spur
Thrills with the zeal to bear him royally,
Arches her neck and clambers up the stones
As if disdainful of the difficult steep.
Night-black the charger, black the rider's plume,

But all between is bright with morning hues—
 Seems ivory and gold and deep blue gems,
 And starry flashing steel and pale vermilion,
 All set in jasper: on his surcoat white
 Glitter the sword-belt and the jewelled hilt,
 Red on the back and breast the holy cross,
 And 'twixt the helmet and the soft spun white
 Thick tawny wavelets like the lion's mane
 Turn backward from his brow, pale, wide, erect,
 Shadowing blue eyes—blue as the rain-washed sky
 That braced the early stem of Gothic kings
 He claims for ancestry. A goodly knight,
 A noble caballero, broad of chest
 And long of limb. So much the August sun,
 Now in the west but shooting half its beams
 Past a dark rocky profile toward the plain,
 At windings of the path across the slope
 Makes suddenly luminous for all who see:
 For women smiling from the terraced roofs;
 For boys that prone on trucks with heads up-propped
 Lazy and curious, stare irreverent:
 For men who make obeisance with degrees
 Of good-will shading toward servility,
 Where good-will ends and secret fear begins
 And curses, too, low-muttered through the teeth,
 Explanatory to the God of Shem.

Five, grouped within a whitened tavern court
 Of Moorish fashion, where the trellised vines
 Purpling above their heads make odorous shade,
 Note through the open door the passers-by,
 Getting some rills of novelty to speed
 The lagging stream of talk and help the wine.
 'Tis Christian to drink wine: whoso denies
 His flesh at bidding save of Holy Church,
 Let him beware and take to Christian sins
 Lest he be taxed with Moslem sanctity.

The souls are five, the talkers only three.
 (No time, most tainted by wrong faith and rule,
 But holds some listeners and dumb animals.)
 MINE HOST is one: he with the well-arched nose,

Soft eyed, fat-handed, loving men for naught
But his own humor, patting old and young
Upon the back, and mentioning the cost
With confidential blandness, as a tax
That he collected much against his will
From Spaniards who were all his bosom friends
Warranted Christian—else how keep an inn,
Which calling asks true faith? though like his wine
Of cheaper sort, a trifle over-new.
His father was a convert, chose the chrism
As men choose physic, kept his chimney warm
With smokiest wood upon a Saturday,
Counted his gains and grudges on a chaplet,
And crossed himself asleep for fear of spies;
Trusting the God of Israel would see
'Twas Christian tyranny that made him base.
Our host his son was born ten years too soon,
Had heard his mother call him Ephraim;
Knew holy things from common, thought it sin
To feast on days when Israel's children mourned,
So had to be converted with his sire,
To doff the awe he learned as Ephraim,
And suit his manners to a Christian name.
But infant awe, that unborn moving thing,
Dies with what nourished it, can never rise
From the dead womb and walk and seek new pasture.
Thus baptism seemed to him a merry game
Not tried before, all sacraments a mode
Of doing homage for one's property,
And all religions a queer human whim
Or else a vice, according to degrees:
As, 'tis a whim to like your chestnuts hot,
Burn your own mouth and draw your face awry,
A vice to pelt frogs with them—animals
Content to take life coolly. And Lorenzo
Would have all lives made easy, even lives
Of spiders and inquisitors, yet still
Wishing so well to flies and Moors and Jews
He rather wished the others easy death;
For loving all men clearly was deferred
Till all men loved each other. Such mine Host,
With chiselled smile caressing Seneca,
The solemn mastiff leaning on his knee.

His right-hand guest is solemn as the dog,
Square-faced and massive: BLASCO is his name,
A prosperous silversmith from Aragon :
In speech not silvery, rather tuned as notes
From a deep vessel made of plenteous iron,
Or some great bell of slow but certain swing
That, if you only wait, will tell the hour
As well as flippant clocks that strike in haste
And set off chiming a superfluous tune—
Like JUAN there, the spare man with the lute
Who makes you dizzy with his rapid tongue,
Whirring athwart your mind with comment swift
On speech you would have finished by and by,
Shooting your bird for you while you are loading,
Cheapening your wisdom as a pattern known,
Woven by any shuttle on demand.
Can never sit quite still, too : sees a wasp
And kills it with a movement like a flash ;
Whistles low notes or seems to thrum his lute
As a mere hyphen 'twixt two syllables
Of any steadier man ; walks up and down
And snuffs the orange flowers and shoots a pea
To hit a streak of light let through the awning.
Has a queer face : eyes large as plums, a nose
Small, round, uneven, like a bit of wax
Melted and cooled by chance. Thin-fingered, lithe,
And as a squirrel noiseless, startling men
Only by quickness. In his speech and look
A touch of graceful wildness, as of things
Not trained or tamed for uses of the world ;
Most like the Fauns that roamed in days of old
About the listening whispering woods, and shared
The subtler sense of sylvan ears and eyes
Undulled by scheming thought, yet joined the rout
Of men and women on the festal days,
And played the syrinx too, and knew love's pains,
Turning their anguish into melody.
For Juan was a minstrel still, in times
When minstrelsy was held a thing outworn.
Spirits seem buried and their epitaph
Is writ in Latin by severest pens,
Yet still they flit above the trodden grave

And find new bodies, animating them
In quaint and ghostly way with antique souls.
So Juan was a troubadour revived,
Freshening life's dusty road with babbling rills
Of wit and song, living 'mid harnessed men
With limbs ungalled by armor, ready so
To soothe them weary, and to cheer them sad.
Guest at the board, companion in the camp,
A crystal mirror to the life around,
Flashing the comment keen of simple fact
Defined in words ; lending brief lyric voice
To grief and sadness ; hardly taking note
Of difference betwixt his own and others' ;
But rather singing as a listener
To the deep moans, the cries, the wild strong joys
Of universal Nature, old yet young.
Such Juan, the third talker, shimmering bright
As butterfly or bird with quickest life.
The silent ROLDAN has his brightness too,
But only in his spangles and rosettes.
His parti-colored vest and crimson hose
Are dulled with old Valencian dust, his eyes
With straining fifty years at gilded balls
To catch them dancing, or with brazen looks
At men and women as he made his jests
Some thousand times and watched to count the pence
His wife was gathering. His olive face
Has an old writing in it, characters
Stamped deep by grins that had no merriment,
The soul's rude mark proclaiming all its blank ;
As on some faces that have long grown old
In lifting tapers up to forms obscene
On ancient walls and chuckling with false zest
To please my lord, who gives the larger fee
For that hard industry in apishness.
Roldan would gladly never laugh again ;
Pensioned, he would be grave as any ox,
And having beans and crumbs and oil secured
Would borrow no man's jokes for evermore.
'Tis harder now because his wife is gone,
Who had quick feet, and danced to ravishment
Of every ring jewelled with Spanish eyes,

But died and left this boy, lame from his birth,
And sad and obstinate, though when he will
He sings God-taught such marrow-thrilling strains
As seem the very voice of dying Spring,
A flute-like wail that mourns the blossoms gone,
And sinks, and is not, like their fragrant breath,
With fine transition on the trembling air.
He sits as if imprisoned by some fear,
Motionless, with wide eyes that seem not made
For hungry glancing of a twelve-year'd boy
To mark the living thing that he could teaze,
But for the gaze of some primeval sadness
Dark twin with light in the creative ray.
This little PABLO has his spangles too,
And large rosettes to hide his poor left foot
Rounded like any hoof (his mother thought
God willed it so to punish all her sins).

I said the souls were five—besides the dog,
But there was still a sixth, with wrinkled face,
Grave and disgusted with all merriment
Not less than Roldan. It is ANNIBAL,
The experienced monkey who performs the tricks,
Jumps through the hoops, and carries round the hat.
Once full of sallies and impromptu feats,
Now cautious not to light on aught that's new,
Lest he be whipped to do it o'er again
From A to Z, and make the gentry laugh:
A misanthropic monkey, gray and grim,
Bearing a lot that has no remedy
For want of concert in the monkey tribe.

We see the company, above their heads
The braided matting, golden as ripe corn,
Stretched in a curving strip close by the grapes,
Elsewhere rolled back to greet the cooler sky;
A fountain near, vase-shapen and broad-lipped,
Where timorous birds alight with tiny feet,
And hesitate and bend wise listening ears,
And fly away again with undipped beak.
On the stone floor the juggler's heaped-up goods
Carpet and hoops, viol and tambourine,

Where Annibal sits perched with brows severe,
 A serious ape whom none take seriously,
 Obliged in this fool's world to earn his nuts
 By hard buffoonery. We see them all
 And hear their talk—the talk of Spanish men,
 With Southern intonation, vowels turned
 Caressingly between the consonants,
 Persuasive, willing, with such intervals
 As music borrows from the wooing birds,
 That plead with subtly curving, sweet descent—
 And yet can quarrel, as these Spaniards can.

JUAN (*near the doorway*).

You hear the trumpet? There's old Ramon's blast.
 No bray but his can shake the air so well.
 He takes his trumpeting as solemnly
 As angel charged to wake the dead; thinks war
 Was made for trumpeters, and their great art
 Made solely for themselves who understand it.
 His features all have shaped themselves to blowing,
 And when his trumpet's bagged or left at home
 He seems a chattel in a broker's booth,
 A spoutless watering-can, a promise to pay
 No sum particular. O fine old Ramon!
 The blasts get louder and the clattering hoofs;
 They crack the ear as well as heaven's thunder
 For owls that listen blinking. There's the banner.

HOST (*joining him: the others follow to the door*).

The Duke has finished reconnoitring, then?
 We shall hear news. They say he means a sally—
 Would strike El Zagal's Moors as they push home
 Like ants with booty heavier than themselves;
 Then, joined by other nobles with their bands,
 Lay siege to Guadix. Juan, you're a bird
 That nests within the Castle. What say you?

JUAN.

Naught, I say naught. 'Tis but a toilsome game
 To bet upon that feather Policy,
 And guess where after twice a hundred puffs

'Twill catch another feather crossing it :
Guess how the Pope will blow and how the king ;
What force my lady's fan has ; how a cough
Seizing the Padre's throat may raise a gust,
And how the queen may sigh the feather down.
Such catching at imaginary threads,
Such spinning twisted air, is not for me.
If I should want a game, I'll rather bet
On racing snails, two large, slow, lingering snails—
No spurring, equal weights—a chance sublime,
Nothing to guess at, pure uncertainty.
Here comes the Duke. They give but feeble shouts.
And some look sour.

HOST.

That spoils a fair occasion.
Civility brings no conclusions with it,
And cheerful *Vivas* make the moments glide
Instead of grating like a rusty wheel.

JUAN.

O they are dullards, kick because they're stung,
And bruise a friend to show they hate a wasp.

HOST.

Best treat your wasp with delicate regard ;
When the right moment comes say, " By your leave,"
Use your heel—so ! and make an end of him,
That's if we talked of wasps ; but our young Duke—
Spain holds not a more gallant gentleman.
Live, live, Duke Silva ! 'Tis a rare smile he has,
But seldom seen.

JUAN.

A true hidalgo's smile,
That gives much favor, but beseeches none.
His smile is sweetened by his gravity :
It comes like dawn upon Sierra snows,
Seeming more generous for the coldness gone :
Breaks from the calm—a sudden opening flower
On dark deep waters : now a chalice shut,

A mystic shrine, the next a full-rayed star,
Thrilling, pulse-quickenning as a living word.
I'll make a song of that.

Host.

Prithee, not now.

You'll fall to staring like a wooden saint,
And wag your head as it were set on wires.
Here's fresh sherbét. Sit, be good company.
(To BLASCO) You are a stranger, sir, and cannot know
How our Duke's nature suits his princely frame.

BLASCO.

Nay, but I marked his spurs—chased cunningly!
A duke should know good gold and silver plate;
Then he will know the quality of mine.
I've ware for tables and for altars too,
Our Lady in all sizes, crosses, bells;
He'll need such weapons full as much as swords
If he would capture any Moorish town.
For, let me tell you, when a mosque is cleansed . . .

JUAN.

The demons fly so thick from sound of bells
And smell of incense, you may see the air
Streaked with them as with smoke. Why, they are spirits:
You may well think how crowded they must be
To make a sort of haze.

BLASCO.

I knew not that.

Still, they're of smoky nature, demons are;
And since you say so—well, it proves the more
The need of bells and censers, Ay, your Duke
Sat well: a true hidalgo. I can judge—
Of harness specially. I saw the camp,
The royal camp at Velez Malaga.
'Twas like the court of heaven—such liveries!
And torches carried by the score at night
Before the nobles. Sirs, I made a dish
To set an emerald in would fit a crown,
For Don Alonzo, lord of Aguilar,

Your Duke's no whit behind him in his mien
Or harness either. But you seem to say
The people love him not.

HOST.

They've naught against him.
But certain winds will make men's temper bad.
When the Solano blows hot venom'd breath,
It acts upon men's knives : steel takes to stabbing,
Which else, with cooler winds, were honest steel,
Cutting but Garlick. There's a wind just now
Blows right from Seville—

BLASCO.

Ay, you mean the wind.—
Yes, yes, a wind that's rather hot. . .

HOST.

With faggots.

JUAN.

A wind that suits not with our townsmen's blood.
Abram, 'tis said, objected to be scorched,
And, as the learned Arabs vouch, he gave
The antipathy in full to Ishmael.
'Tis true, these partriarchs had their oddities.

BLASCO.

Their oddities ? I'm of their mind, I know.
Though, as to Abraham and Ishmael,
I'm an old Christian, and owe naught to them
Or any Jew among 'them. But I know
We made a stir in Saragossa—we :
The men of Aragon ring hard—true metal.
Sirs, I'm no friend to heresy, but then
A Christian's money is not safe. As how ?
A lapsing Jew or any heretic
May owe me twenty ounces : suddenly
He's prisoned, suffers penalties—'tis well :
If men will not believe, 'tis good to make them,
But let the penalties fall on them alone.

The Jew is stripped, his goods are confiscate;
 Now, where, I pray you, go my twenty ounces?
 God knows, and perhaps the King may, but not I.
 And more, my son may lose his young wife's dower
 Because 'twas promised since her father's soul
 Fell to wrong thinking. How was I to know?
 I could but use my sense and cross myself,
 Christian is Christian—I gave in—but still
 Taxing is taxing, though you call it holy.
 We Saragossans liked not this new tax
 They call the—nonsense, I'm from Aragon!
 I speak too bluntly. But, for Holy Church,
 No man believes more.

HOST.

Nay, sir, never fear.
 Good Master Roldan here is no delator.

ROLDAN (*Starting from a reverie*).

You speak to me, sirs? I perform to-night—
 The Plaça Santiago. Twenty tricks,
 All different. I dance, too. And the boy
 Sings like a bird. I crave your patronage.

BLASCO.

Faith, you shall have it, sir. In travelling
 I take a little freedom, and am gay.
 You marked not what I said just now?

ROLDAN.

I? no.

I pray your pardon. I've a twinging knee,
 That makes it hard to listen. You were saying?

BLASCO.

Nay, it was naught. (*Aside to HOST*) Is it his deepness?

HOST.

No.

He's deep in nothing but his poverty.

BLASCO.

But 'twas his poverty that made me think.

HOST.

His piety might wish to keep the feasts
As well as fasts. No fear; he hears not.

BLASCO.

Good.

I speak my mind about the penalties,
But, look you, I'm against assassination.
You know my meaning—Master Arbués,
The grand Inquisitor in Aragon.
I knew naught—paid no copper towards the deed.
But I was there, at prayers, within the church.
How could I help it? Why, the saints were *there*,
And looked straight on above the altars. I . . .

JUAN.

Looked carefully another way.

BLASCO.

Why, at my beads.

'Twas after midnight, and the canons all
Were chanting matins. I was not in church
To gaze and stare. I saw the martyr kneel:
I never liked the look of him alive—
He was no martyr then. I thought he made
An ugly shadow as he crept athwart
The bands of light, then passed within the gloom
By the broad pillar. 'Twas in our great Seo,
At Saragossa. The pillars tower so large
You cross yourself to see them, lest white Death
Should hide behind their dark. And so it was.
I looked away again and told my beads
Unthinkingly; but still a man has ears;
And right across the chanting came a sound
As if a tree had crashed above the roar
Of some great torrent. So it seemed to me;
For when you listen long and shut your eyes
Small sounds get thunderous. He had a shell

Like any lobster: a good iron suit
 From top to toe beneath the innocent serge.
 That made the tell-tale sound. But then came shrieks
 The chanting stopped and turned to rushing feet,
 And in the midst lay Master Arbués,
 Felled like an ox. 'Twas wicked butchery.
 Some honest men had hoped it would have scared
 The Inquisition out of Aragon.
 'Twas money thrown away—I would say, crime—
 Clean thrown away.

Host.

That was a pity now
 Next to a missing thrust, what irks me most
 Is a neat well-aimed stroke that kills your man,
 Yet ends in mischief—as in Aragon.
 It was a lesson to our people here.
 Else there's a monk within our city walls,
 A holy, high-born, stern Dominican,
 They might have made the great mistake to kill.

BLASCO.

What! is he? . . .

Host.

Yes; a Master Arbués
 Of finer quality. The Prior here
 And uncle to our Duke.

BLASCO.

He will want plate:

A holy pillar or a crucifix.
 But, did you say, he was like Arbués?

JUAN.

As a black eagle with gold beak and claws
 Is like a raven. Even in his cowl,
 Covered from head to foot, the Prior is known
 From all the black herd round. When he uncovers
 And stands white-frocked, with ivory face, his eyes
 Black-gleaming, black his coronal of hair

Like shredded jasper, he seems less a man
 With struggling aims, than pure incarnate Will,
 Fit to subdue rebellious nations, nay,
 That human flesh he breathes in, charged with passion
 Which quivers in his nostril and his lip,
 But disciplined by long in-dwelling will
 To silent labor in the yoke of law.
 A truce to thy comparisons, Lorenzo!
 Thine is no subtle nose for difference;
 'Tis dulled by feigning and civility.

Host.

Pooh, thou'rt a poet, crazed with finding words
 May stick to things and seem like qualities.
 No pebble is a pebble in thy hands:
 'Tis a moon out of work, a barren egg,
 Or twenty things that no man sees but thee.
 Our Father Isidor's—a living saint,
 And that is heresy, some townsmen think:
 Saints should be dead, according to the Church.
 My mind is this: the Father is so holy
 'Twere sin to wish his soul detained from bliss.
 Easy translation to the realms above,
 The shortest journey to the seventh heaven,
 Is what I'd never grudge him.

BLASCO.

Piously said.

Look you, I'm dutiful, obey the Church
 When there's no help for it: I mean to say,
 When Pope and Bishop and all customers
 Order alike. But there be bishops now,
 And were aforetime, who have held it wrong,
 This hurry to convert the Jews. As how?
 Your Jew pays tribute to the bishop, say.
 That's good, and must please God, to see the Church
 Maintained in ways that ease the Christian's purse.
 Convert the Jew, and where's the tribute, pray?
 He lapses, too: 'tis slippery work, conversion:
 And then the holy taxing carries off
 His money at one sweep. No tribute more!
 He's penitent or burnt, and there's an end.
 Now guess which pleases God . . .

JUAN.

Whether he likes
A well-burnt Jew or well-fed bishop best.
[While Juan put this problem theologic
Entered, with resonant step, another guest—
A soldier: all his keenness in his sword,
His eloquence in scars upon his cheek,
His virtue in much slaying of the Moor:
With brow well-creased in horizontal folds
To save the space, as having naught to do:
Lips prone to whistle whisperingly—no tune,
But trotting rhythm: meditative eyes,
Most often fixed upon his legs and spurs:
Styled Captain Lopez.]

LOPEZ.

At your service, sirs.

JUAN.

Ha, Lopez? Why, thou hast a face full-charged
As any herald's. What news of the wars?

LOPEZ.

Such news as is most most bitter on my tongue.

JUAN.

Then spit it forth.

HOST.

Sit, Captain: here's a cup,
Fresh-filled. With news?

LOPEZ.

'Tis bad. We make no sally
We sit still here and wait whate'er the Moor
Shall please to do.

HOST.

Some townsmen will be glad.

LOPEZ.

Glad, will they be? But I'm not glad, not I,
Nor any Spanish soldier of clean blood.
But the Duke's wisdom is to wait a siege
Instead of laying one. Therefore—meantime
He will be married straightway.

HOST.

Ha, ha, ha!

Thy speech is like an hourglass; turn it down
The other way, 'twill stand as well, and say
The Duke will wed, therefore he waits a siege.
But what say Don Diego and the Prior?
The holy uncle and the fiery Don?

LOPEZ.

O there be sayings running all abroad
As thick as nuts o'erturned. No man need lack.
Some say, 'twas letters changed the Duke's intent:
From Malaga, says Blas. From Rome says Quintin,
From spies at Guadix, says Sebastian.
Some say, 'tis all a pretext—say, the Duke
Is but a lapdog hanging on a skirt,
Turning his eyeballs upward like a monk:
'Twas Don Diego said that—so says Blas;
Last week, he said . . .

JUAN.

O do without the "said!"

Open thy mouth and pause in lieu of it.
I had as lief be pelted with a pea
Irregularly in the self-same spot
As hear such iteration without rule.
Such torture of uncertain certainty.

LOPEZ.

Santiago! Juan, thou art hard to please.
I speak not for my own delighting, I.
I can be silent, I.

BLASCO.

Nay, sir, speak on!

I like your matter well. I deal in plate.
This wedding touches me. Who is the bride?

LOPEZ.

One that some say the Duke does ill to wed.
One that his mother reared—God rest her soul!—
Duchess Diana—she who died last year.
A bird picked up away from any nest.
Her name—the Duchess gave it—is Fedalma,
No harm in that. But the Duke stoops, they say,
In wedding her. And that's the simple truth.

JUAN.

Thy simple truth is but a false opinion :
The simple truth of asses who believe
Their thistle is the very best of food.
Fie, Lopez, thou a Spaniard with a sword
Dreamest a Spanish noble ever stoops
By doing honor to the maid he loves!
He stoops alone when he dishonors her.

LOPEZ.

Nay, I said nought against her.

JUAN.

Better not.

Else I would challenge thee to fight with wits,
And spear thee through and through ere thou couldst draw
The bluntest word. Yes, yes, consult thy spurs :
Spurs are a sign of knighthood, and should tell thee
That knightly love is blent with reverence.
As heavenly air is blent with heavenly blue.
Don Silva's heart beats to a loyal tune :
He wills no highest-born Castilian dame,
Betrothed to highest noble, should be held
More sacred than Fedalma. He enshrines
Her virgin image for the general awe
And for his own—will guard her from the world,
Nay, his profaner self, lest he should lose
The place of his religion. He does well.
Nought can come closer to the poet's strain.

HOST.

Or farther from his practice, Juan, eh?
If thou'rt a sample?

JUAN.

Wrong there, my Lorenzo!
Touching Fedalma the poor poet plays
A finer part even than the noble Duke.

LOPEZ.

By making ditties, singing with round mouth
Likest a crowing cock? Thou meanest that?

JUAN.

Lopez, take physic, thou are getting ill,
Growing descriptive; 'tis unnatural.
I mean, Don Silva's love expects reward,
Kneels with a heaven to come; but the poor poet
Worships without reward, nor hopes to find
A heaven save in his worship. He adores
The sweetest woman for her sweetness' sake,
Joys in the love that was not born for him,
Because 'tis lovingness, as beggars joy,
Warming their naked limbs on wayside walls,
To hear a tale of princes and their glory.
There's a poor poet (poor, I mean, in coin)
Worships Fedalma with so true a love
That if her silken robe were changed for rags,
And she were driven out to stony wilds
Barefoot, a scornéd wanderer, he would kiss
Her ragged garment's edge, and only ask
For leave to be her slave. Digest that, friend,
Or let it lie upon thee as a weight
To check light thinking of Fedalma.

LOPEZ.

I?

I think no harm of her; I thank the saints
I wear a sword and peddle not in thinking.
'Tis Father Marcos says she'll not confess
And loves not holy water; says her blood

Is infidel; says the Duke's wedding her
Is union of light with darkness.

JUAN.

Tush!

[Now Juan—who by snatches touched his lute
With soft arpeggio, like a whispered dream
Of sleeping music while he spoke of love—
In jesting anger at the soldier's talk
Thrummed loud and fast, then faster and more loud
Till, as he answered "Tush!" he struck a chord
Sudden as whip-crack close by Lopez' ear.
Mine host and Blasco smiled, the mastiff barked,
Roldan looked up and Annibal looked down,
Cautiously neutral in so new a case;
The boy raised longing, listening eyes that seemed
An exiled spirit's waiting in strained hope
Of voices coming from the distant land.
But Lopez bore the assault like any rock:
That was not what he drew his sword at—he!
He spoke with neck erect.]

LOPEZ.

If that's a hint

The company should ask thee for a song,
Sing, then!

HOST.

Ay, Juan, sing, and jar no more.
Something brand new. Thou'rt wont to make my ear
A test of novelties. Hast thou aught fresh?

JUAN.

As fresh as rain-drops. Here's a Cancion
Springs like a tiny mushroom delicate
Out of the priest's foul scandal of Fedalma.
[He preluded with querying intervals,
Rising, then falling just a semitone,
In minor cadence—sound with poised wing
Hovering and quivering toward the needed fall.
Then in a voice that shook the willing air
With masculine vibration sang this song:]

*Should I long that dark were fair?
 Say, O song!
 Lacks my love aught, that I should long?*

*Dark the night, with breath all flow'rs,
 And tender broken voice that fills
 With ravishment the listening hours:
 Whisperings, wooings,
 Liquid ripples and soft ring-dove cooings
 In low-toned rhythm that love's aching stills.
 Dark the night,
 Yet is she bright,
 For in her dark she brings the mystic star,
 Trembling yet strong, as is the voice of love,
 From some unknown afar.
 O radiant Dark! O darkly-fostered ray!
 Thou hast a joy too deep for shallow Day.*

While Juan sang, all round the tavern court
 Gathered a constellation of black eyes.
 Fat Lola leaned upon the balcony
 With arms that might have pillowed Hercules
 (Who built, 'tis known, the mightiest Spanish towns);
 Thin Alda's face, sad as a wasted passion,
 Leaned o'er the nodding baby's; twixt the rails
 The little Pepe showed his two black beads,
 His flat-ringed hair and small Semitic nose,
 Complete and tiny as a new-born minnow;
 Patting his head and holding in her arms
 The baby senior, stood Lorenzo's wife
 All negligent, her kerchief discomposed
 By little clutches, woman's coquetry
 Quite turned to mother's cares and sweet content.
 These on the balcony, while at the door
 Gazed the lank boys and lazy-shouldered men.
 'Tis likely too the rats and insects peeped,
 Being southern Spanish ready for a lounge.
 The singer smiled, as doubtless Orpheus smiled,
 To see the animals both great and small,
 The mountainous elephant and scampering mouse,
 Held by the ears in decent audience;
 Then, when mine host desired the strain once more,

He fell to preluding with rhythmic change
 Of notes recurrent, soft as pattering drops
 That fall from off the eaves in faéry dance
 When clouds are breaking; till at measured pause
 He struck with strength, in rare responsive chords.]

HOST.

Come, then, a gayer ballad, if thou wilt:
 I quarrel not with change. What say you, Captain?

LOPEZ.

All's one to me. I note no change of tune,
 Not I, save in the ring of horses' hoofs,
 Or in the drums and trumpets when they call
 To action or retreat. I ne'er could see
 The good of singing.

BLASCO.

Why, it passes time—
 Saves you from getting over-wise: that's good.
 For, look you, fools are merry here below,
 Yet they will go to heaven all the same,
 Having the sacraments; and, look you, heaven
 Is a long holiday, and solid men,
 Used to much business, might be ill at ease
 Not liking play. And so, in travelling,
 I shape myself betimes to idleness
 And take fools' pleasures . . .

HOST.

Hark, the song begins!

JUAN (*sings*).

*Maiden, crowned with glossy blackness,
 Lithe as panther forest-roaming,
 Long-armed naiad, when she dances,
 On a stream of ether-floating—
 Bright, O bright Fedalma!*

*Form all curves like softness drifted,
 Wave-kissed marble roundly dimpling,*

*Far-off music slowly wingéd,
Gently rising, gently sinking—
Bright, O bright Fedalma!*

*Pure as rain-tear on a rose-leaf,
Cloud high-born in noonday spotless,
Sudden perfect as the dew-bead,
Gem of earth and sky begotten—
Bright, O bright Fedalma!*

*Beauty has no mortal father,
Holy light her form engendered
Out of tremor, yearning, gladness,
Presage sweet and joy remembered—
Child of Light, Fedalma!*

BLASCO.

Faith, a good song, sung to a stirring tune.
I like the words returning in a round;
It gives a sort of sense. Another such!

ROLDAN (*rising*).

Sirs, you will hear my boy. 'Tis very hard
When gentles sing for naught to all the town.
How can a poor man live? And now 'tis time
I go to the Plaça—who will give me pence
When he can hear hidalgos and give naught?

JUAN.

True, friend. Be pacified. I'll sing no more.
Go thou, and we will follow. Never fear.
My voice is common as the ivy-leaves,
Plucked in all seasons—bears no price; thy boy's
Is like the almond blossoms. Ah, he's lame!

HOST. .

Load him not heavily. Here, Pedro! help.
Go with them to the Plaça, take the hoops.
The sights will pay thee.

BLASCO.

I'll be there anon,
And set the fashion with a good white coin.
But let us see as well as hear.

HOST.

Ay, prithee.

Some tricks, a dance.

BLASCO.

Yes, 'tis more rational.

ROLDAN (*turning round with the bundle and monkey on his shoulders*).

You shall see all, sirs. There's no man in Spain
Knows his art better. I've a twinging knee
Oft hinders dancing, and the boy is lame.
But no man's monkey has more tricks than mine.
[At this high praise the gloomy Annibal,
Mournful professor of high drollery,
Seemed to look gloomier, and the little troop
Went slowly out, escorted from the door
By all the idlers. From the balcony
Slowly subsided the black radiance
Of agate eyes, and broke in chattering sounds,
Coaxings and trampings, and the small hoarse squeak
Of Pepe's reed. And our group talked again.]

HOST.

I'll get this juggler, if he quits him well,
An audience here as choice as can be lured.
For me, when a poor devil does his best,
'Tis my delight to soothe his soul with praise.
What though the best be bad? remains the good
Of throwing food to a lean hungry dog.
I'd give up the best jugglery in life
To see a miserable juggler pleased.
But that's my humor. Crowds are malcontent
And cruel as the Holy . . . Shall we go?
All of us now together?

LOPEZ.

Well, not I.

I may be there anon, but first I go
To the lower prison. There is strict command
That all our gypsy prisoners shall to-night
Be lodged within the fort. They've forged enough
Of balls and bullets—used up all the metal.
At morn to-morrow they must carry stones
Up the south tower. 'Tis a fine stalwart band,
Fit for the hardest tasks. Some say, the queen
Would have the Gypsies banished with the Jews.
Some say, 'twere better harness them for work.
They'd feed on any filth and save the Spaniard.
Some say—but I must go. 'Twill soon be time
To head the escort. We shall meet again.

BLASCO.

Go, sir, with God (*exit Lopez*). A very proper man,
And soldierly. But, for this banishment
Some men are hot on, it ill pleases me.
The Jews, now (sirs, if any Christian here
Had Jews for ancestors, I blame him not;
We cannot all be Goths of 'Aragon)—
Jews are not fit for heaven, but on earth
They are most useful. 'Tis the same with mules,
Horses, or oxen, or with any pig
Except Saint Anthony's. They are useful here
(The Jews, I mean) though they may go to hell.
And, look you, useful sins—why Providence
Sends Jews to do 'em, saving Christian souls.
The very Gypsies, curbed and harnessed well,
Would make draught cattle, feed on vermin too,
Cost less than grazing brutes, and turn bad food
To handsome carcasses; sweat at the forge
For little wages, and well drilled and flogged
Might work like slaves, some Spaniards looking on.
I deal in plate, and am no priest to say
What God may mean, save when he means plain sense;
But when he sent the Gypsies wandering
In punishment because they sheltered not
Our Lady and Saint Joseph (and no doubt
Stole the small ass they fled with into Egypt),

Why send them here? 'Tis plain he saw the use
 They'd be to Spaniards. Shall we banish them
 And tell God we know better? 'Tis a sin.
 They talk of vermin; but, sirs, vermin large
 Were made to eat the small, or else to eat
 The noxious rubbish, and picked Gypsy men
 Might serve in war to climb, be killed, and fall
 To make an easy ladder. Once I saw
 A Gypsy sorcerer, at a spring and grasp
 Kill one who came to seize him: talk of strength!
 Nay, swiftness, too, for while we crossed ourselves
 He vanished like—say, like . .

JUAN.

A swift black snake,
 Or like a living arrow fledged with will.

BLASCO.

Why, did you see him, pray?

JUAN.

Not then, but now,

As painters see the many in the one.
 We have a Gypsy in Bedmár whose frame
 Nature compacted with such fine selection,
 'Twould yield a dozen types: all Spanish knights,
 From him who slew Rolando at the pass
 Up to the mighty Cid; all deities,
 Thronging Olympus in fine attitudes;
 Or all hell's heroes whom the poet saw
 Tremble like lions, writhe like demigods.

Host.

Pause not yet, Juan—more hyperbole!
 Shoot upward still and flare in meteors
 Before thou sink to earth in dull brown fact.

BLASCO.

Nay, give me fact, high shooting suits not me.
 I never stare to look for soaring larks.
 What is this Gypsy?

HOST.

Chieftain of a band,
The Moor's allies, whom full a month ago
Our Duke surprised and brought as captives home.
He needed smiths, and doubtless the brave Moor
Has missed some useful scouts and archers too.
Juan's fantastic pleasure is to watch
These Gypsies forging, and to hold discourse
With this great chief, whom he transforms at will
To sage or warrior, and like the sun
Plays daily at fallacious alchemy,
Turns sand to gold and dewy spider webs
To myriad rainbows. Still the sand is sand,
And still in sober shade you see the web.
'Tis so, I'll wager, with this Gypsy chief—
A piece of stalwart cunning, nothing more.

JUAN.

No! My invention had been all too poor
To frame this Zarca as I saw him first.
'Twas when they stripped him. In his chieftain's gear
Amidst his men he seemed a royal barb
Followed by wild-maned Andalusian colts.
He had a necklace of a strange device
In finest gold of unknown workmanship,
But delicate as Moorish, fit to kiss
Fedalma's neck, and play in shadows there.
He wore fine mail, rich-wrought sword and belt,
And on his surcoat black a broidered torch,
A pine-branch flaming, grasped by two dark hands.
But when they stripped him of his ornaments
It was the baubles lost their grace, not he.
His eyes, his mouth, his nostril, all inspired
With scorn that mastered utterance of scorn,
With power to check all rage until it turned
To ordered force, unleashed on chosen prey—
It seemed the soul within him made his limbs
And made them grand. The baubles were well gone.
He stood the more a king, when bared to men.

BLASCO.

Maybe. But nakedness is bad for trade,

And is not decent. Well wrought metal, sir,
 Is not a bauble. Had you seen the camp.
 The royal camp at Velez Malaga,
 Ponce de Leon and the other dukes,
 The king himself and all his thousand knights
 For bodyguard, 'twould not have left you breath
 To praise a Gypsy thus. A man's a man;
 But when you see a king, you see the work
 Of many thousand men. King Ferdinand
 Bears a fine presence, and hath proper limbs;
 But what though he were shrunken as a relic?
 You'd see the gold and gems that cased him o'er,
 And all the pages round him in brocade,
 And all the lords, themselves a sort of kings,
 Doing him reverence. That strikes an awe
 Into a common man—especially
 A judge of plate.

HOST.

Faith, very wisely said.

Purge they speech, Juan. It is over-full
 Of this same Gypsy. Praise the Catholic King.
 And come now, let us see the juggler's skill.

The Plaza Santiago.

'Tis daylight still, but now the golden cross
 Uplifted by the angel on the dome
 Stands rayless in calm color clear-defined
 Against the northern blue; from turrets high
 The flitting splendor sinks with folded wing
 Dark-hid till morning, and the battlements
 Wear soft relenting whiteness mellowed o'er
 By summers generous and winters bland.
 Now in the east the distance casts its veil
 And gazes with a deepening earnestness.
 The old rain-fretted mountains in their robes
 Of shadow-broken gray; the rounded hills
 Reddened with blood of Titans, whose huge limbs,
 Entombed within, feed full the hardy flesh
 Of cactus green and blue broad-sworded aloes
 The cypress soaring black above the lines
 Of white court-walls; the jointed sugar-canes

Pale-golden with their feathers motionless
In the warm quiet:—all thought-teaching form
Utters itself in firm unshimmering hues.
For the great rock has screened the westering sun
That still on plains beyond streams vaporous gold
Among the branches; and within Bedmár
Has come the time of sweet serenity
When color glows unglittering, and the soul
Of visible things shows silent happiness,
As that of lovers trusting though apart.
The ripe-cheeked fruits, the crimson petalled flowers;
The wingéd life that pausing seems a gem
Cunningly carven on the dark green leaf,
The face of man with hues supremely blent
To difference fine as of a voice 'mid sounds:—
Each lovely light-dipped thing seems to emerge
Flushed gravely from baptismal sacrament.
All beauteous existence rests, yet wakes,
Lies still, yet conscious, with clear open eyes
And gentle breath and mild suffused joy.
'Tis day, but day that falls like melody
Repeated on a string with graver tones—
Tones such as linger in a long farewell.

The Plaça widens in the passive air—
The Plaça Santiago, where the church,
A mosque converted, shows an eyeless face
Red-checkered, faded, doing penance still—
Bearing with Moorish arch the imaged saint,
Apostle, baron, Spanish warrior,
Whose charger's hoofs trample the turbaned dead,
Whose banner with the Cross, the bloody sword
Flashes athwart the Moslem's glazing eye,
And mocks his trust in Allah who forsakes.
Up to the church the Plaça gently slopes,
In shape most like the pious palmer's shell,
Girdled with low white houses; high above
Tower the strong fortress and sharp-angled wall
And well-flanked castle gate. From o'er the roofs,
And from the shadowed pátios cool, there spreads
The breath of flowers and aromatic leaves
Soothing the sense with bliss indefinite—

A baseless hope, a glad presentiment,
That curves the lip more softly, fills the eye
With more indulgent beam. And so it soothes
So gently sways the pulses of the crowd
Who make a zone about the central spot
Chosen by Roldan for his theatre.
Maids with arched eyebrows, delicate-penciled, dark,
Fold their round arms below the kerchief full;
Men shoulder little girls; and grandames gray,
But muscular still, hold babies on their arms;
While mothers keep the stout-legged boys in front
Against their skirts, as old Greek pictures show
The Glorious Mother with the Boy divine.
Youths keep the places for themselves, and roll
Large lazy eyes, and call recumbent dogs
(For reasons deep below the reach of thought).
The old men cough with purpose, wish to hint
Wisdom within that cheapens jugglery,
Maintain a neutral air, and knit their brows
In observation. None are quarrelsome,
Noisy, or very merry; for their blood
Moves slowly into fervor—they rejoice
Like those dark birds that sweep with heavy wing,
Cheering their mates with melancholy cries.

But now the gilded balls begin to play
In rhythmic numbers, ruled by practice fine
Of eye and muscle: all the juggler's form
Consents harmonious in swift-gliding change,
Easily forward stretched or backward bent
With lightest step and movement circular
Round a fixed point: 'tis not the old Roldan now,
The dull, hard, weary, miserable man,
The soul all parched to languid appetite
And memory of desire: 'tis wondrous force
That moves in combination multiform
Towards conscious ends: 'tis Roldan glorious,
Holding all eyes like any meteor,
King of the moment save when Annibal
Divides the scene and plays the comic part,
Gazing with blinking glances up and down
Dancing and throwing naught and catching it,

With mimicry as merry as the tasks
Of penance-working shades in Tartarus.

Pablo stands passive, and a space apart,
Holding a viol, waiting for command.
Music must not be wasted, but must rise
As needed climax; and the audience
Is growing with late comers. Juan now,
And the familiar Host, with Blasco broad,
Find way made gladly to the inmost round
Studded with heads. Lorenzo knits the crowd
Into one family by showing all
Good-will and recognition. Juan casts
His large and rapid-measuring glance around;
But—with faint quivering, transient as a breath
Shaking a flame—his eyes make sudden pause
Where by the jutting angle of a street
Castle-ward leading, stands a female form,
A kerchief pale square-drooping o'er the brow,
About her shoulders dim brown serge—in garb
Most like a peasant woman from the vale,
Who might have lingered after marketing
To see the show. What thrill mysterious,
Ray-borne from orb to orb of conscious eyes,
The swift observing sweep of Juan's glance
Arrests an instant, then with prompting fresh
Diverts it lastingly? He turns at once
To watch the gilded balls, and nod and smile
At little round Pepíta, blondest maid
In all Bedmár—Pepíta, fair yet flecked,
Saucy of lip and nose, of hair as red
As breasts of robins stepping on the snow—
Who stands in front with little tapping feet,
And baby-dimpled hands that hide enclosed
Those sleeping crickets, the dark castanets.
But soon the gilded balls have ceased to play
And Annibal is leaping through the hoops,
That turn to twelve, meeting him as he flies
In the swift circle. Shuddering he leaps,
But with each spring flies swift and swifter still
To loud and louder shouts, while the great hoops,
Are changed to smaller. Now the crowd is fired.

The motion swift, the living victim urged,
The imminent failure and repeated 'scape
Hurry all pulses and intoxicate
With subtle wine of passion many-mixed.
'Tis all about a monkey leaping hard
Till near to gasping; but it serves as well
As the great circus or arena dire,
Where these are lacking. Roldan cautiously
Slackens the leaps and lays the hoops to rest,
And Annibal retires with reeling brain
And backward staggers—pity, he could not smile:

Now Roldan spreads his carpet, now he shows
Strange metamorphoses: the pebble black
Changes to whitest egg within his hand;
A staring rabbit, with retreating ears,
Is swallowed by the air and vanishes;
He tells men's thoughts about the shaken dice,
Their secret choosings; makes the white beans pass
With causeless act sublime from cup to cup
Turned empty on the ground—dablerie
That pales the girls and puzzles all the boys:
These tricks are samples, hinting to the town
Roldan's great mastery. He tumbles next,
And Annibal is called to mock each feat
With arduous comicality and save
By rule romantic the great public mind
(And Roldan's body) from too serious strain.

But with the tumbling, lest the feats should fail,
And so need veiling in a haze of sound,
Pablo awakes the viol and the bow—
The masculine bow that draws the woman's heart,
From out the strings and makes them cry, yearn, plead,
Tremble, exult, with mystic union
Of joy acute and tender suffering.
To play the viol and discreetly mix
Alternate with the bow's keen biting tones
The throb responsive to the finger's touch,
Was rarest skill that Pablo half had caught
From an old blind and wandering Catalan;
The other half was rather heritage

From treasure stored by generations past
In winding chambers of receptive sense.

The wingèd sounds exalt the thick-pressed crowd
With a new pulse in common, blending all
The gazing life into one larger soul
With dimly widened consciousness: as waves
In heightened movement tell of waves far off.
And the light changes; westward stationed clouds,
The sun's ranged outposts, luminous message spread,
Rousing quiescent things to doff their shade
And show themselves as added audience.
Now Pablo, letting fall the eager bow,
Solicits softer murmurs from the strings,
And now above them pours a wondrous voice
(Such as Greek reapers heard in Sicily)
With wounding rapture in it, like love's arrows;
And clear upon clear air as colored gems
Dropped in a crystal cup of water pure,
Fall words of sadness, simple, lyrical:

*Spring comes hither,
Buds the rose;
Roses wither,
Sweet spring goes.
Ojalà, would she carry me!*

*Summer soars—
Wide-winged day
White light pours,
Flies away.
Ojalà, would he carry me!*

*Soft winds blow,
Westward born,
Onward go
Toward the morn.
Ojalà, would they carry me!*

*Sweet birds sing
O'er the graves,
Then take wing
O'er the waves.
Ojalà, would they carry me.*

When the voice paused and left the viol's note
 To plead forsaken, 'twas as when a cloud
 Hiding the sun, makes all the leaves and flowers
 Shiver. But when with measured change the strings
 Had taught regret new longing, clear again,
 Welcome as hope recovered, flowed the voice.

*Warm whispering through the slender olive leaves
 Come to me a gentle sound
 Whispering of a secret found
 In the clear sunshine 'mid the golden sheaves;
 Said it was sleeping for me in the morn,
 Called it gladness, called it joy,
 Drew me on—"Come hither, boy"—
 To where the blue wings rested on the corn.
 I thought the gentle sound had whispered true—
 Thought the little heaven mine,
 Leaned to clutch the thing divine;
 And saw the blue wings melt within the blue.*

The long notes linger on the trembling air,
 With subtle penetration enter all
 The myriad corridors of the passionate soul,
 Message-like spread, and answering action rouse.
 Not angular jigs that warm the chilly limbs
 In hoary northern mists, but action curved
 To soft andante strains pitched plaintively.
 Vibrations sympathetic stir all limbs:
 Old men live backward in their dancing-prime,
 And move in memory; small legs and arms
 With pleasant agitation purposeless
 Go up and down like pretty fruits in gales.
 All long in common for the expressive act
 Yet wait for it; as in the olden time
 Men waited for the bard to tell their thought.
 "The dance! the dance!" is shouted all around.
 Now Pablo lifts the bow, Pepita now,
 Ready as bird that sees the sprinkled corn,
 When Juan nods and smiles, puts forth her foot
 And lifts her arm to wake the castanets.
 Juan advances, too, from out the ring
 And bends to quit his lute; for now the scene

Is empty; Roldan weary, gathers pence,
Followed by Annibal with purse and stick.
The carpet lies a colored isle untrod,
Inviting feet: "The dance, the dance," resounds,
The bow entreats with slow melodic strain,
And all the air with expectation years.

Sudden, with gliding motion like a flame
That through dim vapor makes a path of glory,
A figure lithe, all white and saffron-robed,
Flashed right across the circle, and now stood.
With ripened arms uplift and regal head,
Like some tall flower whose dark and intense heart
Lies half within a tulip-tinted cup.
Juan stood fixed and pale; Pepita stepped
Backward within the ring: the voices fell
From shouts insistent to more passive tones
Half meaning welcome, half astonishment.
"Lady Fedalma!—will she dance for us?"

But she, sole swayed by impulse passionate,
Feeling all life was music and all eyes
The warming quickening light that music makes,
Moved as, in dance religious, Miriam,
When on the Red Sea shore she raised her voice
And led the chorus of the people's joy;
Or as the Trojan maids that reverent sang
Watching the sorrow-crownéd Hecuba:
Moved in slow curves voluminous, gradual,
Feeling and action flowing into one,
In Eden's natural taintless marriage-bond;
Ardently modest, sensuously pure,
With young delight that wonders at itself
And throbs as innocent as opening flowers,
Knowing not comment—soilless, beautiful.
The spirit in her gravely glowing face
With sweet community informs her limbs,
Filling their fine gradation with the breath
Of virgin majesty; as full vowelled words
Are new impregnate with the master's thought,
Even the chance-strayed delicate tendrils black,
That backward 'scape from out her wreathing hair—

Even the pliant folds that cling transverse
 When with obliquely soaring bend altern
 She seems a goddess quitting earth again—
 Gather expression—a soft undertone
 And resonance exquisite from the grand chord
 Of her harmoniously bodied soul.

At the first a reverential silence guards
 The eager senses of the gazing crowd:
 They hold their breath, and live by seeing her.
 But soon the admiring tension finds relief—
 Sighs of delight, applausive murmurs low,
 And stirrings gentle as of eared corn
 Or seed-bent grasses, when the ocean's breath
 Spreads landward. Even Juan is impelled
 By the swift-travelling movement: fear and doubt
 Give way before the hurrying energy;
 He takes his lute and strikes in fellowship,
 Filling more full the rill of melody
 Raised ever and anon to clearest flood
 By Pablo's voice, that dies away too soon,
 Like the sweet blackbird's fragmentary chant,
 Yet wakes again, with varying rise and fall,
 In songs that seem emergent memories
 Prompting brief utterance—little canciones
 And villancicos, Andalusia-born.

PABLO (*sings.*)
*It was in the prime
 Of the sweet Spring-time.
 In the linnet's throat
 Trembled the love-note,
 And the love-stirred air
 Thrilled the blossoms there.
 Little shadows danced
 Each a tiny elf,
 Happy in large light
 And the thinnest self.*

*It was but a minute
 In a far-off Spring,
 But each gentle thing,*

THE SPANISH GYPSY.

*Sweetly-wooing linnet,
Soft-thrilled hawthorn tree,
Happy shadowy elf
With the thinnest self,
Live still on in me.
O the sweet, sweet prime
Of the past Spring-time!*

And still the light is changing: high above
Float soft pink clouds; others with deeper flush
Stretch like flamingos bending toward the south.
Comes a more solemn brilliance o'er the sky,
A meaning more intense upon the air—
The inspiration of the dying day.
And Juan now, when Pablo's notes subside,
Soothes the regretful ear, and breaks the pause
With masculine voice in deep antiphony.

JUAN (*sings*).

*Day is dying! Float, O song,
Down the westward river,
Requiem chanting to the Day—
Day, the mighty Giver.*

*Pierced by shafts of Time he bleeds,
Melted rubies sending
Through the river and the sky,
Earth and heaven blending;*

*All the long-drawn earthly banks
Up to cloud-land lifting:
Slow between them drifts the swan,
'Twixt two heavens drifting.
Wings half open, like a flow'r
Inly deeper flushing,
Neck and breast as virgin's pure—
Virgin proudly blushing.*

*Day is dying! Float, O swan,
Down the ruby river;
Follow, song, in requiem
To the mighty Giver.*

The exquisite hour, the ardor of the crowd,
 The strains more plenteous, and the gathering might
 Of action passionate where no effort is,
 But self's poor gates open to rushing power
 That blends the inward ebb and outward vast—
 All gathering influences culminate
 And urge Fedalma. Earth and heaven seem one,
 Life a glad trembling on the outer edge
 Of unknown rapture. Swifter now she moves,
 Filling the measure with a double beat
 And widening circle; now she seems to glow
 With more declaréd presence, glorified.
 Circling, she lightly bends and lifts on high
 The multitudinous-sounding tambourine,
 And makes it ring and boom, then lifts it higher
 Stretching her left arm beauteous; now the crowd
 Exultant shouts, forgetting poverty
 In the rich moment of possessing her.
 But sudden, at one point, the exultant throng
 Is pushed and hustled, and then thrust apart;
 Something approaches—something cuts the ring
 Of jubilant idlers—startling as a streak
 From alien wounds across the blooming flesh
 Of careless sporting childhood. 'Tis the band
 Of Gypsy prisoners. Soldiers lead the van
 And make sparse flanking guard, aloof surveyed
 By gallant Lopez, stringent in command.
 The Gypsies chained in couples, all save one,
 Walk in dark file with grand bare legs and arms
 And savage melancholy in their eyes
 That star-like gleam from out black clouds of hair;
 Now they are full in sight, and now they stretch
 Right to the centre of the open space.
 Fedalma now, with gentle wheeling sweep
 Returning, like the loveliest of the Houris
 Strayed from her sisters, truant lingering,
 Faces again the centre, swings again
 The uplifted tambourine. . . .

When lo! with sound

Stupendous throbbing, solemn as a voice
 Sent by the invisible choir of all the dead,
 Tolls the great passing bell that calls to prayer

For souls departed: at the mighty beat
It seems the light sinks awe-struck—'tis the note
Of the sun's burial: speech and action pause;
Religious silence and the holy sign
Of everlasting memories (the sign
Of death that turned to more diffusive life)
Pass o'er the Plaça. Little children gaze
With lips apart, and feel the unknown god;
And the most men and women pray. Not all.
The soldiers pray; the Gypsies stand unmoved
As pagan statues with proud level gaze.
But he who wears a solitary chain
Heading the file, has turned to face Fedalma.
She motionless, with arm uplifted, guards
The tambourine aloft (lest, sudden-lowered,
Its trivial jingle mar the duteous pause),
Reveres the general prayer, but prays not, stands
With level glance meeting the Gypsy's eyes,
That seem to her the sadness of the world
Rebuking her, the great bell's hidden thought
Now first unveiled—the sorrows unredeemed
Of races outcast, scorned, and wandering.
Why does he look at her? Why she at him?
As if the meeting light between their eyes
Made permanent union? His deep-knit brow,
Inflated nostril, scornful lip compressed,
Seem a dark hieroglyph of coming fate
Written before her. Father Isidor
Had terrible eyes and was her enemy;
She knew it and defied him; all her soul
Rounded and hardened in its separateness
When they encountered. But this prisoner—
This Gypsy, passing, gazing casually—
Was he her enemy too? She stood all quelled,
The impetuous joy that hurried in her veins
Seemed backward rushing turned to chillest awe,
Uneasy wonder, and a vague self-doubt.
The minute brief stretched measureless, dream-filled
By a dilated new-fraught consciousness.

Now it was gone; the pious murmur ceased,
The Gypsies all move onward at command

And careless noises blent confusedly.
But the ring closed again, and many ears
Waited for Pablo's music, many eyes
Turned toward the carpet: it lay bare and dim,
Twilight was there—the bright Fedalma gone.

A handsome room in the Castle. On a table a rich jewel-casket.

Silva had doffed his mail and with it all
The heavier harness of his warlike cares.
He had not seen Fedalma; miser-like
He hoarded through the hour a costlier joy
By longing oft-repressed. Now it was earned;
And with observance wanted he would send
To ask admission. Spanish gentlemen
Who wooed fair dames of noble ancestry
Did homage with rich tunics and slashed sleeves
And outward surging linen's costly snow;
With brodered scarf transverse, and rosary
Handsomely wrought to fit high-blooded prayer;
So hinting in how deep respect they held
That self they threw before their lady's feet.
And Silva—that Fedalma's rate should stand
No jot below the highest, that her love
Might seem to all the royal gift it was—
Turned every trifle in his mien and garb
To scrupulous language, uttering to the world
That since she loved him he went carefully,
Bearing a thing so precious in his hand.
A man of high-wrought strain, fastidious
In his acceptance, dreading all delight
That speedy dies and turns to carrion:
His senses much exacting, deep instilled
With keen imagination's airy needs;—
Like strong-limbed monsters studded o'er with eyes,
Their hunger checked by overwhelming vision,
Or that fierce lion in symbolic dream
Snatched from the ground by wings and new-endowed
With a man's thought-propelled relenting heart.
Silva was both the lion and the man;
First hesitating shrank, then fiercely sprang,

Or having sprung, turned pallid at his deed
And loosed the prize, paying his blood for naught
A nature half-transformed, with qualities
That oft bewrayed each other, elements
Not blent but struggling, breeding strange effects,
Passing the reckoning of his friends or foes.
Haughty and generous, grave and passionate;
With tidal moments of devoutest awe,
Sinking anon to farthest ebb of doubt;
Deliberating ever, till the sting
Of a recurrent ardor made him rush
Right against reasons that himself had drilled
And marshalled painfully. A spirit framed
Too proudly special for obedience,
Too subtly pondering for mastery:
Born of a goddess with a mortal sire,
Heir of flesh-fettered, weak divinity,
Doom-gifted with long resonant consciousness
And perilous heightening of the sentient soul.
But look less curiously: life itself
May not express us all, may leave the worst
And the best too, like tunes in mechanism
Never awaked. In various catalogues
Objects stand variously. Silva stands
As a young Spaniard, handsome, noble, brave,
With titles many, high in pedigree;
Or, as a nature quiveringly poised
In reach of storms, whose qualities may turn
To murdered virtues that still walk as ghosts
Within the shuddering soul and shriek remorse;
Or, as a lover In the screening time
Of purple blossoms, when the petals crowd
And softly crush like cherub cheeks in heaven,
Who thinks of greenly withered fruit and worms?
O the warm southern spring is beauteous!
And in love's spring all good seems possible:
No threats, all promise, brooklets ripple full
And bathe the rushes, vicious crawling things
Are pretty eggs, the sun shines graciously
And parches not, the silent rain beats warm
As childhood's kisses, days are young and grow,
And earth seems in its sweet beginning time

Fresh made for two who live in Paradise.
 Silva is in love's spring, its freshness breathed
 Within his soul along the dusty ways
 While marching homeward; 'tis around him now
 As in a garden fenced in for delight,—
 And he may seek delight. Smiling he lifts
 A whistle from his belt, but lets it fall
 Ere it has reached his lips, jarred by the sound
 Of usher's knocking, and a voice that craves
 Admission for the Prior of San Domingo.

PRIOR (*entering*).

You look perturbed, my son. I thrust myself
 Between you and some beckoning intent
 That wears a face more smiling than my own.

DON SILVA.

Father, enough that you are here. I wait,
 As always, your commands—nay, should have sought
 An early audience.

PRIOR.

To give, I trust,
 Good reasons for your change of policy?

DON SILVA.

Strong reasons, father.

PRIOR.

Ay, but are they good?
 I have known reasons strong but strongly evil.

DON SILVA.

'Tis possible. I but deliver mine
 To your strict judgment. Late despatches sent
 With urgency by the Count of Bavien,
 No hint on my part prompting, with besides
 The testified concurrence of the King
 And our Grand Master, have made peremptory
 The course which else had been but rational.
 Without the forces furnished by allies
 The siege of Guadix would be madness. More,

El Zagal has his eyes upon Bedmár:
 Let him attempt it: in three weeks from hence
 The Master and the Lord of Aguilar
 Will bring their forces. We shall catch the Moors,
 The last gleaned clusters of their bravest men,
 As in a trap. You have my reasons, father.

PRIOR.

And they sound well. But free-tongued rumor adds
 A pregnant supplement—in substance this:
 That inclination snatches arguments
 To make indulgence seem judicious choice;
 That you, commanding in God's Holy War,
 Lift prayers to Satan to retard the fight
 And give you time for feasting—wait a siege,
 Call daring enterprise impossible,
 Because you'd marry! You, a Spanish duke,
 Christ's general, would marry like a clown,
 Who, selling fodder dearer for the war,
 Is all the merrier; nay, like the brutes,
 Who know no awe to check their appetite,
 Coupling 'mid heaps of slain, while still in front
 The battle rages.

DON SILVA.

Rumor on your lips

Is eloquent, father.

PRIOR.

Is she true?

DON SILVA.

Perhaps.

I seek to justify my public acts
 And not my private joy. Before the world
 Enough if I am faithful in command,
 Betray not by my deeds, swerve from no task
 My knightly vows constrain me to: herein
 I ask all men to test me.

PRIOR.

Knightly vows?

Is it by their constraint that you must marry?

DON SILVA.

Marriage is not a breach of them. I use
 A sanctioned liberty your pardon, father
 I need not teach you what the church decrees.
 But facts may weaken texts, and so dry up
 The fount of eloquence. The Church relaxed
 Our Order's rule before I took the vows.

PRIOR.

Ignoble liberty? you snatch your rule
 From what God tolerates, not what he loves?—
 Inquire what lowest offering may suffice,
 Cheapen it meanly to an obolus,
 Buy, and then count the coin left in your purse
 For your debauch?—Measure obedience
 By scantest powers of brethren whose frail flesh
 Our Holy Church indulges?—Ask great Law,
 The rightful sovereign of the human soul,
 For what it pardons, not what it commands?
 O fallen knighthood, penitent of high vows,
 Asking a charter to degrade itself!
 Such poor apology of rules relaxed
 Blunts not suspicion of that doubleness
 Your enemies tax you with.

DON SILVA.

Oh, for the rest,

Conscience is harder than our enemies,
 Knows more, accuses with more nicety,
 Nor needs to question Rumor if we fall
 Below the perfect model of our thought.
 I fear no outward arbiter.—You smile?

PRIOR.

Ay, at the contrast 'twixt your portraiture
 And the true image of your conscience, shown
 As now I see it in your acts. I see
 A drunken sentinel who gives alarm
 At his own shadow, but when scalers snatch
 His weapon from his hand smiles idiot-like
 At games he's dreaming of.

DON SILVA.

A parable!

The husk is rough—holds something bitter, doubtless.

PRIOR.

Oh, the husk gapes with meaning over-ripe.
 You boast a conscience that controls your deeds,
 Watches your knightly armor, guards your rank
 From stain of treachery—you, helpless slave,
 Whose will lies nerveless in the clutch of lust—
 Of blind mad passion—passion itself most helpless,
 Storm-driven, like the monsters of the sea.
 O famous conscience!

DON SILVA.

Pause there! Leave unsaid
 Aught that will match that text. More were too much,
 Even from holy lips. I own no love
 But such as guards my honor, since it guards
 Hers whom I love! I suffer no foul words
 To stain the gift I lay before her feet;
 And, being hers, my honor is more safe.

PRIOR.

Verse-makers' talk! Fit for a world of rhymes,
 Where facts are feigned to tickle idle ears,
 Where good and evil play at tournament
 And end in amity—a world of lies—
 A carnival of words where every year
 Stale falsehoods serve fresh men. Your honor safe?
 What honor has a man with double bonds?
 Honor is shifting as the shadows are
 To souls that turn their passions into laws.
 A Christian knight who weds an infidel—

DON SILVA (*fiercely*),

An infidel!

PRIOR.

May one day spurn the Cross,
 And call that honor!—one day find his sword

Stained with his brother's blood, and call that honor!
 Apostates' honor!—harlots' chastity!
 Renegades' faithfulness?—Iscariot's!

DON SILVA.

Strong words and burning; but they scorch not me.
 Fedalma is a daughter of the Church—
 Has been baptized and nurtured in the faith.

PRIOR.

Ay, as a thousand Jewesses, who yet
 Are brides of Satan in a robe of flames.

DON SILVA.

Fedalma is no Jewess, bears no marks
 That tell of Hebrew blood.

PRIOR.

She bears the marks
 Of races unbaptized, that never bowed
 Before the holy signs, were never moved
 By stirrings of the sacramental gifts.

DON SILVA (*scornfully*).

Holy accusers practice palmistry,
 And, other witness lacking, read the skin.

PRIOR.

I read a record deeper than the skin.
 What! Shall the trick of nostrils and of lips
 Descend through generations, and the soul
 That moves within our frame like God in worlds—
 Convulsing, urging, melting, withering—
 Imprint no record, leave no documents,
 Of her great history? Shall men bequeath
 The fancies of their palate to their sons,
 And shall the shudder of restraining awe,
 The slow-wept tears of contrite memory,
 Faith's prayerful labor, and the food divine
 Of fasts ecstatic—shall these pass away
 Like wind upon the waters, tracklessly?

Shall the mere curl of eyelashes remain,
And God-enshrining symbols leave no trace
Of tremors reverent?—That maiden's blood
Is as unchristain as the leopard's.

DON SILVA.

Unchristain as the Blessed Virgin's blood
Before the angel spoke the word, "All hail!"

PRIOR (*smiling bitterly*).

Said I not truly? See, your passion weaves
Already blasphemies!

DON SILVA.

'Tis you provoke them.

PRIOR.

I strive, as still the Holy Spirit strives,
To move the will perverse. But, failing this,
God commands other means to save our blood,
To save Castilian glory—nay, to save
The name of Christ from blot of traitorous deeds.

DON SILVA.

Of traitorous deeds! Age, kindred, and your cowl,
Give an ignoble license to your tongue.
As for your threats, fulfil them at your peril.
'Tis you, not I, will gibbet our great name
To rot in infamy. If I am strong
In patience now, trust me, I can be strong
Then in defiance.

PRIOR.

Miserable man!

Your strength will turn to anguish, like the strength
Of fallen angels. Can you change your blood?
You are a Christian, with the Christian awe
In every vein. A Spanish noble, born
To serve your people and your people's faith.
Strong, are you? Turn your back upon the Cross—

Its shadow is before you. Leave your place:
 Quit the great ranks of knighthood: you will walk
 Forever with a tortured double self,
 A self that will be hungry while you feast,
 Will blush with shame while you are glorified,
 Will feel the ache and chill of desolation
 Even in the very bosom of your love.
 Mate yourself with this woman, fit for what?
 To make the sport of Moorish palaces
 A lewd Herodias . . .

DON SILVA.

Stop! No other man,
 Priest though he were, had had his throat left free
 For passage of those words. I would have clutched
 His serpent's neck, and flung him out to hell!
 A monk must needs defile the name of love:
 He knows it but as tempting devils paint it.
 You think to scare my love from its resolve
 With arbitrary consequences, strained
 By rancorous effort from the thinnest motives
 Of possibility?—cite hideous lists
 Of sins irrelevant, to frighten me
 With bugbears' names, as women fright a child?
 Poor pallid wisdom, taught by inference
 From blood-drained life, where phantom terrors rule,
 And all achievement is to leave undone!
 Paint the day dark, make sunshine cold to me,
 Abolish the earth's fairness, prove it all
 A fiction of my eyes—then, after that,
 Profane Fedalma.

PRIOR.

O there is no need.
 She has profaned herself. Go, raving man,
 And see her dancing now. Go, see your bride
 Flaunting her beauties grossly in the gaze
 Of vulgar idlers—eking out the show
 Made in the Praça by a mountebank.
 I hinder you no farther.

DON SILVA.

It is false!

PRIOR.

Go, prove it false, then.

[Father Isidor
Drew on his cowl and turned away. The face
That flashed anathemas, in swift eclipse
Seemed Silva's vanished confidence. In haste
He rushed unsignalled through the corridor
To where the Duchess once, Fedalma now,
Had residence retired from din of arms—
Knocked, opened, found all empty—said
With muffled voice, "Fedalma!"—called more loud,
More oft on Iñez, the old trusted nurse—
Then searched the terrace-garden, calling still,
But heard no answering sound, and saw no face
Save painted faces staring all unmoved
By agitated tones. He hurried back,
Giving half-conscious orders as he went
To page and usher, that they straight should seek
Lady Fedalma: then with stinging shame
Wished himself silent; reached again the room
Where still the Father's menace seemed to hang
Thickening the air; snatched cloak and pluméd hat,
And grasped, not knowing why, his poniard's hilt;
Then checked himself and said:—]

If he spoke truth!
To know were wound enough—to see the truth
Were fire upon the wound. It must be false!
His hatred saw amiss, or snatched mistake
In other men's report. I am a fool!
But where can she be gone? Gone secretly?
And in my absence? Oh, she meant no wrong!
I am a fool!—But where can she be gone?
With only Iñez? Oh, she meant no wrong!
I swear she never meant it. There's no wrong
But she would make it momentary right
By innocence in doing it. . . .

And yet,
 What is our certainty? Why, knowing all
 That is not secret. Mighty confidence!
 One pulse of Time makes the base hollow—sends
 The towering certainty we built so high
 Toppling in fragments meaningless. What is—
 What will be—must be—pooh! They wait the key
 Of that which is not yet; all other keys
 Are made of our conjectures, take their sense
 From humors fooled by hope, or by despair.
 Know what is good? O God, we know not yet
 If bliss itself is not young misery
 With fangs swift growing. . . .

But some outward harm
 May even now be hurting, grieving her.
 Oh! I must search—face shame—if shame be there.
 Here, Perez! Hasten to Don Alvar—tell him
 Lady Fedalma must be sought—is lost—
 Has met, I fear, some mischance. He must send
 Towards divers points. I go myself to seek
 First in the town. . . .

[As Perez oped the door
 Then moved aside for passage of the Duke
 Fedalma entered, cast away the cloud
 Of serge and linen, and outbeaming bright,
 Advanced a pace toward Silva—but then paused,
 For he had started and retreated; she,
 Quick and responsive as the subtle air
 To change in him, divined that she must wait
 Until they were alone: they stood and looked.
 Within the Duke was struggling confluence
 Of feelings manifold—pride, anger, dread,
 Meeting in stormy rush with sense secure
 That she was present, with the new-stilled thirst
 Of gazing love, with trust inevitable
 As in beneficent virtues of the light
 And all earth's sweetness, that Fedalma's soul
 Was free from blemishing purpose. Yet proud wrath
 Leaped in dark flood above the purer stream
 That strove to drown it: Anger seeks its prey—
 Something to tear with sharp-edged tooth and claw,

Likes not to go off hungry, leaving Love
 To feast on milk and honeycomb at will.
 Silva's heart said, he must be happy soon,
 She being there; but to be happy—first
 He must be angry, having cause. Yet love
 Shot like a stifled cry of tenderness
 All through the harshness he would fain have given
 To the dear word].

DON SILVA.

Fedalma!

FEDALMA.

O my lord
 You are come back, and I was wandering!

DON SILVA (*coldly, but with suppressed agitation*).
 You meant I should be ignorant.

FEDALMA.

Oh no,
 I should have told you after—not before,
 Lest you should hinder me.

DON SILVA.

Then my known wish
 Can make no hindrance?

FEDALMA (*archly*).

That depends
 On what the wish may be. You wished me once
 Not to uncage the birds. I meant to obey:
 But in a moment something—something stronger
 Forced me to let them out. It did no harm,
 They all came back again—the silly birds!
 I told you, after.

DON SILVA (*with haughty coldness*).

Will you tell me now
 What was the prompting stronger than my wish
 That made you wander?

FEDALMA (*advancing a step toward him, with a sudden look of anxiety*).

Are you angry ?

DON SILVA (*smiling bitterly*).

Angry ?

A man deep-wounded may feel too much pain
To feel much anger.

FEDALMA (*still more anxiously*).

You—deep-wounded ?

DON SILVA.

Yes !

Have I not made your place and dignity
The very heart of my ambition ? You—
No enemy could do it—you alone
Can strike it mortally.

FEDALMA.

Nay, Silva, nay.

Has some one told you false ? I only went
To see the world with Iñez—see the town,
The people, everything. It was no harm.
I did not mean to dance : it happened so
At last . . .

DON SILVA.

O God, it's true then !—true that you,
A maiden nurtured as rare flowers are,
The very air of heaven sifted fine
Lest any mote should mar your purity,
Have flung yourself out on the dusty way
For common eyes to see your beauty soiled !
You own it true—you danced upon the Plaça ?

FEDALMA (*proudly*).

Yes, it is true. I was not wrong to dance.
The air was filled with music, with a song
That seemed the voice of the sweet eventide—
The glowing light entering through eye and ear
That seemed our love—mine, yours—they are but
one—

Trembling through all my limbs, as fervent words
 Tremble within my soul and must be spoken
 And all the people felt a common joy
 And shouted for the dance. A brightness soft
 As of the angels moving down to see
 Illumined the broad space. The joy, the life
 Around, within me, were one heaven : I longed
 To blend them visibly : I longed to dance
 Before the people—be as mounting flame
 To all that burned within them! Nay, I danced—
 There was no longing : I but did the deed
 Being moved to do it.

*(As FEDALMA speaks, she and DON SILVA are
 gradually drawn nearer to each other.)*

Oh! I seemed new-waked
 To life in unison with a multitude—
 Feeling my soul upborne by all their souls,
 Floating within their gladness! Soon I lost
 All sense of separateness : Fedalma died
 As a star dies, and melts into the light.
 I was not, but joy was, and love and triumph.
 Nay, my dear lord, I never could do aught
 But I must feel you present. And once done,
 Why, you must love it better than your wish.
 I pray you say so—say, it was not wrong!

*(While FEDALMA has been making this last appeal,
 they have gradually come close together, and
 at last embrace.)*

DON SILVA *(holding her hands).*

Dangerous rebel! If the world without
 Were pure as that within . . . but 'tis a book
 Wherein you only read the poesy
 And miss all wicked meanings. Hence the need
 For trust—obedience—call it what you will—
 Towards him whose life will be your guard—towards me
 Who now am soon to be your husband.

FEDALMA.

Yes!

That very thing that when I am your wife
 I shall be something different,—shall be
 I know not what, a Duchess with new thoughts—
 For nobles never think like common men,
 Nor wives like maidens (Oh, you wot not yet
 How much I note, with all my ignorance)—
 That very thing has made me more resolve
 To have my will before I am your wife.
 How can the Duchess ever satisfy
 Fedalma's unwed eyes? And so to day
 I scolded Iñez till she cried and went.

DON SILVA.

It was a guilty weakness: she knows well
 That since you pleaded to be left more free.
 From tedious tendance and control of dames
 Whose rank matched better with your destiny,
 Her charge—my trust—was weightier

FEDALMA.

Nay, my lord,
 You must not blame her, dear old nurse. She cried,
 Why, you would have consented too, at last.
 I said such things! I was resolved to go,
 And see the streets, the shops, the men at work,
 The women, little children—everything,
 Just as it is when nobody looks on.
 And I have done it! We were out for hours.
 I feel so wise.

DON SILVA.

Had you but seen the town,
 You innocent naughtiness, not shown yourself—
 Shown yourself dancing—you bewilder me!—
 Frustrate my judgment with strange negatives
 That seem like poverty, and yet are wealth
 In precious womanliness, beyond the dower
 Of other women: wealth in virgin gold,
 Outweighing all their petty currency.

You daring modesty! You shrink no more
From gazing men than from the gazing flowers
That, dreaming sunshine, open as you pass.

FEDALMA.

No, I should like the world to look at me
With eyes of love that make a second day.
I think your eyes would keep the life in me
Though I had naught to feed on else. Their blue
Is better than the heavens'—holds more love
For me, Fedalma—is a little heaven
For this one little world that looks up now.

DON SILVA.

O precious little world! You make the heaven
As the earth makes the sky. But, dear, all eyes,
Though looking even on you, have not a glance
That cherishes

FEDALMA.

Ah no, I meant to tell you—

Tell how my dancing ended with a pang.
There came a man, one among many more,
But *he* came first, with iron on his limbs,
And when the bell tolled, and the people prayed
And I stood pausing—then he looked at me.
O Silva, such a man! I thought he rose
From the dark place of long-imprisoned souls,
To say that Christ had never come to them.
It was a look to shame a seraph's joy,
And make him sad in heaven. It found me *there*—
Seemed to have travelled far to find me there
And grasp me—claim this festal life of mine
As heritage of sorrow, chill my blood
With the cold iron of some unknown bonds.
The gladness hurrying full within my veins
Was sudden frozen, and I danced no more.
But seeing you let loose the stream of joy,
Mingling the present with the sweetest past.
Yet, Silva, still I see him. Who is he?
Who are those prisoners with him? Are they Moors?

DON SILVA.

No, they are Gypsies, strong and cunning knaves,
A double gain to us by the Moors' loss:
The man you mean—their chief—is an ally
The infidel will miss. His look might chase
A herd of monks, and make them fly more swift
Than from St. Jerome's lion. Such vague fear,
Such bird-like tremors when that savage glance
Turned full upon you in your height of joy
Was natural, was not worth emphasis.
Forget it, dear. This hour is worth whole days
When we are sundered. Danger urges us
To quick resolve.

FEDALMA.

What danger? what resolve?

I never felt chill shadow in my heart
Until this sunset.

DON SILVA.

A dark enmity

Plots how to sever us. And our defence
Is speedy marriage, secretly achieved,
Then publicly declared. Beseech you, dear,
Grant me this confidence; do my will in this,
Trusting the reasons why I overset
All my own airy building raised so high
Of bridal honors, marking when you step
From off your maiden throne to come to me
And bear the yoke of love. There is great need.
I hastened home, carrying this prayer to you
Within my heart. The bishop is my friend,
Further our marriage, holds in enmity
Some whom we love not and who love not us.
By this night's moon our priest will be despatched
From Jaën. I shall march an escort strong
To meet him. Ere a second sun from this
Has risen—you consenting—we may wed.

FEDALMA.

None knowing that we wed?

DON SILVA.

Beforehand none

Save Iñez and DON ALVAR. But the vows
 Once safely binding us, my household all
 Shall know you as their Duchess. No man then
 Can aim a blow at you but through my breast,
 And what stains you must stain our ancient name;
 If any hate you I will take his hate,
 And wear it as a glove upon my helm;
 Nay, God himself will never have the power
 To strike you solely and leave me unhurt,
 He having made us one. Now put the seal
 Of your dear lips on that.

FEDALMA.

A solemn kiss?—

Such as I gave you when you came that day
 From Córdoba, when first we said we loved?
 When you had left the ladies of the Court
 For thirst to see me; and you told me so,
 And then I seemed to know why I had lived.
 I never knew before. A kiss like that?

DON SILVA.

Yes, yes, you face divine! When was our kiss
 Like any other?

FEDALMA.

Nay, I cannot tell
 What other kisses are. But that one kiss
 Remains upon my lips. The angels, spirits,
 Creatures with finer sense, may see it there.
 And now another kiss that will not die,
 Saying, To-morrow I shall be your wife!

(They kiss, and pause a moment, looking earnestly in each other's eyes. Then FEDALMA, breaking away from DON SILVA, stands at a little distance from him with a look of roguish delight.)

Now I am glad I saw the town to-day
 Before I am a Duchess—glad I gave
 This poor Fedalma all her wish. For once,
 Long years ago, I cried when Iñez said,
 "You are no more a little girl;" I grieved
 To part forever from that little girl
 And all her happy world so near the ground.
 It must be sad to outlive aught we love.
 So I shall grieve a little for these days
 Of poor unwed Fedalma. Oh, they are sweet,
 And none will come just like them. Perhaps the wind
 Wails so in winter for the summers dead,
 And all sad sounds are nature's funeral cries
 For what has been and is not. Are they, Silva?

*(She comes nearer to him again, and lays her hand on his
 arm, looking up at him with melancholy.)*

DON SILVA.

Why, dearest, you began in merriment,
 And end as sadly as a widowed bird.
 Some touch mysterious has new-tuned your soul
 To melancholy sequence. You soared high
 In that wild flight of rapture when you danced,
 And now you droop. 'Tis arbitrary grief,
 Surfeit of happiness, that mourns for loss
 Of unwed love, which does but die like seed
 For fuller harvest of our tenderness.
 We in our wedded life shall know no loss.
 We shall new-date our years. What went before
 Will be the time of promise, shadows, dreams;
 But this, full revelation of great love.
 For rivers blent take in a broader heaven,
 And we shall blend our souls. Away with grief!
 When this dear head shall wear the double crown
 Of wife and Duchess—spiritually crowned
 With sworn espousal before God and man—
 Visably crowned with jewels that bespeak
 The chosen sharer of my heritage—
 My love will gather perfectness, as thoughts
 That nourish us to magnanimity

Grow perfect with more perfect utterance,
Gathering full-shapen strength. And then these gems

(DON SILVA *draws* FEDALMA *towards the jewel-casket on the table, and opens it.*)

Helping the utterance of my soul's full choice,
Will be the words made richer by just use,
And have new meaning in their lustrousness.
You know these jewels; they are precious signs
Of long-transmitted honor, heightened still
By worthy wearing; and I give them you—
Ask you to take them—place our house's trust
In her sure keeping whom my heart has found
Worthiest, most beauteous. These rubies—see—
Were falsely placed if not upon your brow.

(FEDALMA, *while* DON SILVA *holds open the casket, bends over it, looking at the jewels with delight.*)

FEDALMA.

Ah, I remember them. In childish days
I felt as if they were alive and breathed,
I used to sit with awe and look at them.
And now they will be mine! I'll put them on.
Help me, my lord, and you shall see me now
Somewhat as I shall look at Court with you,
That we may know if I shall bear them well.
I have a fear sometimes: I think your love
Has never paused within your eyes to look,
And only passes through them into mine.
But when the Court is looking, and the queen,
Your eyes will follow theirs. Oh, if you saw
That I was other then you wished—'twere death!
DON SILVA (*taking up a jewel and placing it against her ear*).
Nay, let us try. Take out your ear-ring, sweet.
This ruby glows with longing for your ear.
FEDALMA (*taking out her ear-rings, and then lifting up
the other jewels, one by one.*)
Pray, fasten in the rubies.

(DON SILVA *begins to put in the ear-ring.*)

I was right!

These gems have life in them: their colors speak,
 Say what words fail of. So do many things—
 The scent of jasmine, and the fountain's plash,
 The moving shadows on the far-off hills,
 The slanting moonlight, and our clasping hands.
 O Silva, there's an ocean round our words
 That overflows and drowns them. Do you know
 Sometimes when we sit silent, and the air
 Breathes gently on us from the orange-trees,
 It seems, that with the whisper of a word
 Our souls must shrink, get poorer, more apart.
 Is it not true?

DON SILVA.

Yes, dearest, it is true.

Speech is but broken light upon the depth
 Of the unspoken: even your loved words
 Float in the larger meaning of your voice
 As something dimmer.

*(He is still trying in vain to fasten the second ear-ring,
 while she has stooped again over the casket.)*

FEDALMA *(raising her head.)*

Ah! Your lordly hands

Will never fix that jewel. Let me try.
 Women's small finger-tips have eyes.

DON SILVA.

No, no!

I like the task, only you must be still.

*(She stands perfectly still, clasping her hands together
 while he fastens the second ear-ring. Suddenly a
 clanking noise is heard without.)*

FEDALMA *(starting with an expression of pain.)*

What is that sound?—that jarring cruel sound?
 'Tis there—outside.

*(She tries to start away toward the window, but DON
 SILVA detains her.)*

DON SILVA.

O heed it not, it comes
From workmen in the outer gallery.

FEDALMA.

It is the sound of fetters ; sound of work
Is not so dismal. Hark, they pass along !
I know it is those Gypsy prisoners.
I saw them, heard their chains. O horrible,
To be in chains ! Why, I with all my bliss
Have longed sometimes to fly and be at large ;
Have felt imprisoned in my luxury
With servants for my jailers. O my lord,
Do you not wish the world were different ?

DON SILVA.

It will be different when this war has ceased.
You, wedding me, will make it different
Making one life more perfect.

FEDALMA.

That is true !

And I shall beg much kindness at your hands
For those who are less happy than ourselves.—
(*Brightening*) Oh I shall rule you ! Ask for many things
Before the world, which you will not deny
For very pride, lest men should say, " The Duke
Holds lightly by his Duchess ; he repents
His humble choice."

*(She breaks away from him and returns to the jewels,
taking up a necklace, and clasping it on her neck,
while he takes a circlet of diamonds and rubies and
raises it toward her head as he speaks.)*

DON SILVA.

Doubtless, I shall persist
In loving you, to dissappoint the world ;
Out of pure obstinacy feel myself
Happiest of men. Now, take the coronet.

(He places the circlet on her head.)

The diamonds want more light. See, from this lamp
I can set tapers burning.

FEDALMA.

Tell me, now,

When all these cruel wars are at an end,
And when we go to Court at Córdoba,
Or Seville, or Toledo—wait awhile,
I must be farther off for you to see—

*(She retreats to a distance from him and then
advances slowly.)*

Now think (I would the tapers gave more light!)
If when you show me at the tournaments
Among the other ladies, they will say,
“Duke Silva is well matched. His bride was naught,
Was some poor foster-child, no man knows what;
Yet is her carriage noble, all her robes
Are worn with grace: she might have been well born.”
Will they say so? Think now we are at Court,
And all eyes bent on me.

DON SILVA.

Fear not, my Duchess,

Some knight who loves may say his lady-love
Is fairer, being fairest. None can say
Don Silva's bride might better fit her rank.
You will make rank seem natural as kind,
As eagle's plumage or the lion's might.
A crown upon your brow would seem God-made.

FEDALMA.

Then I am glad! I shall try on to-night
The other jewels—have the tapers lit,
And see the diamonds sparkle.

(She goes to the casket again.)

Here is gold—

A necklace of pure gold—most finely wrought.

*(She takes out a large gold necklace and holds it
up before her, then turns to DON SILVA.)*

But this is one that you have worn, my lord?

DON SILVA.

No, love, I never wore it. Lay it down.

(He puts the necklace gently out of her hand, then joins both her hands and holds them up between his own.)

You must not look at jewels any more.

But look at me.

FEDALMA *(looking up at him.)*

O you dear heaven!

I should see naught if you were gone. 'Tis true
My mind is too much given to gauds—to things
That fetter thought within this narrow space.
That comes of fear.

DON SILVA.

What fear

FEDALMA.

Fear of myself.

For when I walk upon the battlements
And see the river travelling toward the plain,
The mountains screening all the world beyond,
A longing comes that haunts me in my dreams—
Dreams where I seem to spring from off the walls,
And fly far, far away, until at last
I find myself alone among the rocks,
Remember then that I have left you—try
To fly back to you—and my wings are gone!

DON SILVA.

A wicked dream! If ever I left you,
Even in dreams, it was some demon dragged me,
And with fierce struggles I awaked myself.

FEDALMA.

It is a hateful dream, and when it comes—
I mean, when in my waking hours there comes
That longing to be free, I am afraid:
I run down to my chamber, plait my hair,

Weave colors in it, lay out all my gauds,
 And in my mind make new ones prettier.
 You see I have two minds, and both are foolish.
 Sometimes a torrent rushing through my soul
 Escapes in wild strange wishes; presently,
 It dwindles to a little babbling rill
 And plays among the pebbles and the flowers.
 Ñez will have it I lack broidery,
 Says naught else gives content to noble maids,
 But I have never broidered—never will.
 No, when I am a Duchess and a wife
 I shall ride forth—may I not?—by your side.

DON SILVA.

Yes, you shall ride upon a palfrey, black-
 To match Bavioca. Not Queen Isabel
 Will be a sight more gladdening to men's eyes
 Than my dark queen Fedalma.

FEDALMA.

Ah, but you,

You are my king, and I shall tremble still
 With some great fear that throbs within my love.
 Does your love fear?

DON SILVA.

Ah, yes! All preciousness

To mortal hearts is guarded by a fear.
 All love fears loss, and most that loss supreme,
 Its own perfection—seeing, feeling change
 From high to lower, dearer to less dear.
 Can love be careless? If we lost our love
 What should we find?—with this sweet Past torn off,
 Our lives deep scarred just where their beauty lay?
 The best we found thenceforth were still a worse:
 The only better is a Past that lives
 On through an added Present, stretching still
 In hope unchecked by shaming memories
 To life's last breath. And so I tremble too
 Before my queen Fedalma.

FEDALMA.

That is just

'Twere hard of Love to make us women fear
 And leave you bold. Yet Love is not quite even.
 For feeble creatures, little birds and fawns,
 Are shaken more by fear, while large strong things
 Can bear it stoutly. So we women still
 Are not well dealt with. Yet I'd choose to be
 Fedalma loving Silva. You, my lord,
 Hold the worse share, since you must love poor me.
 But is it what we love, or, how we love,
 That makes true good?

DON SILVA.

O subtlety! For me

'Tis what I love determines how I love.
 The goddess with pure rites reveals herself
 And makes pure worship.

FEDALMA.

Do you worship me?

DON SILVA.

Ay, with that best of worship which adores
 Goodness adorable.

FEDALMA (*archly*).

Goodness obedient,

Doing your will, devoutest worshipper?

DON SILVA.

Yes—listening to this prayer. This very night
 I shall go forth. And you will rise with day
 And wait for me?

FEDALMA.

Yes.

DON SILVA.

I shall surely come.

And then we shall be married. Now I go
To audience fixed in Abderahman's tower.
Farewell, love!

(They embrace.)

FEDALMA.

Some chill dread possesses me.

DON SILVA.

Oh, confidence has oft been evil augury,
So dread may hold a promise. Sweet, farewell!
I shall send tendance as I pass, to bear
This casket to your chamber—One more kiss.

(Exit.)

FEDALMA *(when DON SILVA is gone, returning to the casket,
and looking dreamily at the jewels).*

Yes, now that good seems less impossible!
Now it seems true that I shall be his wife,
Be ever by his side, and make a part
In all his purposes. . . .
These rubies greet me Duchess. How they glow?
Their prison souls are throbbing like my own.
Perchance they loved once, were ambitious, proud
Or do they only dream of wider life,
Ache from intenseness, yearn to burst the wall
Compact of crystal splendor, and to flood
Some wider space with glory? Poor, poor gems!
We must be patient in our prison house,
And find our space in loving. Pray you, love me.
Let us be glad together. And you, gold—

(She takes up the gold necklace.)

You wondrous necklace—will you love me too,
And be my amulet to keep me safe
From eyes that hurt?

*(She spreads out the necklace, meaning to clasp it on her neck.
Then pauses, startled, holding it before her.)*

Why, it is magical!

He says he never wore it—yet these lines—
Nay, if he had, I should remember well

'Twas he, no other. And these twisted lines—
 They seem to speak to me as writing would,
 To bring a message from the dead, dead past—
 What is their secret? Are they characters?
 I never learned them; yet they stir some sense
 That once I dreamed—I have forgotten what.
 Or was it life? Perhaps I lived before
 In some strange world where first my soul was shaped,
 And all this passionate love, and joy, and pain,
 That come, I know not whence, and sway my deeds,
 Are old imperious memories, blind yet strong,
 That this world stirs within me; as this chain,
 Stirs some strange certainty of visions gone,
 And all my mind is as an eye that stares
 Into the darkness painfully.

*(While FEDALMA has been looking at the necklace,
 JUAN has entered, and finding himself unobserved
 by her, says at last.)*

Senora!

*(FEDALMA starts, and gathering the necklace together, turns
 around—)*

Oh, Juan, it is you!

JUAN.

I met the Duke—

Had waited long without, no matter why—
 And when he ordered one to wait on you
 And carry forth a burthen you would give,
 I prayed for leave to be the servitor.
 Don Silva owes me twenty granted wishes
 That I have never tendered, lacking aught
 That I could wish for and a Duke could grant;
 But this one wish to serve you, weighs as much
 As twenty other longings.

FEDALMA *(smiling)*.

That sounds well.

You turn your speeches prettily as songs.
 But I will not forget the many days
 You have neglected me. Your pupil learns

But little from you now. Her studies flag.
The Duke says, "That is idle Juan's way:
Poets must rove—are honey sucking birds
And know not constancy." Said he quite true?

JUAN.

O lady, constancy has kind and rank.
One man's is lordly, plump, and bravely clad,
Holds its head high, and tells the world its name.
Another man's is beggared, must go bare,
And shiver through the world, the jest of all,
But that it puts the motley on, and plays
Itself the jester. But I see you hold
The Gypsy's necklace: it is quaintly wrought.

FEDALMA.

The Gypsy's? Do you know its history?

JUAN.

No farther back than when I saw it taken
From off its wearer's neck—the Gypsy chief's.

FEDALMA (*eagerly*).

What! He who paused, at tolling of the bell,
Before me in the Plaça?

JUAN.

Yes, I saw

His look fixed on you.

FEDALMA.

Know you aught of him?

JUAN.

Something and nothing—as I know the sky,
Or some great story of the olden time
That hides a secret. I have oft talked with him.
He seems to say much, yet is but a wizard
Who draws down rain by sprinkling; throws me out
Some pregnant text that urges comment; casts
A sharp-hooked question, baited with such skill
It needs must catch the answer.

FEDALMA.

It is hard

That such a man should be a prisoner—
Be chained to work.

JUAN.

Oh, he is dangerous!

Granáda with this Zarca for a king
Might still maim Christendom. He is of those
Who steal the keys from snoring Destiny
And make the prophets lie. A Gypsy, too,
Suckled by hunted beasts, whose mother-milk
Has filled his veins with hate.

FEDALMA.

I thought his eyes

Spoke not of hatred—seemed to say he bore
The pain of those who never could be saved.
What if the Gypsies are but savage beasts
And must be hunted?—let them be set free,
Have benefit of chase, or stand at bay
And fight for life and offspring. Prisoners!
Oh! They have made their fires beside the streams,
Their walls have been the rocks, the pillared pines,
Their roof the living sky that breathes with light:
They may well hate a cage, like strong-winged birds
Like me, who have no wings, but only wishes.
I will beseech the Duke to set them free.

JUAN.

Pardon me, lady, if I seem to warn,
Or try to play the sage. What if the Duke
Loved not to hear of Gypsies? If their name
Were poisoned for him once, being used amiss?
I speak not as of fact. Our nimble souls
Can spin an insubstantial universe
Suiting our mood, and call it possible,
Sooner than see one grain with eye exact
And give strict record of it. Yet by chance
Our fancies may be truth and make us seers.
'Tis a rare teeming world, so harvest-full,

Even guessing ignorance may pluck some fruit.
 Note what I say no farther than will stead
 The siege you lay. I would not seem to tell
 Aught that the Duke may think and yet withhold:
 It were a trespass in me.

FEDALMA.

Fear not, Juan.

Your words bring daylight with them when you speak.
 I understand your care. But I am brave—
 Oh! And so cunning!—always I prevail.
 Now, honored Troubadour, if you will be
 Your pupil's servant, bear this casket hence.
 Nay, not the necklace: it is hard to place.
 Pray go before me; Iñez will be there.

(Exit JUAN with the casket.)

FEDALMA (*looking again at the necklace*).

It is *his* past clings to you, not my own.
 If we have each our angels, good and bad,
 Fates, separate from ourselves, who act for us
 When we are blind, or sleep, then this man's fate,
 Hovering about the thing he used to wear,
 Has laid its grasp on mine appealingly.
 Dangerous, is he?—well, a Spanish knight
 Would have his enemy strong—defy, not bind him.
 I can dare all things when my soul is moved
 By something hidden that possesses me.
 If Silva said this man must keep his chains
 I should find ways to free him—disobey
 And free him as I did the birds. But no!
 As soon as we are wed, I'll put my prayer,
 And he will not deny me: he is good.
 Oh, I shall have much power as well as joy!
 Duchess Fedalma may do what she will.

A Street by the Castle. JUAN leans against a parapet, in moonlight, and touches his lute half unconsciously. PEPITA stands on tiptoe watching him, and then advances till her shadow falls in front of him. He looks towards her. A piece of white drapery thrown over her head catches the moonlight.

JUAN.

Ha! My Pepíta! See how thin and long
Your shadow is. 'Tis so your ghost will be,
When you are dead.

PEPITA (*crossing herself.*)

Dead!—O the blessed saints!
You would be glad, then, if Pepíta died?

JUAN.

Glad! Why? Dead maidens are not merry. Ghosts
Are doleful company. I like you living.

PEPITA.

I think you like me not. I wish you did.
Sometimes you sing to me and make me dance;
Another time you take no heed of me,
Not though I kiss my hand to you and smile.
But Andrés would be glad if I kissed *him*.

JUAN.

My poor Pepíta, I am old.

PEPITA.

No, no.
You have no wrinkles.

JUAN.

Yes, I have— within;
The wrinkles are within, my little bird,
Why, I have lived through twice a thousand years,
And kept the company of men whose bones
Crumbled before the blessed Virgin lived.

PEPITA (*crossing herself.*)

Nay, God defend us, that is wicked talk!
You say it but to scorn me. (*With a sob*) I will go.

JUAN.

Stay, little pigeon. I am not unkind.
Come, sit upon the wall. Nay, never cry.

Give me your cheek to kiss. There, cry no more

(PEPITA, *sitting on the low parapet, puts up her cheek to*
 JUAN, *who kisses it, putting his hand under her chin.*
She takes his hand and kisses it.)

PEPITA.

I like to kiss your hand. It is so good--
 So smooth and soft.

JUAN.

Well, well, I'll sing to you.

PEPITA.

A pretty song, loving and merry?

JUAN.

Yes.

(JUAN *sings.*)

Memory
Tell to me
What is fair,
Past compare,
In the land of Tubal?

Is it Spring's
Lovely things,
Blossoms white,
Rosy dight?
Then it is Pepita.

Summer's crest
Red-gold tressed,
Corn-flowers peeping under?
Idle noons,
Lingering moons,
Sudden cloud,
Lightning's shroud,
Sudden rain,
Quick again
Smiles where late was thunder?
Are all these

*Made to please?
So too is Pepita.*

*Autumn's prime,
Apple-time,
Smooth cheek round,
Heart all sound?—
Is it this
You would kiss?
Then it is Pepita.*

*You can bring
No sweet thing,
But my mind
Still shall find
It is my Pepita.*

*Memory
Says to me
It is she
She is fair
Past compare
In the land of Tubal.*

PEPITA (*seizing JUAN's hand again*).
Oh, then, you do love me?

JUAN.

Yes, in the song.

PEPITA (*sadly*).
Not out of it?—not love me out of it?

JUAN.

Only a little out of it, my bird.
When I was singing I was Andrès, say,
Or one who loves you better still than he.

PEPITA.

Not yourself?

JUAN.
No!

PEPITA (*throwing his hand down pettishly*).

Then take it back again!

I will not have it!

JUAN.

Listen, little one.

Juan is not a living man by himself:

His life is breathed in him by other men,

And they speak out of him. He is their voice

Juan's own life he gave once quite away.

Pepita's lover sang that song—not Juan.

We old, old poets, if we kept our hearts,

Should hardly know them from another man's.

They shrink to make room for the many more

We keep within us. There, now—one more kiss,

And then go home again.

PEPITA (*a little frightened, after letting JUAN kiss her*).

You are not wicked?

JUAN.

Ask your confessor—tell him what I said.

(PEPITA goes, while JUAN thrums his lute again, and sings.)

Came a pretty maid

By the moon's pure light,

Love me well, she said,

Eyes with tears all bright,

A pretty maid!

But too late she strayed,

Moonlight pure was there;

She was nought but shade

Hiding the more fair,

The heavenly maid!

A vaulted room all stone. The light shed from a high lamp.

Wooden chairs, a desk, book-shelves. The PRIOR, in white frock, a black rosary with a crucifix of ebony and ivory at his side, is walking up and down, holding a written paper in his hands, which are clasped behind him.

What if this witness lies? He says he heard her
 Counting her blasphemies on a rosary,
 And in a bold discourse with Salomo,
 Say that the Host was nought but ill-mixed flour,
 That it was mean to pray—she never prayed.
 I know the man who wrote this for a cur,
 Who follows Don Diego, sees life's good
 In scraps my nephew flings to him. What then?
 Particular lies may speak a general truth.
 I guess him false, but know her heretic—
 Know her for Satan's instrument, bedecked
 With heathenish charms, luring the souls of men
 To damning trust in good unsanctified.
 Let her be prisoned—questioned—she will give
 Witness against herself, that were this false . . .

(He looks at the paper again and reads, then again thrusts it behind him.)

The matter and the color are not false :
 The form concerns the witness, not the judge :
 For proof is gathered by the sifting mind,
 Not given in crude and formal circumstance.
 Suspicion is a heaven-sent lamp, and I—
 I, watchman of the Holy Office, bear
 The lamp in trust. I will keep faithful watch.
 The holy Inquisition's discipline
 Is mercy, saving her, if penitent—
 God grant it !—else—root up the poison-plant,
 Though 'twere a lily with a golden heart !
 This spotless maiden with her pagan soul
 Is the arch enemy's trap: he turns his back
 On all the prostitutes, and watches her
 To see her poison men with false belief
 In rebel virtues. She has poisoned Silva ;
 His shifting mind, dangerous in fitfulness,
 Strong in the contradiction of itself,
 Carries his young ambitions wearily,

As holy vows regretted. Once he seemed
 The fresh-oped flower of Christian knighthood, born
 For feats of holy daring ; and I said :
 "That half of life which I, as monk, renounce,
 Shall be fulfilled in him ; Silva will be
 That saintly noble, that wise warrior,
 That blameless excellence in worldly gifts
 I would have been, had I not asked to live
 The higher life of man impersonal
 Who reigns o'er all things by refusing all."
 What is his promise now ? Apostasy
 From every high intent :—languid, nay, gone,
 The prompt devoutness of a generous heart,
 The strong obedience of a reverent will,
 That breathes the Church's air and sees her light,
 He peers and strains with feeble questioning,
 Or else he jests. He thinks I know it not—
 I who have read the history of his lapse,
 As clear as it is writ in the angel's book.
 He will defy me—flings great words at me—
 Me who have governed all our house's acts,
 Since I, a stripling, ruled his stripling father.
 This maiden is the cause, and if they wed,
 The Holy War may count a captain lost.
 For better he were dead than keep his place,
 And fill it infamously : in God's war
 Slackness is infamy. Shall I stand by
 And let the tempter win ? Defraud Christ's cause,
 And blot his banner ?—all for scruples weak
 Of pity towards their young and frolicsome blood ;
 Or nice discrimination of the tool
 By which my hand shall work a sacred rescue ?
 The fence of rules is for the purblind crowd ;
 They walk by averaged precepts : sovereign men,
 Seeing by God's light, see the general
 By seeing all the special—own no rule
 But their full vision of the moment's worth.
 "Tis so God governs, using wicked men—
 Nay, scheming fiends, to work his purposes.
 Evil that good may come ? Measure the good
 Before you say what's evil. Perjury ?
 I scorn the perjurer, but I will use him

To serve the holy truth. There is no lie
 Save in his soul, and let his soul be judged.
 I know the truth, and act upon the truth.

O God, thou knowest that my will is pure.
 Thy servant owns naught for himself, his wealth
 Is but obedience. And I have sinned
 In keeping small respects of human love—
 Calling it mercy. Mercy? Where evil is
 True mercy holds a sword. Mercy would save.
 Save whom? Save serpents, locusts, wolves?
 Or out of pity let the idiots gorge
 Within a famished town? Or save the gains
 Of men who trade in poison lest they starve?
 Save all things mean and foul that clog the earth
 Stifling the better? Save the fools who cling
 For refuge round their hideous idol's limbs,
 So leave the idol grinning unconsumed,
 And save the fools to breed idolaters?
 O mercy worthy of the licking hound
 That knows no future but its feeding time!
 Mercy has eyes that pierce the ages—sees
 From heights divine of the eternal purpose
 Far-scattered consequence in its vast sum;
 Chooses to save, but with illumined vision
 Sees that to save is greatly to destroy.
 'Tis so the Holy Inquisition sees: its wrath
 Is fed from the strong heart of wisest love.
 For love must needs make hatred. He who loves
 God and his law must hate the foes of God.
 And I have sinned in being merciful:
 Being slack in hate, I have been slack in love.

(He takes the crucifix and holds it up before him.)

Thou shuddering, bleeding, thirsting, dying God,
 Thou Man of sorrows, scourged and bruised and torn,
 Suffering to save—wilt thou not judge the world?
 This arm which held the children, this pale hand
 That gently touched the eyelids of the blind,
 And opened passive to the cruel nail,
 Shall one day stretch to leftward of thy throne,
 Charged with the power that makes the lightning strong,
 And hurl thy foes to everlasting hell.

And thou, Immaculate Mother, Virgin mild,
 Thou sevenfold-pierced, thou pitying, pleading Queen,
 Shalt see and smile, while the black filthy souls
 Sink with foul weight to their eternal place,
 Purging the Holy Light. Yea, I have sinned
 And called it mercy. But I shrink no more.
 To-morrow morn this temptress shall be safe
 Under the Holy Inquisition's key.
 He thinks to wed her, and defy me then,
 The being shielded by our house's name.
 But he shall never wed her. I have said.

The time is come. *Exurge, Domine.*
Judica causam tuam. Let thy foes
 Be driven as the smoke before the wind,
 And melt like wax upon the furnace lip!

*A large chamber richly furnished opening on a terrace-garden,
 the trees visible through the window in faint moonlight.
 Flowers hanging about the window, lit up by the tapers.
 The casket of jewels open on a table. The gold necklace
 lying near. FEDALMA, splendidly dressed and adorned
 with pearls and rubies, is walking up and down.*

So soft a night was never made for sleep,
 But for the waking of the finer sense
 To every murmuring and gentle sound,
 To subtlest odors, pulses, visitings
 That touch our frames with wings too delicate
 To be discerned amid the blare of day.

*(She pauses near the window to gather some jasmines,
 then walks again.)*

Surely these flowers keep happy watch—their breath
 Is their fond memory of the loving light.
 I often rue the hours I lose in sleep:
 It is a bliss too brief, only to see
 This glorious world, to hear the voice of love,
 To feel the touch of tenderness,
 And then to rest as from a spectacle.
 I need the curtained stillness of the night
 To live through all my happy hours again

With more selection—cull them quite away
 From blemished moments. Then in loneliness
 The face that bent before me in the day
 Rises in its own light, more vivid seems
 Painted upon the dark, and ceaseless glows
 With sweet solemnity of gazing love,
 Till like the heavenly blue it seems to grow
 Nearer, more kindred, and more cherishing,
 Mingling with all my being. Then the words,
 The tender low-toned words come back again,
 With repetition welcome as the chime
 Of softly hurrying brooks—"My only love—
 My love while life shall last—my own Fedalma!"
 Oh it is mine—the joy that once has been!
 Poor eager hope is but a stammerer,
 Must listen dumbly to great memory,
 Who makes our bliss the sweeter by her telling.

(She pauses a moment musingly).

But that dumb hope is still a sleeping guard
 Whose quiet rhythmic breath saves me from dread
 In this fair paradise. For if the earth
 Broke off with flower-fringed edge, visibly sheer,
 Leaving no footing for my forward step
 But empty blackness . . .

Nay, there is no fear—
 They will renew themselves, day and my joy,
 And all that past which is securely mine
 Will be the hidden root that nourishes
 Our still unfolding, ever-ripening love!

*(While she is uttering the last words, a little bird falls
 softly on the floor behind her ; she hears the light
 sound of its fall, and turns round.)*

Did something enter ? . . .

Yes, this little bird . . .

(She lifts it.)

Dead and yet warm ; 'twas seeking sanctuary,
 And died, perhaps of fright, at the altar foot.
 Stay, there is something tied beneath the wing !
 A strip of linen, streaked with blood—what blood ?
 The streaks are written words—are sent to me—

O God, are sent to me! Dear child, Fedalma,
Be brave, give no alarm—your Father comes!

(*She lets the bird fall again.*)

My Father . . . comes . . . my Father . . .

(*She turns in quivering expectation towards the window. There is perfect stillness a few moments until ZARCA appears at the window. He enters quickly and noiselessly; then stands still at his full height, and at a distance from FEDALMA.*)

FEDALMA (*in a low distinct tone of terror*).

It is he!

I said his fate had laid its hold on mine.

ZARCA (*advancing a step or two*).

You know, then, who I am?

FEDALMA.

The prisoner—

He whom I saw in fetters—and this necklace. . . .

ZARCA.

Was played with by your fingers when it hung
About my neck, full fifteen years ago.

FEDALMA (*looking at the necklace and handling it, then speaking, as if unconsciously*).

Full fifteen years ago!

ZARCA.

The very day

I lost you, when you wore a tiny gown
Of scarlet cloth with golden broidery;
'Twas clasped in front by coins—two golden coins.
The one upon the left was split in two
Across the king's head, right from brow to nape,
A dent i' the middle nicking in the cheek.
You see I know the little gown by heart.

FEDALMA (*growing paler and more tremulous*).

Yes. It is true—I have the gown—the clasps—
The braid—sore tarnished:—it is long ago!

ZARCA.

But yesterday to me ; for till to-day
I saw you always as that little child.
And when they took my necklace from me, still
Your fingers played about it on my neck,
And still those buds of fingers on your feet
Caught in its meshes as you seemed to climb
Up to my shoulder. You were not stolen all.
You had a double life fed from my heart. . . .

(FEDALMA, *letting fall the necklace, makes an impulsive movement toward him, with outstretched hands.*)

The Gypsy father loves his children well.

FEDALMA (*shrinking, trembling, and letting fall her hands*).
How came it that you sought me—no—I mean
How came it that you knew me—that you lost me ?

ZARCA (*standing perfectly still*).

Poor child !—I see—your father and his rags
Are welcome as the piercing wintry wind
Within this silken chamber. It is well.
I would not have a child who stooped to feign,
And aped a sudden love. Better, true hate.

FEDALMA (*raising her eyes toward him, with a flash of admiration, and looking at him fixedly*).

Father, how was it that we lost each other ?

ZARCA.

I lost you as a man may lose a gem
Wherein he has compressed his total wealth,
Or the right hand whose cunning makes him great :
I lost you by a trivial accident.
Marauding Spaniards, sweeping like a storm
Over a spot within the Moorish bounds,
Near where our camp lay, doubtless snatched you up,
When Zind, your nurse, as she confessed, was urged
By burning thirst to wander toward the stream,
And leave you on the sand some paces off
Playing with pebbles, while she dog-like lapped.
'Twas so I lost you—never saw you more
Until to-day I saw you dancing! Saw

The daughter of the Zíncala make sport
For those who spit upon her people's name.

FEDALMA (*vehemently*).

It was not sport. What if the world looked on?—
I danced for joy—for love of all the world.
But when you looked at me my joy was stabbed—
Stabbed with your pain. I wondered . . . now I know. . .
It was my father's pain.

(*She pauses a moment with eyes bent downward, during
which ZARCA examines her face. Then she says
quickly,*) How were you sure

At once I was your child?

ZARCA.

I had witness strong
As any Cadi needs, before I saw you!
I fitted all my memories with the chat
Of one named Juan—one whose rapid talk
Showers like the blossoms from a light-twigged shrub,
If you but cough beside it. I learned all
The story of your Spanish nature—all
The promise of your fortune. When at last
I fronted you, my little maid full-grown,
Belief was turned to vision: then I saw
That she whom Spaniards called the bright Fedalma—
The little red-frocked foundling three years old—
Grown to such perfectness the Spanish Duke
Had wooed her for his Duchess—was the child,
Sole offspring of my flesh, that Lambra bore
One hour before the Christian, hunting us,
Hurried her on to death. Therefore I sought—
Therefore I come to claim you—claim my child,
Not from the Spaniard, not from him who robbed,
But from herself.

(FEDALMA has gradually approached close to ZARCA, and with
a low sob sank on her knees before him. He stoops to
kiss her brow, and lays his hands on her head.)

ZARCA (*with solemn tenderness*).

Then my child owns her father?

FEDALMA.

Father! Yes.

I will eat dust before I will deny
The flesh I spring from.

ZARCA.

There my daughter spoke.

Away then with these rubies!

(*He seizes the circlet of rubies and flings it on the ground.*

FEDALMA, *starting from the ground with strong emotion,*
shrinks backward.)

Such a crown

Is infamy around a Zincala's brow.

It is her people's blood, decking her shame.

FEDALMA (*after a moment, slowly and distinctly, as if accepting a doom*).

Then . . . I was born . . . a Zincala?

ZARCA.

Of a blood

Unmixed as virgin wine-juice.

FEDALMA.

Of a race

More outcast and despised than Moor or Jew?

ZARCA.

Yes: wanderers whom no God took knowledge of
To give them laws, to fight for them, or blight
Another race to make them ampler room;
Who have no Whence or Whither in their souls,
No dimmest lore of glorious ancestors
To make a common hearth for piety.

FEDALMA.

A race that lives on prey as foxes do
With stealthy, petty rapine: so despised,

It is not persecuted, only spurned,
Crushed underfoot, warred on by chance like rats,
Or swarming flies, or reptiles of the sea
Dragged in the net unsought, and flung far off
To perish as they may?

ZARCA.

You paint us well.

So abject are the men whose blood we share:
Untutored, unbefriended, unendowed;
No favorites of heaven or of men.
Therefore I cling to them! Therefore no lure,
Shall draw me to disown them, or forsake
The meagre wandering herd that lows for help,
And needs me for its guide, to seek my pasture
Among the well-fed bees that graze at will.
Because our race has no great memories,
I will so live, it shall remember me
For deeds of such divine beneficence
As rivers have, that teach men what is good
By blessing them. I have been schooled—have caught
Lore from the Hebrew, deftness from the Moor—
Know the rich heritage, the milder life,
Of nations fathered by a mighty Past;
But were our race accursed (as they who make
Good luck a god count all unlucky men)
I would espouse their curse sooner than take
My gifts from brethren naked of all good,
And lend them to the rich for usury.

(FEDALMA again advances, and putting forth her right hand grasps ZARCA'S left. He places his other hand on her shoulder. They stand so, looking at each other.)

ZARCA.

And you, my child? Are you of other mind,
Choosing forgetfulness, hating the truth
That says you are akin to needy men?
Wishing your father were some Christian Duke,
Who could hang Gypsies when their task was done,
While you, his daughter, were not bound to care?

FEDALMA (*in a troubled eager voice*).

No, I should always care—I cared for you—
For all, before I dreamed.

ZARCA.

Before you dreamed
That you were born a Zincala—your flesh
Stamped with your people's faith.

FEDALMA (*bitterly*).

The Gypsies' faith?
Men say they have none.

ZARCA.

Oh, it is a faith
Taught by no priest, but by their beating hearts:
Faith to each other: the fidelity
Of fellow-wanderers in a desert place
Who share the same dire thirst, and therefore share
The scanty water: the fidelity
Of men whose pulses leap with kindred fire,
Who in the flash of eyes, the clasp of hands,
The speech that even in lying tells the truth
Of heritage inevitable as birth,
Nay, in the silent bodily presence feel
The mystic stirring of a common life
Which makes the many one: fidelity
To the consecrating oath our sponsor Fate
Made through our infant breath when we were born
The fellow-heirs of that small island, Life,
Where we must dig and sow and reap with brothers.
Fear thou that oath, my daughter—nay, not fear,
But love it; for the sanctity of oaths
Lies not in lightning that avenges them,
But in the injury wrought by broken bonds
And in the garnered good of human trust.
And you have sworn—even with your infant breath
You too were pledged . . .

FEDALMA (*letting go ZARCA's hand, and sinking backward on*

her knees, with bent head, as if before some impending crushing weight).

To what? What have I sworn?

ZARCA.

To take the heirship of the Gypsy's child:
The child of him who, being chief, will be
The saviour of his tribe, or if he fail
Will choose to fail rather than basely win
The prize of renegades. Nay, will not choose—
Is there a choice for strong souls to be weak?
For men erect to crawl like hissing snakes?
I choose not—I *am* Zarca. Let him choose
Who halts and wavers, having appetite
To feed on garbage. You, my child—are you
Halting and wavering?

FEDALMA (*raising her head*).

Say what is my task?

ZARCA.

To be the angel of a homeless tribe:
To help me bless a race taught by no prophet,
And make their name, now but a badge of scorn,
A glorious banner floating in their midst,
Stirring the air they breathe with impulses
Of generous pride exalting fellowship
Until it soars to magnanimity.
I'll guide my brethren forth to their new land,
Where they shall plant and sow and reap their own,
Serving each other's needs, and so be spurred
To skill in all the arts that succor life;
Where we may kindle our first altar-fire
From settled hearths, and call our Holy Place
The hearth that binds us in one family.
That land awaits them: they await their chief—
Me who am prisoned. All depends on you.

FEDALMA (*rising to her full height, and looking solemnly at*

ZARCA).

Father, your child is ready! She will not

Forsake her kindred: she will brave all scorn
 Sooner than scorn herself. Let Spaniards all,
 Christians, Jews, Moors, shoot out the lip and say,
 "Lo, the first hero in a tribe of thieves."
 Is it not written so of them? They, too,
 Were slaves, lost, wandering, sunk beneath a curse,
 Till Moses, Christ, and Mahomet were born,
 Till beings lonely in their greatness lived,
 And lived to save their people. Father, listen.
 The Duke to-morrow weds me secretly:
 But straight he will present me as his wife
 To all his household, cavaliers and dames
 And noble pages. Then I will declare
 Before them all, "I am his daughter, his,
 The Gypsy's, owner of this golden badge."
 Then I shall win your freedom; then the Duke—
 Why, he will be your son!—will send you forth
 With aid and honors. Then, before all eyes
 I'll clasp this badge on you, and lift my brow
 For you to kiss it, saying by that sign,
 I glory in my father." This, to-morrow.

ZARCA.

A woman's dream—who thinks by smiling well
 To ripen figs in frost. What! Marry first,
 And then proclaim your birth? Enslave yourself
 To use your freedom? Share another's name,
 Then treat it as you will? How will that tune
 Ring in your bridegroom's ears—that sudden song
 Of triumph in your Gypsy father?

FEDALMA (*discouraged*).

Nay,

I meant not so. We marry hastily—
 Yet there is time—there will be:—in less space
 Than he can take to look at me, I'll speak
 And tell him all. Oh, I am not afraid!
 His love for me is stronger than all hate;
 Nay, stronger than my love, which cannot sway
 Demons that haunt me—tempt me to rebel.
 Were he Fedalma and I Silva, he

Could love confession, prayers, and tonsured monks
 If my soul craved them. He will never hate
 The race that bore him what he loves the most.
 I shall but do more strongly what I will,
 Having his will to help me. And to-morrow,
 Father, as surely as his heart shall beat,
 You—every Gypsy chained, shall be set free.

ZARCA (coming nearer to her, and laying his hand on her shoulder).

Too late, too poor a service that, my child!
 Not so the woman who would save her tribe
 Must help its heroes— not by wordy breath,
 By easy prayers strong in a lover's ear,
 By showering wreaths and sweets and wafted kisses,
 And then, when all the smiling work is done,
 Turning to rest upon her down again,
 And whisper languid pity for her race
 Upon the bosom of her alien spouse.
 Not to such petty mercies as can fall
 'Twixt stitch and stitch of silken broidery,
 Such miracles of mitred saints who pause
 Beneath their gilded canopy to heal
 A man sun-stricken: not to such trim merit
 As soils its dainty shoes for charity
 And simpers meekly at the pious stain,
 But never trod with naked bleeding feet
 Where no man praised it, and where no Church blessed:
 Not to such almsdeeds fit for holidays
 Were you, my daughter, consecrated—bound
 By laws that, breaking, you will dip your bread
 In murdered brother's blood and call it sweet—
 When you were born beneath the dark man's tent,
 And lifted up in sight of all your tribe,
 Who greeted you with shouts of loyal joy,
 Sole offspring of the chief in whom they trust
 As in the oft-tried never-failing flint
 They strike their fire from. Other work is yours.

FEDALMA.

What work?—what is it that you ask of me?

ZARCA.

A work as pregnant as the act of men
 Who set their ships aflame and spring to land,
 A fatal deed

FEDALMA.

Stay! never utter it!

If it can part my lot from his whose love
 Has chosen me. Talk not of oaths, of birth,
 Of men as numerous as the dim white stars—
 As cold and distant, too, for my heart's pulse.
 No ills on earth, though you should count them up
 With grains to make a mountain, can outweigh
 For me, his ill who is my supreme love.
 All sorrows else are but imagined flames,
 Making me shudder at an unfelt smart;
 But his imagined sorrow is a fire
 That scorches me.

ZARCA.

I know, I know it well—

The first young passionate wail of spirits called
 To some great destiny. In vain, my daughter!
 Lay the young eagle in what nest you will,
 The cry and swoop of eagles overhead
 Vibrate prophetic in its kindred frame,
 And make it spread its wings and poise itself
 For the eagle's flight. Hear what you have to do.

(FEDALMA stands half advanced, as if she dreaded the effect
 of his looks and words.)

My comrades even now file off their chains
 In a low turret by the battlements,
 Where we were locked with slight and sleepy guard—
 We who had files hid in our shaggy hair,
 And possible ropes that waited but our will
 In half our garments. Oh, the Moorish blood
 Runs thick and warm to us, though thinned by chrism.
 I found a friend among our jailers—one
 Who loves the Gypsy as the Moor's ally.
 I know the secrets of this fortress. Listen.
 Hard by yon terrace is a narrow stair,

Cut in the living rock, and at one point
 In its slow straggling course it branches
 Toward a low wooden door, that art has bossed
 To such unevenness, it seems one piece
 With the rough-hewn rock. Open that door, it leads
 Through a broad passage burrowed under-ground
 A good half-mile out to the open plain:
 Made for escape, in dire extremity
 From siege or burning, of the house's wealth
 In women or in gold. To find that door
 Needs one who knows the number of the steps
 Just to the turning-point; to open it,
 Needs one who knows the secret of the bolt.
 You have that secret: you will ope that door,
 And fly with us.

FEDALMA (*receding a little, and gathering herself up in an attitude of resolve opposite to ZARCA*).

No, I will never fly!

Never forsake that chief half of my soul
 Where lies my love. I swear to set you free.
 Ask for no more; it is not possible.
 Father, my soul is not too base to ring
 At touch of your great thoughts; nay, in my blood
 There streams the sense unspeakable of kind,
 As leopard feels at ease with leopard. But—
 Look at these hands! You say when they were little
 They played about the gold upon your neck.
 I do believe it, for their tiny pulse
 Made record of it in the inmost coil
 Of growing memory. But see them now!
 Oh, they have made fresh record; twined themselves
 With other throbbing hands whose pulses feed
 Not memories only but a blended life—
 Life that will bleed to death if it be severed.
 Have pity on me, father! Wait the morning;
 Say you will wait the morning. I will win
 Your freedom openly: you shall go forth
 With aid and honors. Silva will deny
 Naught to my asking . . .

ZARCA (*With contemptuous decision*).

Till you ask him aught

Wherein he is powerless. Soldiers even now
 Murmur against him that he risks the town,
 And forfeits all the prizes of a foray
 To get his bridal pleasure with a bride
 Too low for him. They'll murmur more and louder
 If captives of our pith and sinew, fit
 For all the work the Spaniard hates, are freed—
 Now, too, when Spanish hands are scanty. What!
 Turn Gypsies loose instead of hanging them!
 'Tis flat against the edict. Nay, perchance
 Murmurs aloud may turn to silent threats
 Of some well-sharpened dagger; for your Duke
 Has to his heir a pious cousin, who deems
 The Cross were better served if he were Duke.
 Such good you'll work your lover by your prayers.

FEDALMA.

Then, I will free you now! You shall be safe,
 Nor he be blamed, save for his love to me.
 I will declare what I have done: the deed
 May put our marriage off . . .

ZARCA.

Ay, till the time

When you shall be a queen in Africa,
 And he be prince enough to sue for you.
 You cannot free us and come back to him.

FEDALMA.

And why?

ZARCA.

I would compel you to go forth.

FEDALMA.

You tell me that?

ZARCA.

Yes, for I'd have you choose ;

Though, being of the blood you are—my blood—
 You have no right to choose.

FEDALMA.

I only owe

A daughter's debt ; I was not born a slave.

ZARCA.

No, not a slave ; but you were born to reign.
'Tis a compulsion of a higher sort,
Whose fetters are the net invisible
That holds all life together. Royal deeds
May make long destinies for multitudes,
And you are called to do them. You belong
Not to the petty round of circumstance
That makes a woman's lot, but to your tribe,
Who trust in me and in my blood with trust
That men call blind ; but it is only blind
As unyeaned reason is, that grows and stirs
Within the womb of superstition.

FEDALMA.

No

I belong to him who loves me—whom I love—
Who chose me—whom I chose—to whom I pledged
A woman's truth. And that is nature too,
Issuing a fresher law than laws of birth.

ZARCA.

Unmake yourself, then, from a Zincala—
Unmake yourself from being child of mine !
Take holy water, cross your dark skin white ;
Round your proud eyes to foolish kitten looks ;
Walk mincingly, and smirk, and twitch your robe ;
Unmake yourself—doff all the eagle plumes
And be a parrot, chained to a ring that slips
Upon a Spaniard's thumb, at will of his
That you should prattle o'er his words again !
Get a small heart that flutters at the smiles
Of that plump penitent, that greedy saint
Who breaks all treaties in the name of God,
Saves souls by confiscation, sends to heaven
The altar-fumes of burning heretics,
And chaffers with the Levite for the gold ;

Holds Gypsies beasts unfit for sacrifice,
 So sweeps them out like worms alive or dead.
 Go, trail your gold and velvet in her court!—
 A conscious Zíncala, smile at your rare luck,
 While half your brethren

FEDALMA.

I am not so vile.

It is not to such mockeries that I cling,
 Not to the flaring tow of gala-lights;
 It is to him—my love—the face of day.

ZARCA.

What, will you part him from the air he breathes,
 Never inhale with him although you kiss him?
 Will you adopt a soul without its thoughts,
 Or grasp a life apart from flesh and blood?
 Till then you cannot wed a Spanish Duke
 And not wed shame at mention of your race,
 And not wed hardness to their miseries—
 Nay, not wed murder. Would you save my life
 Yet stab my purpose? Maim my every limb,
 Put out my eyes, and turn me loose to feed?
 Is that salvation? Rather drink my blood.
 That child of mine who weds my enemy—
 Adores a God who took no heed of Gypsies—
 Forsakes her people, their poverty,
 To join the luckier crowd that mocks their woes—
 That child of mine is doubly murderess,
 Murdering her father's hope, her people's trust
 Such draughts are mingled in your cup of love!
 And when you have become a thing so poor,
 Your life is all a fashion without law
 Save frail conjecture of a clinging wish,
 Your worshipped sun, your smiling face of day,
 Will turn to cloudiness, and you will shiver
 In your thin finery of vain desire.
 Men call his passion madness; and he, too,
 May learn to think it madness: 'tis a thought
 Of ducal sanity.

FEDALMA.

No, he is true!

And if I part from him I part from joy.
 Oh, it was morning with us—I seemed young.
 But now I know I am an aged sorrow—
 My people's sorrow. Father, since I am your's—
 Since I must walk an unslain sacrifice,
 Carrying the knife within me, quivering—
 Put cords upon me, drag me to the doom
 My birth has laid upon me. See, I kneel.
 I cannot will to go.

ZARCA.

Will then to stay.

Say you will take your better, painted such
 By blind desire, and choose the hideous worse
 For thousands who were happier but for you.
 My thirty followers are assembled now
 Without this terrace: I your father wait
 That you may lead us forth to liberty—
 Restore me to my tribe—five hundred men
 Whom I alone can save, alone can rule,
 And plant them as a mighty nation's seed.
 Why, vagabonds who cluster round one man,
 Their voice to God, their prophet and their king,
 Twice grew to empire on the teeming shores
 Of Africa, and sent new royalties
 To feed afresh the Arab sway in Spain.
 My vagabonds are a seed more generous,
 Quick as the serpent, loving as the hound,
 And beautiful as disinherited gods.
 They have a promised land beyond the sea:
 There I may lead them, raise my standard, call
 The wandering Zincala to that new home,
 And make a nation—bring light, order, law,
 Instead of chaos. You, my only heir,
 Are called to reign for me when I am gone.
 Now choose your deed: to save or to destroy.
 You, a born Zincala, you, fortunate
 Above your fellows—you who hold a curse
 Or blessing in the hollow of your hand—
 Say you will loose that hand from fellowship,

Let go the rescuing rope, hurl all the tribes,
 Children and countless beings yet to come,
 Down from the upward path of light and joy,
 Back to the dark and marshy wilderness
 Where life is nought but blind tenacity
 Of that which is. Say you will curse your race.

FEDALMA (*rising and stretching out her arm in deprecation*).

No, no—I will not say it—I will go!
 Father, I choose! I will not take a heaven
 Haunted by shrieks of far-off misery.
 This deed and I have ripened with the hours:
 It is a part of me—a wakened thought
 That, rising like a giant, masters me,
 And grows into a doom. O mother life,
 That seemed to nourish me so tenderly,
 Even in the womb you vowed me to the fire,
 Hung on my soul the burden of men's hopes,
 And pledged me to redeem!—I'll pay the debt.
 You gave me strength that I should pour it all
 Into this anguish. I can never shrink
 Back into bliss—my heart, has grown too big
 With things that might be. Father, I will go.
 I will strip off these gems. Some happier bride
 Shall wear them, since Fedalma would be dowered
 With naught but curses, dowered with misery
 Of men—of women, who have hearts to bleed
 As hers is bleeding.

(*She sinks on a seat, and begins to take off her jewels.*)

Now, good gems, we part.
 Speak of me always tenderly to Silva.

(*She pauses, turning to ZARCA.*)

O father, will the women of our tribe
 Suffer as I do, in the years to come
 When you have made them great in Africa?
 Redeemed from ignorant ills only to feel
 A conscious woe? Then—is it worth the pains?
 Were it not better when we reach that shore
 To raise a funeral pile and perish all,
 So closing up a myriad avenues
 To misery yet unwrought? My soul is faint—
 Will these sharp pangs buy any certain good?

ZARCA.

Nay, never falter: no great deed is done
 By falterers who ask for certainty.
 No good is certain, but the steadfast mind,
 The undivided will to seek the good:
 'Tis that compels the elements, and wrings
 A human music from the indifferent air.
 The greatest gift the hero leaves his race
 Is to have been a hero. Say we fail!—
 We feed the high tradition of the world,
 And leave our spirit in our children's breasts.

FEDALMA (*unclasping her jewelled belt, and throwing it down*).

Yes, say that we shall fail! I will not count
 On aught but being faithful. I will take
 This yearning self of mine and strangle it.
 I will not be half-hearted: never yet
 Fedalma did aught with a wavering soul.
 Die, my young joy—die, all my hungry hopes—
 The milk you cry for from the breast of life
 Is thick with curses. Oh, all fatness here
 Snatches its meat from leanness—feeds on graves.
 I will seek nothing but to shun base joy.
 The saints were cowards who stood by to see
 Christ crucified: they should have flung themselves
 Upon the Roman spears, and died in vain—
 The grandest death, to die in vain—for love
 Greater than sways the forces of the world!
 That death shall be my bridegroom. I will wed
 The curse that blights my people. Father, come!

ZARCA.

No curse has fallen on us till we cease
 To help each other. You, if you are false
 To that first fellowship, lay on the curse,
 But write now to the Spaniard: briefly say
 That I, your father, came; that you obeyed
 The fate which made you a Zíncala, as his fate
 Made him a Spanish duke and Christian knight.
 He must not think

FEDALMA.

Yes, I will write, but he—

Oh, he would know it—he would never think
The chain that dragged me from him could be aught
But scorching iron entering my soul.

(*She writes.*)

Silva, sole love—he came—my father came.

I am the daughter of a Gypsy chief

Who means to be the Savior of our tribe.

He calls on me to live for his great end.

To live? Nay, die for it. Fedalma dies

In leaving Silva: all that lives henceforth

Is the poor Zíncala.

(*She rises.*)

Father, now I go

To wed my people's lot.

ZARCA.

To wed a crown.

Our people's lowly lot we will make royal—

Give it a country, homes, and monuments

Held sacred through the lofty memories

That we shall leave behind us. Come, my Queen!

FEDALMA.

Stay, my betrothal ring!—one kiss—farewell!

O love, you were my crown. No other crown

Is aught but thorns on my poor woman's brow.

BOOK II.

SILVA was marching homeward while the moon
Still shed mild brightness like the far-off hope
Of those pale virgin lives that wait and pray.
The stars thin-scattered made the heavens large,
Bending in slow procession; in the east
Emergent from the dark waves of the hills
Seeming a little sister of the moon,
Glowed Venus all unquenched. Silva, in haste,
Exultant and yet anxious, urged his troop
To quick and quicker march: he had delight
In forward stretching shadows, in the gleams
That travelled on the armor of the van,
And in the many-hoofed sound: in all that told
Of hurrying movement to o'ertake his thought
Already in Bedmár, close to Fedalma,
Leading her forth a wedded bride, fast vowed,
Defying Father Isidor. His glance
Took in with much content the priest who rode
Firm in his saddle, stalwart and broad-backed,
Crisp-curled, and comfortably secular,
Right in the front of him. But by degrees
Stealthily faint, disturbing with slow loss
That showed not yet full promise of a gain,
The light was changing, and the watch intense
Of moon and stars seemed weary, shivering:
The sharp whtie brightness passed from off the rocks
Carrying the shadows: beauteous Night lay dead
Under the pall of twilight, and the love-star
Sickened and sank. The troop was winding now
Upward to where a pass between the peaks
Seemed like an opened gate—to Silva seemed
An outer-gate of heaven, for through that pass
They entered his own valley, near Bedmár.
Sudden within the pass a horseman rose,

One instant dark upon the banner pale
Of rock-cut sky, the next in motion swift
With hat and plume high shaken—ominous.
Silva had dreamed his future, and the dream
Held not this messenger. A minute more—
It was his friend Don Alvar whom he saw
Reining his horse up, face to face with him,
Sad as the twilight, all his clothes ill-girt—
As if he had been roused to see one die,
And brought the news to him whom death had robbed.
Silva believed he saw the worst—the town
Stormed by the infidel—or, could it be
Fedalma dragged?—no, there was not yet time.
But with a marble face, he only said,
“What evil, Alvar?”

“What this paper speaks.”

It was Fedalma's letter folded close
And mute as yet for Silva. But his friend
Keeping it still sharp-pinch'd against his breast,
“It will smite hard, my lord: a private grief.
I would not have you pause to read it here.
Let us ride on—we use the moments best,
Reaching the town with speed. The smaller ill
Is that our Gypsy prisoners have escaped.”
“No more. Give me the paper—nay, I know—
'Twill make no difference. Bid them march on faster.”
Silva pushed forward—held the paper crushed
Close in his right. “They have imprisoned her,”
He said to Alva in low, hard-cut tones,
Like a dream-speech of slumbering revenge.
“No—when they came to fetch her she was gone.”
Swift as the right touch on a spring, that word
Made Silva read the letter. She was gone!
But not into locked darkness—only gone
Into free air—where he might find her yet.
The bitter loss had triumph in it—what!
They would have seized her with their holy claws,
The Prior's sweet morsel of despot hate
Was snatched from off his lips. This misery
Had yet a taste of joy.

But she was gone!

The sun had risen, and in the castle walls

The light grew strong and stronger. Silva walked
Through the long corridor where dimness yet
Cherished a lingering, flickering, dying hope;
Fedalma still was there—he could not see
The vacant place that once her presence filled.
Can we believe that the dear dead are gone?
Love in sad weeds forgets the funeral day,
Opens the chamber door and almost smiles—
Then sees the sunbeams pierce athwart the bed
Where the pale face is not. So Silva's joy,
Like the sweet habit of caressing hands
That seek the memory of another hand,
Still lived on fitfully in spite of words,
And, numbing thought with vague illusion, dulled
The slow and steadfast beat of certainty.
But in the rooms inexorable light
Streamed through the open window where she fled,
Streamed on the belt and coronet thrown down—
Mute witnesses—sought out the typic ring
That sparkled on the crimson, solitary,
Wounding him like a word. O hateful light!
It filled the chambers with her absence, glared
On all the motionless things her hand had touched,
Motionless all—save where old Iñez lay
Sunk on the floor holding her rosary,
Making its shadow tremble with her fear.
And Silva passed her by because she grieved;
It was the lute, the gems, the pictured heads,
He longed to crush, because they made no sign
But of insistence that she was not there,
She who had filled his sight and hidden them.
He went forth on the terrace tow'rd the stairs,
Saw the rained petals of the cistus flowers
Crushed by large feet; but on one shady spot
Far down the steps, where dampness made a home,
He saw a footprint delicate-slippered, small,
So dear to him, he searched for sister-prints,
Searched in the rock-hewn passage with a lamp
For other trace of her, and found a glove;
But not Fedalma's. It was Juan's glove,
Tasselled, perfumed, embroidered with his name,
A gift of dames. Then Juan, too, was gone?

Full-mouthed conjecture, hurrying through the town,
 Had spread the tale already: it was he
 That helped the Gypsies' flight. He talked and sang
 Of nothing but the Gypsies and Fedalma.
 He drew the threads together, wove the plan;
 Had lingered out by moonlight, had been seen
 Strolling, as was his wont, within the walls,
 Humming his ditties. So Don Alvar told,
 Conveying outside rumor. But the Duke,
 Making of haughtiness a visor closed,
 Would show no agitated front in quest
 Of small disclosures. What her writing bore
 Had been enough. He knew that she was gone,
 Knew why.

"The Duke," some said, "will send a force,
 Retake the prisoners, and bring back his bride."
 But others, winking, "Nay, her wedding dress
 Would be the *san-benito*. 'Tis a fight
 Between the Duke and Prior. Wise bets will choose
 The churchman: he's the iron and the Duke"
 "Is a fine piece of pottery," said mine host,
 Softening the sarcasm with a bland regret.

There was the thread that in the new-made knot
 Of obstinate circumstance seemed hardest drawn,
 Vexed most the sense of Silva, in these hours
 Of fresh and angry pain—there, in that fight
 Against a foe whose sword was magical,
 His shield invisible terrors—against a foe
 Who stood as if upon the smoking mount
 Ordaining plagues. All else, Fedalma's flight,
 The father's claim, her Gypsy birth disclosed,
 Were momentary crosses, hindrances
 A Spanish noble might despise. This Chief
 Might still be treated with, would not refuse
 A proffered ransom, which would better serve
 Gypsy prosperity, give him more power
 Over his tribe, than any fatherhood:
 Nay, all the father in him must plead loud
 For marriage of his daughter where she loved—
 Her love being placed so high and lustrously.
 The Gypsy chieftain had foreseen a price

That would be paid him for his daughter's dower—
 Might soon give signs. Oh, all his purpose lay
 Face upward. Silva here felt strong, and smiled.
 What could a Spanish noble not command?
 He only helped the Queen, because he chose,
 Could war on Spaniards, and could spare the Moor;
 Buy justice, or defeat it—if he would:
 Was loyal, not from any weakness but from strength
 Of high resolve to use his birthright well.
 For nobles too are gods, like Emperors,
 Accept perforce their own divinity,
 And wonder at the virtue of their touch,
 Till obstinate resistance shakes their creed,
 Shattering that self whose wholeness is not round
 Save in the plastic souls of other men.
 Don Silva had been suckled in that creed
 (A high-taught speculative noble else),
 Held it absurd as foolish argument
 If any failed in deference, was too proud
 Not to be courteous to so poor a knave
 As one who knew not necessary truths
 Of birth and dues of rank; but cross his will,
 The miracle-working will, his rage leaped out
 As by a right divine to rage more fatal
 Than a mere mortal man's. And now that will
 Had met a stronger adversary—strong
 As awful ghosts are whom we cannot touch,
 While they clutch *us*, subtly as poisoned air,
 In deep-laid fibres of inherited fear
 That lie below all courage.

Silva said,

“She is not lost to me, might still be mine
 But for the Inquisition—the dire hand
 That waits to clutch her with a hideous grasp
 Not passionate, human, living, but a grasp
 As in the death-throe when the human soul
 Departs and leaves force unrelenting, locked,
 Not to be loosened save by slow decay
 That frets the universe. Father Isidor
 Has willed it so: his phial dropped the oil
 To catch the air-borne motes of idle slander;

He fed the fascinated gaze that clung
 Round all her movements, frank as growths of spring :
 With the new hateful interest of suspicion.
 What barrier is this Gypsy ? A mere gate
 I'll find the key for. The one barrier,
 The tightening cord that winds about my limbs,
 Is this kind uncle, this imperious saint,
 He who will save me, guard me from myself,
 And he can work his will : I have no help
 Save reptile secrecy, and no revenge
 Save that I *will* do what he schemes to hinder.
 Ay, secrecy, and disobedience—these
 No tyranny can master. Disobey !
 You may divide the universe with God,
 Keeping your will unbent, and hold a world
 Where he is not supreme. The Prior shall know it !
 His will shall breed resistance : he shall do
 The thing he would not, further what he hates
 By hardening my resolve."

But 'neath this speech—
 Defiant, hectoring, the more passionate voice
 Of many-blended consciousness—there breathed
 Murmurs of doubt, the weakness of a self
 That is not one ; denies and yet believes ;
 Protests with passion, "This is natural"—
 Yet owns the other still were truer, better
 Could nature follow it ; a self disturbed
 By budding growths of reason premature
 That breed disease. With all his outflung rage
 Silva half shrank before the steadfast man
 Whose life was one compacted whole, a realm
 Where the rule changed not, and the law was strong.
 Then that reluctant homage stirred new hate,
 And gave rebellion an intenser will.

But soon this inward strife the slow-paced hours
 Slackened ; and the soul sank with hunger-pangs,
 Hunger of love. Debate was swept right down
 By certainty of loss intolerable.
 A little loss ! Only a dark-tressed maid
 Who had no heritage save her *beauteous being*

But in the candor of her virgin eyes
Saying, I love; and in the mystic charm
Of her dear presence, Silva found a heaven
Where faith and hope were drowned as stars in day.
Fedalma there, each momentary Now
Seemed a whole blest existence, a full cup
That, flowing over, asked no pouring hand
From past to future. All the world was hers.
Splendor was but the herald trumpet-note
Of her imperial coming: penury
Vanished before her as before a gem,
The pledge of treasures. Fedalma there,
He thought all loveliness was lovelier,
She crowning it: all goodness credible,
Because of that great trust her goodness bred.
For the strong current of the passionate love
Which urged his life tow'rd hers, like urgent floods
That hurry through the various-mingled earth,
Carried within its stream all qualities
Of what it penetrated, and made love
Only another name, as Silva was,
For the whole man that breathed within his frame.
And she was gone. Well, goddesses will go;
But for a noble there were mortals left
Shaped just like goddesses—O hateful sweet!
O impudent pleasure that should dare to front
With vulgar visage memories divine!
The noble's birthright of miraculous will
Turning *I would, to must be*, spurning all
Offered as substitute for what it chose,
Tightened and fixed in strain irrevocable
The passionate selection of that love
Which came not first but as all conquering last.
Great Love has many attributes, and shrines
For varied worship, but his force divine
Shows most its many-named fullness in the man
Whose nature multitudinously mixed—
Each ardent impulse grappling with a thought—
Resists all easy gladness, all content
Save mystic rapture, where the questioning soul
Flooded with consciousness of good that is
Finds life one bounteous answer. So it was

In Silva's nature, Love had mastery there,
 Not as a holiday ruler, but as one
 Who quells a tumult in a day of dread,
 A welcome despot.

O all comforters,
 All soothing things that bring mild ecstasy,
 Came with her coming, in her presence lived.
 Spring afternoons, when delicate shadows fall
 Pencilled upon the grass ; high summer morns
 When white light rains upon the quiet sea
 And corn-fields flush with ripeness : odors soft—
 Dumb vagrant bliss that seems to seek a home
 And find it deep within, 'mid stirrings vague
 Of far-off moments when our life was fresh ;
 All sweetly-tempered music, gentle change
 Of sound, form, color, as on wide lagoons
 At sunset when from black far-floating prows
 Comes a clear wafted song ; all exquisite joy
 Of a subdued desire, like some strong stream
 Made placid in the fullness of a lake— .
 All came with her sweet presence, for she brought
 The love supreme which gathers to its realm
 All powers of loving. Subtle nature's hand
 Waked with a touch the far-linked harmonies
 In her own manifold work. Fedalma there,
 Fastidiousness became the prelude fine
 For full contentment ; and young melancholy,
 Lost for its origin, seemed but the pain
 Of waiting for that perfect happiness.
 The happiness was gone !

He sat alone,
 Hating companionship that was not hers ;
 Felt bruised with hopeless longing ; drank, as wine,
 Illusions of what had been, would have been ;
 Weary with anger and a strained resolve,
 Sought passive happiness in waking dreams.
 It has been so with rulers, emperors,
 Nay, sages who held secrets of great Time,
 Sharing his hoary and benevolent life—
 Men who sat throned among the multitudes—

They have sore sickened at the loss of one.
 Silva sat lonely in her chamber, leaned
 Where she had leaned, to feel the evening breath
 Shed from the orange trees ; when suddenly
 His grief was echoed in a sad young voice
 Far and yet near, brought by aerial wings,

*The world is great : the birds all fly from me,
 The stars are golden fruit upon a tree
 All out of reach : my little sister went,
 And I am lonely.*

*The world is great : I tried to mount the hill
 Above the pines, where the light lies so still,
 But it rose higher : little Lisa went,
 And I am lonely.*

*The world is great : the wind comes rushing by,
 I wonder where it comes from ; sea-birds cry
 And hurt my heart : my little sister went,
 And I am lonely.*

*The world is great : the people laugh and talk,
 And make loud holiday : how fast they walk !
 I'm lame, they push me : little Lisa went,
 And I am lonely.*

'Twas Pablo, like the wounded spirit of song
 Pouring melodious pain to cheat the hour
 For idle soldiers in the castle court.
 Dreamily Silva heard and hardly felt
 The song was outward, rather felt it part
 Of his own aching, like the lingering day,
 Or slow and mournful cadence of the bell.
 But when the voice had ceased he longed for it,
 And fretted at the pause, as memory frets
 When words that made its body fall away
 And leave it yearning dumbly. Silva then
 Bethought him whence the voice came, framed perforce
 Some outward image of a life not his
 That made a sorrowful centre to the world :
 A boy lame, melancholy-eyed, who bore

A viol—yes, that very child he saw
 This morning eating roots by the gateway—saw
 As one fresh-ruined sees and spells a name
 And knows not what he does, yet finds it writ
 Full in the inner record. Hark, again!
 The voice and viol. Silva called his thought
 To guide his ear and track the travelling sound.

*O bird that used to press
 Thy head against my cheek
 With touch that seemed to speak
 And ask a tender "yes"—
 Ay de mi, my bird!*

*O tender downy breast
 And warmly beating heart,
 That beating seemed a part
 Of me who gave it rest—
 Ay de mi, my bird!*

The western court! The singer might be seen
 From the upper gallery: quick the Duke was there
 Looking upon the court as on a stage.
 Men eased of armor, stretched upon the ground,
 Gambling by snatches; shepherds from the hills
 Who brought their bleating friends for slaughter; grooms
 Shouldering loose harness; leather-aproned smiths,
 Traders with wares, green-suited serving-men,
 Made a round audience; and in their midst
 Stood little Pablo, pouring forth his song,
 Just as the Duke had pictured. But the song
 Was strangely companied by Roldan's play
 With the swift gleaming balls, and now was crushed
 By peals of laughter at grave Annibal,
 Who carrying stick and purse o'erturned the pence,
 Making mistake by rule. Silva had thought
 To melt hard bitter grief by fellowship
 With the world-sorrow trembling in his ear
 In Pablo's voice, had meant to give command
 For the boy's presence; but this company,
 This mountebank and monkey, must be—stay!
 Not be expected,—must be ordered too
 Into his private presence; they had brought

Suggestion of a ready shapen tool
 To cut a path between his helpless wish
 And what it imaged. A ready shapen tool !
 A spy, an envoy whom he might despatch
 In unsuspected secrecy, to find
 The Gypsies' refuge so that none beside
 Might learn it. And this juggler could be bribed,
 Would have no fear of Moors—for who would kill
 Dancers and monkeys?—could pretend a journey
 Back to his home, leaving his boy the while
 To please the Duke with song. Without such chance—
 An envoy cheap and secret as a mole
 Who could go scatheless, come back for his pay
 And vanish straight, tied by no neighbourhood—
 Without such chance as this poor juggler brought,
 Finding Fedalma was betraying her.

Short interval betwixt the thought and deed.
 Roldan was called to private audience
 With Annibal and Pablo. All the world
 (By which I mean the score or two who heard)
 Shrugged high their shoulders, and supposed the Duke
 Would fain beguile the evening and replace
 His lacking happiness, as was the right
 Of nobles, who could pay for any cure,
 And wore naught broken, save a broken limb.
 In truth, at first, the Duke bade Pablo sing,
 But, while he sang, called Roldan wide apart,
 And told him of a mission secret, brief—
 A quest which well performed might earn much gold,
 But, if betrayed, another sort of pay.
 Roldan was ready ; "wished above all for gold
 And never wished to speak ; had worked enough
 At wagging his old tongue and chiming jokes ;
 Thought it was others' turn to play the fool.
 Give him but pence enough, no rabbit, sirs,
 Would eat and stare and be more dumb than he.
 Give him his orders."

They were given straight ;
 Gold for the journey, and to buy a mule
 Outside the gates through which he was to pass

Afoot and carelessly. The boy would stay
Within the castle, at the Duke's command,
And must have naught but ignorance to betray
For threats or coaxing. Once the quest performed,
The news delivered with some pledge of truth
Safe to the Duke, the juggler should go forth,
A fortune in his girdle, take his boy
And settle firm as any planted tree
In fair Valencia, never more to roam.
"Good ! good ! most worthy of a great hidalgo !
And Roldan was the man ! But Annibal—
A monkey like no other, though morose
In private character, yet full of tricks—
'Twere hard to carry him, yet harder still
To leave the boy with him in company
And free to slip away. The boy was wild
And shy as mountain kid ; once hid himself
And tried to run away ; and Annibal,
Who always took the lad's side (he was small,
And they were nearer of a size, and, sirs,
Your monkey has a spite against us men
For being bigger)—Annibal went too.
Would hardly know himself, were he to lose
Both boy and monkey—and 'twas property,
The trouble he had put in Annibal.
He didn't choose another man should beat
His boy and monkey. If they ran away
Some man would snap them up and square himself
And say they were his goods—he'd taught them—no !
He Roldan had no mind another man
Should fatten by his monkey, and the boy
Should not be kicked by any pair of sticks
Calling himself a juggler." . . .

But the Duke,
Tired of that hammering, signed that it should cease ;
Bade Roldan quit all fears—the boy and ape
Should be safe lodged in Abderahman's tower,
In keeping of the great physician there,
The Duke's most special confidant and friend,
One skilled in taming brutes, and always kind.
The Duke himself this eve would see them lodged.
Roldan must go—spend no more words—but go.

The astrologer's study.

A room high up in Abderahman's tower,
 A window open to the still warm eve,
 And the bright disc of royal Jupiter.
 Lamps burning low make little atmospheres
 Of light amid the dimness ; here and there
 Show books and phials, stones and instruments.
 In dark-oaken chair, unpillowed, sleeps
 Right in the rays of Jupiter a small man,
 In skull-cap bordered close with crisp gray curls,
 And loose black gown showing a neck and breast
 Protected by a dim-green amulet ;
 Pale faced, with finest nostril wont to breathe
 Ethereal passion in a world of thought ;
 Eyebrows jet-black and firm, yet delicate ;
 Beard scant and grizzled ; mouth shut firm, with curves
 So subtly turned to meanings exquisite,
 You seem to read them as you read a word
 Full-vowelled, long-descended, pregnant—rich
 With legacies from long, laborious lives.
 Close by him, like a genius of sleep,
 Purrs the gray cat, bridling, with snowy breast.
 A loud knock. "Forward!" in clear vocal ring,
 Enter the Duke, Pablo, and Annibal.
 Exit the cat, retreating toward the dark.

DON SILVA.

You slept, Sephardo. I am come too soon.

SEPHARDO.

Nay, my lord, it was I who slept too long.
 I go to court among the stars to-night,
 So bathed my soul beforehand in deep sleep.
 But who are these?

DON SILVA.

Small guests, for whom I ask
 Your hospitality. Their owner comes
 Some short time hence to claim them. I am pledged
 To keep them safely ; so I bring them you,
 Trusting your friendship for small animals.

SEPHARDO.

Yea, am not I too a small animal?

DON SILVA.

I shall be much beholden to your love
If you will be their guardian. I can trust
No other man as well as you. The boy
Will please you with his singing, touches too
The viol wondrously.

SEPHARDO.

They are welcome both.

Their names are———?

DON SILVA.

Pablo, this—this Annibal,

And yet, I hope, no warrior.

SEPHARDO.

We'll make peace.

Come, Pablo, let us loosen our friend's chain.
Deign you, my lord, to sit. Here Pablo, thou—
Close to my chair. Now Annibal shall choose.

[The cautious monkey, in a Moorish dress,
A tunic white, turban and cimeter,
Wears these stage garments, nay, his very flesh
With silent protest; keeps a neutral air
As aiming at a metaphysic state
Twixt "is" and "is not;" lets his chain be loosed
By sage Sephardo's hands, sits still at first,
Then trembles out of his neutrality,
Looks up and leaps into Sephardo's lap,
And chatters forth his agitated soul,
Turning to peep at Pablo on the floor.]

SEPHARDO.

See, he declares we are at amity!

DON SILVA.

No brother sage had read your nature faster.

SEPHARDO.

Why, so he *is* a brother sage. Man thinks
 Brutes have no wisdom, since they know not his:
 Can we divine their world?—the hidden life
 That mirrors us as hideous shapeless power,
 Cruel supremacy of sharp-edged death,
 Or fate that leaves a bleeding mother robbed?
 Oh, they have long tradition and swift speech,
 Can tell with touches and sharp darting cries
 Whole histories of timid races taught
 To breathe in terror by red-handed man.

DON SILVA.

Ah, you denounce my sport with hawk and hound.
 I would not have the angel Gabriel
 As hard as you in noting down my sins.

SEPHARDO.

Nay, they are virtues for you warriors—
 Hawking and hunting! You are merciful
 When you leave killing men to kill the brutes.
 But, for the point of wisdom, I would choose
 To know the mind that stirs between the wings
 Of bees and building wasps, or fills the woods
 With myriad murmurs of responsive sense
 And true-aimed impulse, rather than to know
 The thoughts of warriors.

DON SILVA.

Yes they are warriors too—
 Your animals. Your judgment limps, SepharDO:
 Death is the king of this world; 'tis his park
 Where he breeds life to feed him. Cries of pain
 Are music for his banquet; and the masque—
 The last grand masque for his diversion, is
 The Holy Inquisition.

SEPHARDO.

Ay, anon
 I may chime in with you. But not the less
 My judgment has firm feet. Though death were king

And cruelty his right-hand minister,
 Pity insurgent in some human beasts
 Makes spiritual empire, reigns supreme
 As persecuted faith in faithful hearts.
 Your small physician, weighing ninety pounds,
 A petty morsel for a healthy shark,
 Will worship mercy throned within his soul
 Though all the luminous angels of the stars
 Burst into cruel chorus on his ear,
 Singing, "We know no mercy." He would cry
 "I know it" still, and soothe the frightened bird
 And feed the child a-hungred, walk abreast
 Of persecuted men, and keep most hate
 For rational torturers. There I stand firm.
 But you are bitter, and my speech rolls on
 Out of your note.

DON SILVA.

No, no, I follow you.

I too have that within which I will worship
 In spite of . . . Yes, Sephardo. I am bitter.
 I need your counsel, foresight, all your aid.
 Lay these small guests to bed, then we will talk.

SEPHARDO.

See, they are sleeping now. The boy has made
 My leg his pillow. For my brother sage,
 He'll never heed us; he knit long ago
 A sound ape-system, wherein men are brutes
 Emitting doubtful noises. Pray, my lord,
 Unlade what burthens you: my ear and hand
 Are servants of a heart much bound to you.

DON SILVA.

Yes, yours is love that roots in gifts bestowed
 By you on others, and will thrive the more
 The more it gives. I have a double want:
 First a confessor—not a Catholic;
 A heart without a livery—naked manhood.

SEPHARDO.

My lord, I will be frank; there's no such thing

As naked manhood. If the stars look down
 On any mortal of our shape, whose strength
 Is to judge all things without preference,
 He is a monster, not a faithful man.
 While my heart beats, it shall wear livery—
 My people's livery, whose yellow badge
 Marks them for Christian scorn. I will not say
 Man is first man to me, then Jew or Gentile:
 That suits the rich *marranos*; but to me
 My father is first father and then man.
 So much for frankness' sake. But let that pass.
 'Tis true at least, I am no Catholic,
 But Salomo Sephardo, a born Jew,
 Willing to serve Don Silva.

DON SILVA.

Oft you sing

Another strain, and melt distinctions down
 As no more real than the wall of dark
 Seen by small fishes' eyes, that pierce a span
 In the wide ocean. Now you league yourself
 To hem me, hold me prisoner in bonds
 Made, say you—how?—by God or Demiurge,
 By spirit or flesh—I care not! Love was made
 Stronger than bonds, and where they press must break them.
 I came to you that I might breathe at large,
 And now you stifle me with talk of birth,
 Of race and livery. Yet you knew Fedalma,
 She was your friend, Sephardo. And you know
 She is gone from me—know the hounds are loosed
 To dog me if I seek her.

SEPHARDO.

Yes, I know.

Forgive me that I used untimely speech,
 Pressing a bruise. I loved her well, my lord:
 A woman mixed of such fine elements
 That were all virtue and religion dead
 She'd make them newly, being what she was.

DON SILVA.

Was? Say not *was*, Sephardo! She still lives—

Is, and is mine; and I will not renounce
 What heaven, nay, what she gave me. I will sin,
 If sin I must, to win my life again.
 The fault lie with those powers who have embroiled
 The world in hopeless conflict, where all truth
 Fights manacled with falsehood, and all good
 Makes but one palpitating life with ill.

(DON SILVA *pauses*. SEPHARDO *is silent*.)

SepharDO, speak! Am I not justified?
 You taught my mind to use the wing that soars
 Above the petty fences of the herb:
 Now, when I need your doctrine, you are dumb.

SEPHARDO.

Patience! Hidalgos want interpreters
 Of untold dreams and riddles: they insist
 On dateless horoscopes, on formulas
 To raise a possible spirit, nowhere named.
 Science must be their wishing-cap; the stars
 Speak plainer for high largesse. No, my lord!
 I cannot counsel you to unknown deeds.
 This much I can divine; you wish to find
 Her whom you love—to make a secret search.

DON SILVA.

That is begun already: a messenger
 Unknown to all has been despatched this night.
 But forecast must be used, a plan devised.
 Ready for service when my scout returns,
 Bringing the invisible thread to guide my steps
 Toward that lost self my life is aching with.
 SepharDO, I will go: and I must go
 Unseen by all save you; though, at our need
 We may trust Alvar.

SEPHARDO.

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A grave task, my lord.
 Have you a shapen purpose, or mere will
 That sees the end alone and not the means?
 Resolve will melt no rocks.

DON SILVA.

But it can scale them.

This fortress has two private issues: one,
 Which served the Gypsies' flight, to me is closed:
 Our bands must watch the outlet, now betrayed
 To cunning enemies. Remains one other,
 Known to no man save me: a secret left
 As heirloom in our house: a secret safe
 Even from him—from Father Isidor.
 'Tis he who forces me to use it—he:
 All's virtue that cheats bloodhounds. Hear Sephardo.
 Given, my scout returns and brings me news
 I can straight act on, I shall want your aid.
 The issue lies below this tower, your fastness,
 Where, by my charter, you rule absolute.
 I shall feign illness; you with mystic air
 Must speak of treatment asking vigilance.
 (Nay I am ill—my life has half ebbed out).
 I shall be whimsical, devolve command
 On Don Diego, speak of poisoning,
 Insist on being lodged within this tower,
 And rid myself of tendance save from you
 And perhaps from Alvar. So I shall escape
 Unseen by spies, shall win the days I need
 To ransom her and have her safe enshrined.
 No matter, were my flight disclosed at last:
 I shall come back as from a duel fought
 Which no man can undo. Now you know all.
 Say, can I count on you?

SEPHARDO

For faithfulness

In aught that I may promise, yes, my lord.
 But—for a pledge of faithfulness—this warning:
 I will betray naught for your personal harm.
 I love you. But note this—I am a Jew;
 And while the Christian persecutes my race
 I'll turn at need even the Christian's trust
 Into a weapon and a shield for Jews.
 Shall Cruelty crowned—wielding the savage force
 Of multitudes, and calling savageness God
 Who gives it victory—upbraid deceit

And ask for faithfulness? I love you well.
 You are my friend. But yet you are a Christian,
 Whose birth has bound you to the Catholic kings
 There may come moments when to share my joy
 Would make you traitor, when to share your grief
 Would make me other than a Jew

DON SILVA.

What need

To urge that now, Sephardo? I am one
 Of many Spanish nobles who detest
 The roaring bigotry of the herd, would fain
 Dash from the lips of king and queen the cup
 Filled with besotting venom, half infused
 By avarice and half by priests. And now—
 Now when the cruelty you flout me with
 Pierces me too in the apple of my eye,
 Now when my kinship scorches me like hate
 Flashed from a mother's eye, you choose this time
 To talk of birth as of inherited rage
 Deep-down, volcanic, fatal, bursting forth
 From under hard-taught reason? Wondrous friend!
 My uncle Isidor's echo, mocking me,
 From the opposing quarter of the heavens,
 With iteration of the thing I know,
 That I'm a Christian knight and Spanish duke!
 The consequence? Why, that I know. It lies
 In my own hands and not on raven tongues.
 The knight and noble shall not wear the chain
 Of false-linked thoughts in brains of other men.
 What question was there 'twixt us two, of aught
 That makes division? When I come to you
 I come for other doctrine than the Prior's.

SEPHARDO.

My lord, you are o'erwrought by pain. My words,
 That carried innocent meaning, do but float
 Like little emptied cups upon the flood
 Your mind brings with it. I but answered you
 With regular proviso, such as stands
 In testaments and charters, to forefend
 A possible case which none deem likelihood;

Just turned my sleeve, and pointed to the brand
 Of brotherhood that limits every pledge.
 Superfluous nicety—the student's trick,
 Who will not drink until he can define
 What water is and is not. But enough.
 My will to serve you now knows no division
 Save the alternate beat of love and fear.
 There's danger in this quest—name, honor, life—
 My lord, the stake is great, and are you sure . . .

DON SILYA.

No, I am sure of naught but this, Sephardo,
 That I will go. Prudence is but conceit
 Hoodwinked by ignorance. There's naught exists
 That is not dangerous and holds not death
 For souls or bodies. Prudence turns its helm
 To flee the storm and lands 'mid pestilence.
 Wisdom would end by throwing dice with folly,
 But for dire passion which alone makes choice.
 And I have chosen as the lion robbed
 Chooses to turn upon the ravisher.
 If love were slack, the Prior's imperious will
 Would move it to outmatch him. But, Sephardo,
 Were all else mute, all passive as sea-calm,
 My soul is one great hunger—I must see her.
 Now you are smiling. Oh, you merciful men
 Pick up coarse griefs and fling them in the face
 Of us whom life with long descent has trained
 To subtler pains, mocking your ready balms.
 You smile at my soul's hunger.

SEPHARDO.

Science smiles

And sways our lips in spite of us, my lord,
 When thought weds fact—when maiden prophecy
 Waiting, believing, sees the bridal torch.
 I use not vulgar measures for your grief,
 My pity keeps no cruel feasts; but thought
 Has joys apart, even in blackest woe,
 And seizing some fine thread of verity
 Knows momentary godhead.

DON SILVA.

And your thought?

SEPHARDO.

Seized on the close agreement of your words
With what is written in your horoscope.

DON SILVA.

Reach it me now.

SEPHARDO.

By your leave, ANNIBAL.

(He places ANNIBAL on PABLO's lap and rises. The boy moves without waking, and his head falls on the opposite side. SEPHARDO fetches a cushion and lays PABLO's head gently down upon it, then goes to reach the parchment from a cabinet. ANNIBAL, having waked up in alarm, shuts his eyes quickly again and pretends to sleep.)

DON SILVA.

I wish, by new appliance of your skill,
Reading afresh the records of the sky,
You could detect more special augury.
Such chance oft happens, for all characters
Must shrink or widen, as our wine-skins do,
For more or less that we can pour in them;
And added years give ever a new key
To fixed prediction.

SEPHARDO *(returning with the parchment and reseating himself)*.

True; our growing thought
Makes growing revelation. But demand not
Specific augury, as of sure success
In meditated projects, or of ends
To be foreknown by peeping in God's scroll.
I say—nay, Ptolemy said it, but wise books
For half the truths they hold are honored tombs—
Prediction is contingent of effects
Where causes and concomitants are mixed
To seeming wealth of possibilities

Beyond our reckoning. Who will pretend
 To tell the adventures of each single fish
 Within the Syrian Sea? Show me a fish,
 I'll weigh him, tell his kind what he devoured,
 What would have devoured *him*—but for one Blas
 Who netted him instead; nay, could I tell
 That had Blas missed him, he would have died
 Of poisonous mud, and so made carrion,
 Swept off at last by some sea-scavenger?

DON SILVA.

Ay, now you talk of fishes, you get hard.
 I note you merciful men: you can endure
 Torture of fishes and hidalgos. Follows?

SEPHARDO.

By how much, then, the fortunes of a man
 Are made of elements refined and mixed
 Beyond a tunny's, what our science tells
 Of a star's influence hath contingency
 In special issues. Thus, the loadstone draws,
 Acts like a will to make the iron submissive;
 But garlic rubbing it, that chief effect
 Lies in suspense; the iron keeps at large,
 And garlic is controller of the stone.
 And so, my lord, your horoscope declares
 Not absolutely of your sequent lot,
 But, by our lore's authentic rules, sets forth
 What gifts, what dispositions, likelihoods,
 The aspect of the heavens conspired to fuse
 With your incorporate soul. • Aught more than this
 Is vulgar doctrine. For the ambient,
 Though a cause regnant, is not absolute,
 But suffers a determining restraint
 From action of the subject qualities
 In proximate motion.

DON SILVA.

Yet you smiled just now
 At some close fitting of my horoscope
 With present fact—with this resolve of mine
 To quit the fortress?

SEPHARDO.

Nay, not so ; I smile
 Observing how the temper of your soul
 Sealed long tradition of the influence shed
 By the heavenly spheres. Here is your horoscope
 The aspects of the Moon with Mars conjunct,
 Of Venus and the Sun with Saturn, Lord
 Of the ascendant, make symbolic speech
 Whereto your words gave running paraphrase.

DON SILVA. (*impatiently*).

What did I say ?

SEPHARDO.

You spoke as oft you did
 When I was schooling you at Córdoba,
 And lessons on the noun and verb were drowned
 With sudden stream of general debate
 On things and actions. Always in that stream
 I saw the play of babbling currents, saw
 A nature o'er-endowed with opposites
 Making a self alternate, where each hour
 Was critic of the last, each mood too strong
 For tolerance of its fellow in close yoke.
 The ardent planets stationed as supreme,
 Potent in action, suffer light malign
 From luminaries large and coldly bright
 Inspiring meditative doubt, which straight
 Doubts of itself, by interposing act
 Of Jupiter in the fourth house fortified
 With power ancestral. So, my lord, I read
 The changeless in the changing ; so I read
 The constant action of celestial powers
 Mixed into waywardness of mortal men,
 Whereof no sage's eye can trace the course
 And see the close.

DON SILVA.

Fruitful result, O sage !

Certain uncertainty.

SEPHARDO.

Yea, a result

Fruitful as seeded earth, where certainty
 Would be as barren as a globe of gold.
 I love you, and would serve you well, my lord.
 Your rashness vindicates itself too much,
 Puts harness on of cobweb theory
 While rushing like a cataract. Be warned.
 Resolve with you is a fire-breathing steed,
 But it sees visions, and may feel the air
 Impassable with thoughts that come too late,
 Rising from out the grave of murdered honor.
 Look at your image in your horoscope :

(Laying the horoscope before DON SILVA.)

You are so mixed, my lord, that each to-day
 May seem a maniac to its morrow.

DON SILVA *(Pushing away the horoscope, rising and turning to look out at the open window).*

No!

No morrow e'er will say that I am mad
 Not to renounce her. Risks ! I know them all.
 I've dodged each lurking, ambushed consequence.
 I've handled every chance to know its shape
 As blind men handle bolts. Oh, I'm too sane !
 I see the Prior's nets. He does my deed ;
 For he has narrowed all my life to this—
 That I must find her by some hidden means.

(He turns and stands close in front of SEPHARDO.)

One word, Sepharo—leave that horoscope,
 Which is but iteration of myself,
 And give me promise. Shall I count on you
 To act upon my signal? Kings of Spain
 Like me have found their refuge in a Jew,
 And trusted in his counsel. You will help me?

SEPHARDO.

Yes, my lord, I will help you. Israel
 Is to the nations as the body's heart:
 Thus writes our poet Jebuda. I will act
 So that no man may ever say through me

"Your Israel is naught," and make my deeds
 The mud they fling upon my brethren.
 I will not fail you, save—you know the terms:
 I am a Jew, and not that infamous life
 That takes on bastardy, will know no father,
 So shrouds itself in the pale abstract, Man.
 You should be sacrificed to Israel
 If Israel need it.

DON SILVA.

I fear not that.
 I am no friend of fines and banishment,
 Or flames that, fed on heretics, still gape,
 And must have heretics made to feed them still.
 I take your terms, and for the rest, your love
 Will not forsake me.

SEPHARDO.

'Tis hard Roman love,
 That looks away and stretches forth the sword
 Bared for its master's breast to run upon,
 But you will have it so. Love shall obey.
*(DON SILVA turns to the window again, and is
 silent for a few moments, looking at the sky.)*

DON SILVA.

See now, Sephardo, you would keep no faith
 To smooth the path of cruelty. Confess,
 The deed I would not do, save for the strait
 Another brings me to (quit my command,
 Resign it for brief space, I mean no more)—
 Were that deed branded, then the brand should fix
 On him who urged me.

SEPHARDO.

Will it, though, my lord?

DON SILVA.

I speak not of the fact but of the right.

SEPHARDO.

My lord, you said but now you were resolved.

Question not if the world will be unjust
 Branding your deed. If conscience has two courts
 With differing verdicts, where shall lie the appeal?
 Our law must be without us or within.
 The Highest speaks through all our people's voice,
 Custom, tradition, and old sanctities;
 Or he reveals himself by new decrees
 Of inward certitude.

DON SILVA.

My love for her
 Makes highest law, must be the voice of God.

SEPHARDO.

I thought, but now, you seemed to make excuse,
 And plead as in some court where Spanish knights
 Are tried by other laws than those of love.

DON SILVA.

'Twas momentary. I shall dare it all.
 How the great planet glows, and looks at me,
 And seems to pierce me with his effluence!
 Were he a living God, these rays that stir
 In me the pulse of wonder were in him
 Fulness of knowledge. Are you certified,
 SepharDO, that the astral science shrinks
 To such pale ashes, dead symbolic forms
 For that congenital mixture of effects
 Which life declares without the aid of lore?
 If there are times propitious or malign
 To our first framing, then must all events
 Have favoring periods: you cull your plants
 By signal of the heavens, then why not trace
 As others would by astrologic rule
 Times of good augury for momentous acts,—
 As secret journeys?

SEPHARDO.

Oh, my lord, the stars
 Act not as witchcraft or as muttered spells.
 I said before they are not absolute,
 And tell no fortunes. I adhere alone

To such tradition of their agencies
As reason fortifies.

DON SILVA.

A barren science!
Some argue now 'tis folly. 'Twere as well
Be of their mind. If those bright stars had will—
But they are fatal fires, and know no love.
Of old, I think, the world was happier
With many gods, who held a struggling life
As mortals do, and helped men in the straits
Of forced misdoing. I doubt that horoscope.

(DON SILVA *turns from the window and reseats
himself opposite* SEPHARDO.)

I am most self-contained, and strong to bear.
No man save you has seen my trembling lip
Utter her name, since she was lost to me.
I'll face the progeny of all my deeds.

SEPHARDO.

May they be fair! No horoscope makes slaves.
'Tis but a mirror, shows one image forth,
And leaves the future dark with endless "ifs."

DON SILVA.

I marvel, my Sephardo, you can pinch
With confident selection these few grains,
And call them verity, from out the dust
Of crumbling error. Surely such thought creeps
With insect exploration of the world.
Were I a Hebrew, now, I would be bold.
Why should you fear, not being Catholic?

SEPHARDO.

Lo! You yourself, my lord, mix subtleties
With gross belief; by momentary lapse
Conceive, with all the vulgar, that we Jews
Must hold ourselves God's outlaws, and defy
All good with blasphemy, because we hold
Your good is evil; think we must turn pale

To see our portraits painted in your hell,
And sin the more for knowing we are lost.

DON SILVA.

Read not my words with malice. I but meant,
My temper hates an over-cautious march.

SEPHARDO.

The Unnameable made not the search for truth
To suit Hidalgos' temper. I abide
By that wise spirit of listening reverence
Which marks the boldest doctors of our race.
For Truth, to us, is like a living child
Born of two parents: if the parents part
And will divide the child, how shall it live?
Or, I will rather say: Two angels guide
The path of man, both aged and yet young,
As angels are, ripening through endless years.
On one he leans: some call her Memory.
And some, Tradition; and her voice is sweet,
With deep mysterious accords: the other,
Floating above, holds down a lamp which streams
A light divine and searching on the earth,
Compelling eyes and footsteps. Memory yields,
Yet clings with loving check, and shines anew
Reflecting all the rays of that bright lamp
Our angel Reason holds. We had not walked
But for Tradition; we walk evermore
To higher paths, by brightening Reason's lamp.
Still we are purblind, tottering. I hold less
Than Aben-Ezra, of that aged lore
Brought by long centuries from Chaldaean plains;
The Jew-taught Florentine rejects it all.
For still the light is measured by the eye,
And the weak organ fails. I may see ill;
But over all belief is faithfulness,
Which fulfills vision with obedience.
So, I must grasp my morsels: truth is oft
Scattered in fragments round a stately pile
Built half of error; and the eye's defect
May breed too much denial. But, my lord,
I weary your sick soul. Go now with me

Into the turret. We will watch the spheres,
 And see the constellations bend and plunge
 Into a depth of being where our eyes
 Hold them no more. We'll quit ourselves and be
 The red Aldebaran or bright Sirius,
 And sail as in a solemn voyage, bound
 On some great quest we know not.

DON SILVA.

Let us go.

She may be watching too, and thought of her
 Sways me, as if she knew, to every act
 Of pure allegiance.

SEPHARDO.

That is love's perfection—

Tuning the soul to all her harmonies
 So that no chord can jar. Now we will mount.

A large hall in the Castle, of Moorish architecture. On the side where the windows are, an outer gallery. Pages and other young gentlemen attached to DON SILVA's household, gathered chiefly at one end of the hall. Some are moving about; others are lounging on the carved benches, others, half stretched on pieces of matting and carpet, are gambling. ARIAS, a stripling of fifteen, sings by snatches in a boyish treble, as he walks up and down, and tosses back the nuts which another youth flings toward him. In the middle DON AMADOR, a gaunt, gray-haired soldier, in a handsome uniform, sits in a marble red-cushioned chair, with a large book spread out on his knees, from which he is reading aloud, while his voice is half drowned by the talk that is going on around him, first one voice and then another surging above the hum.

ARIAS (singing).

*There was a holy hermit
 Who counted all things loss
 For Christ his Master's glory:
 He made an ivory cross,
 And as he knelt before it
 And wept his murdered Lord,*

*The ivory turned to iron,
The cross became a sword.*

JOSE (*from the floor*).

I say, twenty cruzados! Thy Galician wit can never count.

HERNANDE (*also from the floor*).

And thy Sevillian wit always counts double.

ARIAS (*singing*).

*The tears that fell upon it,
They turned to red, red rust
The tears that fell from off it
Made writing in the dust.
The holy hermit, gazing,
Saw words upon the ground:
"The sword be red forever
With the blood of false Mahound."*

DON AMADOR (*looking up from his book, and raising his voice*).

What gentlemen! Our Glorious Lady defend us!

EURIQUEZ (*from the benches*).

Serves the infidels right! They have sold Christians enough to people half the towns in Paradise. If the queen, now, had divided the pretty damsels of Malaga among the Castilians who have been helping in the holy war, and not sent half of them to Naples . . .

ARIAS (*singing again*).

*At the battle of Clavijo
In the days of King Ramiro,
Help us, Allah! cried the Moslem,
Cried the Spaniard, Heaven's chosen,
God and Santiago!*

FABIAN.

Oh, the very tail of our chance has vanished. The royal army is breaking up—going home for the winter. The Grand Master sticks to his own border.

ARIAS (*singing*).

*Straight out-flushing like the rainbow,
See him come, celestial Baron,
Mounted knight, with red-crossed banner,
Plunging earthward to the battle,
Glorious Santiago!*

HURTADO.

Yes, yes, through the pass of By-and-by, you go to the valley of Never. We might have done a great feat, if the Marquis of Cadiz——

ARIAS (*sings*).

*As the flame before the swift wind,
See, he fires us, we burn with him!
Flash our swords, dash Pagans backward—
Victory he! Pale fear is Allah!
God with Santiago!*

DON AMADOR (*raising his voice to a cry*).

Sangre de Dios, gentlemen!

(He shuts the book, and lets it fall with a bang on the floor. There is instant silence.)

To what good end is it that I, who studied at Salamanca, and can write verses agreeable to the Glorious Lady with the point of a sword which hath done harder service, am reading aloud in a clerkly manner from a book which hath been culled from the flowers of all books, to instruct you in the knowledge befitting those who would be knights and worthy hidalgos? I had as lief be reading in a belfry. And gambling too! As if it were a time when we needed not the help of God and the saints! Surely for the space of one hour ye might subdue your tongues to your ears, that so your tongues might learn somewhat of civility and modesty. Wherefore am I master of the Duke's retinue, if my voice is to run along like a gutter in a storm?

HURTADO (*lifting up the book, and respectfully presenting it to DON AMADOR*).

Pardon, Don Amador! The air is so commoved by your voice, that it stirs our tongues in spite of us.

DON AMADOR (*reopening the book*).

Confess, now, it is a goose-headed trick, that when rational sounds are made for your edification, you find nought in it but an occasion for purposeless gabble. I will report it to the Duke, and the reading-time shall be doubled, and my office of reader shall be handed over to Fray Domingo.

(*While DON AMADOR has been speaking DON SILVA, with DON ALVOR, has appeared walking in the outer gallery on which the windows are opened*).

ALL (*in concert*).

No, no, no.

DON AMADOR.

Are ye ready, then, to listen, if I finish the wholesome extract from the Seven Parts, wherein the wise King Alfonso hath set down the reason why knights should be of gentle birth? Will ye now be silent?

ALL.

Yes, silent.

DON AMADOR.

But when I pause, and look up, I give any leave to speak if he hath aught pertinent to say.

(*Reads.*)

"And this nobility cometh in three ways: *first*, by lineage, *secondly*, by science, and *thirdly*, by valor and worthy behavior. Now, although they who gain nobility through science or good deeds are rightfully called noble and gentle; nevertheless, they are with the highest fitness so called who are noble by ancient lineage, and lead a worthy life as by inheritance from afar; and hence are more bound and constrained to act well, and guard themselves from error and wrongdoing; for in their case it is more true that by evil-doing they bring injury and shame not only on themselves, but also on those from whom they are derived."

DON AMADOR (*placing his forefinger for a mark on the page and looking up, while he keeps his voice raised, as wish-*

ing DON SILVA to overhear him in the judicious discharge of his function).

Hear ye that, young gentlemen? See ye not that if ye have but bad manners even, they disgrace you more than gross misdoings disgrace the low-born? Think you, Arias, it becomes the son of your house irreverently to sing and fling nuts, to the interruption of your elders?

ARIAS (*sitting on the floor, and leaning backward on his elbow.*)

Nay, Don Amador; King Alfonso, they say, was a heretic, and I think that is not true writing. For noble birth gives us more leave to do ill if we like.

DON AMADOR (*lifting his brows*).

What bold and blasphemous talk is this?

ARIAS.

Why, nobles are only punished now and then, in a grand way, and have their heads cut off, like the Grand Constable. I shouldn't mind that.

JOSE.

Nonsense, Arias! Nobles have their heads cut off because their crimes are noble. If they did what was unknighly, they would come to shame. Is not that true, Don Amador?

DON AMADOR.

Arias is a contumacious puppy, who will bring dishonor on his parentage. Pray, sirrah, whom did you ever hear speak as you have spoken?

ARIAS.

Nay, I speak out of my own head. I shall go and ask the Duke.

HURTADO.

Now, now? You are too bold, Arias.

ARIAS.

Oh, he is never angry with me,—(*Dropping his voice*),

because the Lady Fedalma liked me. She said I was a good boy, and pretty, and that is what you are not, Hurtado.

HURTADO.

Girl-face! See now, if you dare ask the Duke.

(DON SILVA *is just entering the hall from the gallery, with DON ALVAR behind him, intending to pass out at the other end. All rise with homage. DON SILVA bows coldly and abstractedly. ARIAS advances from the group, and goes up to DON SILVA.*)

ARIAS.

My lord, is it true that a noble is more dishonored than other men if he does aught dishonorable?

DON SILVA (*first blushing deeply, and grasping his sword, then raising his hand and giving ARIAS a blow on the ear*).

Varlet!

ARIAS.

My lord, I am a gentleman.

(DON SILVA *pushes him away, and passes on hurriedly*).

DON ALVAR (*following and turning to speak*).

Go, go! you should not speak to the Duke when you are not called upon. He is ill and much distempered.

(ARIAS *retires, flushed with tears in his eyes. His companions look too much surprised to triumph. DON AMADOR remains silent and confused.*)

The Plaza Santiago during busy market-time. Mules and asses laden with fruits and vegetables. Stalls and booths filled with wares of all sorts. A crowd of buyers and sellers. A stalwart woman, with keen eyes, leaning over the panniers of a mule laden with apples, watches LORENZO, who is lounging through the market. As he approaches her, he is met by BLASCO.

LORENZO.

Well met, friend.

BLASCO.

Ay, for we are soon to part
And I would see you at the hostelry,
To take my reckoning. I go forth to-day.

LORENZO.

'Tis grievous parting with good company.
I would I had the gold to pay such guests
For all my pleasure in their talk.

BLASCO.

Why, yes;

A solid-headed man of Aragon
Has matter in him that you Southerners lack.
You like my company—'tis natural.
But, look you, I have done my business well,
Have sold and ta'en commissions. I come straight
From—you know who—I like not naming him.
I'm a thick man : you reach not my backbone
• With any tooth-pick; but I tell you this:
He reached it with his eye, right to the marrow.
It gave me heart that I had plate to sell,
For, saint or no saint, a good silversmith
Is wanted for God's service; and my plate—
He judged it well—bought nobly.

LORENZO.

A great man,

And holy!

BLASCO.

Yes, I'm glad I leave to-day.
For there are stories give a sort of smell—
One's nose has fancies. A good trader, sir,
Likes not this plague of lapsing in the air,
Most caught by men with funds. And they *do* say
There's a great terror here in Moors and Jews,
I would say, Christians of unhappy blood.

'Tis monstrous, sure, that men of substance lapse,
And risk their property. I know I'm sound.
No heresy was ever bait to me. Whate'er
Is the right faith, that I believe—naught else.

LORENZO.

Ay, truly, for the flavor of true faith
Once known must sure be sweetest to the taste.
But an uneasy mood is now abroad
Within the town; partly, for that the Duke
Being sorely sick, has yielded the command
To Don Diego, a most valiant man,
More Catholic than the Holy Father's self,
Half chiding God that He will tolerate
A Jew or Arab; though 'tis plain they're made
For profit of good Christians. And week heads—
Panic will knit all disconnected facts—
Draw hence belief in evil auguries,
Rumors of accusation and arrest,
All air-begotten. Sir, you need not go.
But if it must be so, I'll follow you
In fifteen minutes—finish marketing,
Then be at home to speed you on your way.

BLASCO.

Do so. I'll back to Saragossa straight.
The court and nobles are retiring now
And wending northward. There'll be fresh demand
For bells and images against the Spring,
When doubtless our great Catholic sovereigns
Will move to conquest of these eastern parts,
And cleanse Granada from the infidel.
Stay, sir, with God, until we meet again!

LORENZO.

Go, sir, with God, until I follow you!

(Exit BLASCO. LORENZO passes on toward the market-woman, who, as he approaches, raises herself from her leaning attitude.)

LORENZO.

Good day, my mistress. How's your merchandise?
Fit for a host to buy? Your apples now,
They have fair cheeks; how are they at the core?

MARKET-WOMAN.

Good, good, sir! Taste and try. See, here is one
Weighs a man's head. The best are bound with tow.
They're worth the pains, to keep the peel from splits.

*(She takes out an apple bound with tow, and, as she puts
it into LORENZO'S hand, speaks in a lower tone.)*

'Tis called the Miracle. You open it,
And find it full of speech.

LORENZO.

Ay, give it me,
I'll take it to the Doctor in the tower.
He feeds on fruit, and if he likes the sort
I'll buy them for him. Meanwhile, drive your ass
Round to my hostelry. I'll straight be there.
You'll not refuse some barter?

MARKET-WOMAN.

No; not I.

Feathers and skins.

LORENZO.

Good, till we meet again.

*(LORENZO, after smelling at the apple, puts it into a pouch-like
basket which hangs before him, and walks away. The
woman drives off the mule.)*

A LETTER.

"Zarca, the chieftain of the Gypsies, greets
The King El Zagal. Let the force be sent
With utmost swiftness to the Pass of Luz.
A good five hundred added to my bands

Will master all the garrison: the town
 Is half with us, and will not lift an arm
 Save on our side. My scouts have found a way
 Where once we thought the fortress most secure:
 Spying a man upon the height, they traced,
 By keen conjecture piecing broken sight,
 His downward path, and found its issue. There
 A file of us can mount, surprise the fort
 And give the signal to our friends within
 To ope the gates for our confederate bands,
 Who will lie eastward ambushed by the rocks,
 Waiting the night. Enough; give me command,
 Bedmár is yours. Chief Zarca will redeem
 His pledge of highest service to the Moor:
 Let the Moor too be faithful and repay
 The Gypsy with the furtherance he needs
 To lead his people over Bahr el Scham
 And plant them on the shore of Africa.
 So may the King El Zagal live as one
 Who, trusting Allah will be true to him,
 Maketh himself as Allah true to friends."

BOOK III.

Quit now the town, and with a journeying dream
 Swift as the wings of sound yet seeming slow
 Through multitudinous pulsing of stored sense
 And spiritual space, see walls and towers
 Lie in the silent whiteness of a trance,
 Giving no sign of that warm life within
 That moves and murmurs through their hidden heart.
 Pass o'er the mountain, wind in somber shade,
 Then wnd into the light and see the town
 Shrunk to white crust upon the darker rock.
 Turn east and south, descend, then rise anew
 'Mid snaller mountains ebbing toward the plain:

Scent the fresh breath of the height-loving hill
That, trodden by the pretty parted hoofs
Of nimble goats, sigh at the innocent bruise,
And with a mingled difference exquisite
Pour a sweet burthen on the buoyant air.
Pause now and be all ear. Far from the south,
Seeking the listening silence of the heights,
Comes a slow-dying sound—the Moslems' call
To prayer in afternoon. Bright in the sun
Like tall white sails on a green shadowy sea
Stand Moorish watch towers: 'neath that eastern sky
Couches unseen the strength of Moorish Baza;
Where the meridian bends, lies Guadix, hold
Of brave El Zagal. This is Moorish land,
Where Allah lives unconquered in dark breasts
And blesses still the many-nourishing earth
With dark-armed industry. See, from the steep
The scattered olives hurry in gray throngs
Down toward the valley, where the little stream
Parts a green hollow 'twixt the gentler slopes;
And in that hollow, dwellings: not white homes
Of building Moors, but little swarthy tents
Such as of old perhaps on Asian plains,
Or wending westward past the Caucasus,
Our fathers raised to rest in. Close they swarm
About two taller tents, and viewed afar
Might seem a dark robed crowd in penitence
That silent kneel; but come now in their midst
And watch a busy, bright-eyed, sportive life!
Tall maidens bend to feed the tethered goat,
The ragged kirtle fringing at the knee
Above the living curves, the shoulder's smoothness
Parting the torrent strong of ebon hair.
Women with babes, the wild and neutral glance
Swayed now to sweet desire of mother's eyes,
Rock their strong cradling arms and chant low strans
Taught by monotonous and soothing winds
That fall at night-time on the dozing ear.
The crones plait reeds, or shred the vivid herbs
Into the caldron: tiny urchins crawl
Or sit and gurge forth their infant joy.
Lads lying sphynx-like with uplifted breast

Propped on their elbows, their black manes tossed back
Fling up the coin and watch its fatal fall,
Dispute and scramble, run and wrestle fierce,
Then fall to play and fellowship again;
Or in a thieving swarm they run to plague
The grandsires, who return with rabbits slung,
And with the mules fruit-laden from the fields.
Some striplings choose the smooth stones from the brook
To serve the slingers, cut the twigs for snares,
Or trim the hazel-wands, or at the bark
Of some exploring dog they dart away
With swift precision toward a moving speck.
These are the brood of Zarca's Gypsy tribe;
Most like an earth-born race bred by the Sun
On some rich tropic soil, the father's light
Flashing in coal-black eyes, the mother's blood
With bounteous elements feeding their young limbs.
The stalwart men and youths are at the wars
Following their chief, all save a trusty band
Who keep strict watch along the northern heights.

But see, upon a pleasant spot removed
From the camp's hubbub, where the thicket strong
Of huge-eared cactus makes a bordering curve
And casts a shadow, lies a sleeping man
With Spanish hat screening his upturned face,
His doublet loose, his right arm backward flung,
His left caressing close the long-necked lute
That seems to sleep too, leaning tow'rd its lord.
He draws deep breath secure but not unwatched.
Moving a-tiptoe, silent as the elves,
As mischievous too, trip three bare-footed girls
Not opened yet to womanhood—dark flowers
In slim long buds: some paces farther off
Gathers a little white-teethed shaggy group,
A grinning chorus to the merry play.
The tripping girls have robbed the sleeping man
Of all his ornaments. Hita is decked
With an embroidered scarf across her rags;
Tralla, with thorns for pins, sticks two rosettes
Upon her threadbare woollen: Hinda now,
Prettiest and boldest, tucks her kirtle up

As wallet for the stolen buttons—then
 Bends with her knife to cut from off the hat
 The aigrette and long feather; deftly cuts,
 Yet wakes the sleeper, who with sudden start
 Shakes off the masking hat and shows the face
 Of Juan: Hinda swift as thought leaps back,
 But carries off the spoil triumphantly,
 And leads the chorus of a happy laugh,
 Running with all the naked-footed imps,
 Till with safe survey all can face about
 And watch for signs of stimulating chase,
 While Hinda ties long grass around her brow
 To stick the feather in with majesty.
 Juan still sits contemplative, with looks
 Alternate at the spoilers and their work.

JUAN.

Ah, you marauding kite—my feather gone!
 My belt, my scarf, my buttons and rosettes!
 This is to be a brother of your tribe!
 The fiery-blooded children of the Sun—
 So says chief Zarca—children of the Sun!
 Ay, ay, the black and stinging flies he breeds
 To plague the decent body of mankind.
 'Orpheus, professor of the *gai saber*,
 Made all the brutes polite by dint of song."
 Pregnant—but as a guide in daily life
 Delusive. For if song and music cure
 The barbarous trick of thieving, 'tis a cure
 That works as slowly as old Doctor Time
 In curing folly. Why, the minxes there
 Have rhythm in their toes, and music rings
 As readily from them as from little bells
 Swung by the breeze. Well, I will try the physic.

(*He touches his lute.*)

Hem! taken rightly, any single thing,
 The Rabbis say, implies all other things.
 A knotty task, though, the unravelling
Meum and *Tuum* from a saraband:
 It needs a subtle logic, nay, perhaps
 A good large property, to see the thread.

(*He touches the lute again.*)

There's more of odd than even in this world
 Else pretty sinners would not be let off
 Sooner than ugly; for if honeycombs
 Are to be got by stealing, they should go
 Where life is bitterest on the tongue. And yet—
 Because this minx has pretty ways I wink
 At all her tricks, though if a flat-faced lass
 With eyes askew, were half as bold as she,
 I should chastise her with a hazel switch.
 I'm a plucked peacock—even my voice and wit
 Without a tail!—why, any fool detects
 The absence of your tail, but twenty fools
 May not detect the presence of your wit.

(He touches his lute again.)

Well, I must coax my tail back cunningly,
 For to run after these brown lizards—ah!
 I think the lizards lift their ears at this.

(As he thrums his lute the lads and girls gradually approach: he touches it more briskly, and HINDA, advancing, begins to move arms and legs with an initiatory dancing movement, smiling coaxingly at JUAN. He suddenly stops, lays down his lute and folds his arms.)

JUAN.

What, you expect a tune to dance to, eh?

HINDA, HITA, TRALLA, AND THE REST,
(clapping their hands).

Yes, yes, a tune, a tune!

JUAN.

But that is what you cannot have, my sweet brothers and sisters. The tunes are all dead—dead as the tunes of the lark when you have plucked his wings off; dead as the song of the grasshopper when the ass has swallowed him. I can play and sing no more. Hinda has killed my tunes.
(All cry out in consternation. HINDA gives a wail and tries to examine the lute.)

JUAN *(waving her off).*

Understand, Senora Hinda, that the tunes are in me; they

are not in the lute till I put them there. And if you cross my humor, I shall be tuneless as a bag of wool. If the tunes are to be brought to life again, I must have my feather back.

(HINDA kisses his hands and feet coaxingly.)

No, no! Not a note will come for coaxing. The feather, I say, the feather!

(HINDA sorrowfully takes off the feather, and gives it to JUAN.)

Ah, now let us see. Perhaps a tune will come.

(He plays a measure, and the three girls begin to dance; then he suddenly stops.)

JUAN.

No, the tune will not come: it wants the aigrette (*pointing to it on Hinda's neck*).

(HINDA, with rather less hesitation, but again sorrowfully, takes off the aigrette, and gives it to him.)

JUAN.

Ha! (*He plays again, but, after rather a longer time, again stops.*) No, no; 'tis the buttons are wanting, Hinda, the buttons. This tune feeds chiefly on buttons—a greedy tune. It wants one, two, three, four, five, six. Good!

(After HINDA has given up the buttons, and JUAN has laid them down one by one, he begins to play again, going on longer than before, so that the dancers become excited by the movement. Then he stops.)

JUAN.

Ah, Hita, it is the belt, and Tralla, the rosettes—both are wanting. I see the tune will not go on without them.

(HITA and TRALLA take off the belt and rosettes, and lay them down quickly, being fired by the dancing, and eager for the music. All the articles lie by JUAN'S side on the ground.)

JUAN.

Good, good, my docile wild-cats! Now I think the tunes

are all alive again. Now you may dance and sing too. Hinda, my little screamer, lead off with the song I taught you, and let us see if the tune will go right on from beginning to end.

(*He plays. The dance begins again, HINDA singing. All the other boys and girls join in the chorus, and all at last dance wildly.*)

SONG.

*All things journey: sun and moon,
Morning, noon, and afternoon,
Night and all her stars:
'Twi'x the east and western bars
Round they journey,
Come and go!
We go with them!
For to roam and ever roam
Is the Zincali's loved home.*

*Earth is good, the hillside breaks
By the ashen roots and makes
Hungry nostrils glad:
Then we run till we are mad,
Like the horses,
And we cry,
None shall catch us,
Swift winds wing us—we are free,
Drink the air—we Zincali!*

*Falls the snow: the pine-branch split,
Call the fire out, see it flit,
Through the dry leaves run,
Spread and glow, and make a sun
In the dark tent:
O warm dark!
Warm as conies!
Strong fire loves us, we are warm!
Who the Zincali shall harm?*

*Onward journey; fires are spent;
Sunward, sunward! lift the tent,
Run before the rain,*

*Through the pass, along the plain,
Hurry, hurry,
Lift us, wind?
Like the horses,
For to roam and ever roam
Is the Zíncali's loved home.*

(When the dance is at its height, HINDA breaks away from the rest, and dances round JUAN, who is now standing. As he turns a little to watch her movement, some of the boys skip towards the feather, aigrette, &c., snatch them up, and run away, swiftly followed by HITA, TRALLA, and the rest. HINDA, as she turns again, sees them, screams, and falls in her whirling; but immediately gets up, and rushes after them, still screaming with rage.)

JUAN.

Santiago! These imps get bolder. Ha! ha! Señora Hinda, this finishes your lessons in ethics. You have seen the advantage of giving up stolen goods. Now you see the ugliness of thieving when practised by others. That fable of mine about the tunes was excellently devised. I feel like an ancient sage instructing our lisping ancestors. My memory will descend as the Orpheus of Gypsies. But I must prepare a rod for those rascals. I'll bastinado them with prickly pears. It seems to me these needles will have a sound moral teaching in them.

(While JUAN takes a knife from his belt, and surveys a bush of the prickly pear, HINDA returns.)

JUAN.

Pray, Señora, why do you fume? Did you want to steal my ornaments again yourself?

HINDA *(sobbing)*.

No; I thought you would give them me back again.

JUAN.

What, did you want the tunes to die again? Do you like finery better than dancing?

HINDA.

Oh, that was a tale! I shall tell tales too, when I want to get anything I can't steal. And I know what I will do. I shall tell the boys I've found some little foxes, and I will never say where they are till they give me back the feather!
(She runs off again.)

JUAN.

Hem! The disciple seems to seize the mode sooner than the master. Teaching virtue with this prickly pear may only teach the youngsters to use a new weapon; as your teaching orthodoxy with faggots may only bring up a fashion of roasting. Dios! My remarks grow too pregnant—my wits get a plethora by solitary feeding on the produce of my own wisdom.

(As he puts up his knife again, HINDA comes running back, and crying, "Our Queen! our Queen!" JUAN adjusts his garments and his lute, while Hinda turns to meet FEDALMA, who wears a Moorish dress, her black hair hanging round her in plaits, a white turban on her head, a dagger by her side. She carries a scarf on her left arm, which she holds up as a shadow.)

FEDALMA (*patting HINDA'S head*).

How now, wild one? You are hot and panting. Go to my tent, and help Nouna to plait reeds.

(HINDA kisses FEDALMA'S hand and runs off. FEDALMA advances towards JUAN, who kneels to take up the edge of her cymar and kisses it.)

JUAN.

How is it with you, lady? You look sad.

FEDALMA.

Oh, I am sick at heart. The eye of day,
 The insistent summer sun, seems pitiless,
 Shining in all the barren crevices
 Of weary life, leaving no shade, no dark,
 Where I may dream that hidden waters lie
 As pitiless as to some shipwrecked man,
 Who gazing from his narrow shoal of sand
 On the wide unspecked round of blue and blue

Sees that full light is errorless despair.
The insects' hum that slurs the silent dark
Startles and seems to cheat me, as the tread
Of coming footsteps cheats the midnight watcher
Who holds her heart and waits to hear them pause,
And hears them never pause, but pass and die.
Music sweeps by me as a messenger
Carrying a message that is not for me.
The very sameness of the hills and sky
Is obduracy, and the lingering hours
Wait round me dumbly, like superfluous slaves,
Of whom I want nought but the secret news
They are forbid to tell. And, JUAN, you—
You, too, are cruel—would be over-wise
In judging your friend's needs, and choose to hide
Something I crave to know.

JUAN.

I, lady?

FEDALMA.

You.

JUAN.

I never had the virtue to hide aught,
Save what a man is whipped for publishing.
I'm no more reticent than the voluble air—
Dote on disclosure—never could contain
The latter half of all my sentences,
But for the need to utter the beginning.
My lust to tell is so importunate
That it abridges every other vice,
And makes me temperate for want of time.
I dull sensation in the haste to say
'Tis this or that, and choke report with surmise.
Judge, then, dear lady, if I could be mute
When but a glance of yours had bid me speak.

FEDALMA.

Nay, sing such falsities!—you mock me worse
By speech that gravely seems to ask belief.
You are but babbling in a part you play

To please my father. Oh, 'tis well meant, say you—
Pity for woman's weakness. Take my thanks.

JUAN.

Thanks angrily bestowed are red-hot coin
Burning your servant's palm.

FEDALMA.

Deny it not,
You know how many leagues this camp of ours
Lies from Bedmár—what mountains lie between—
Could tell me if you would about the Duke—
That he is comforted, sees how he gains
Losing the Zíncala, finds now how slight
The thread Fedalma made in that rich web
A Spanish noble's life. No, that is false!
He never would think lightly of our love.
Some evil has befallen him—he's slain—
Has sought for danger and has beckoned death
Because I made all life seem treachery.
Tell me the worst—be merciful—no worst
Against the hideous painting of my fear
Would not show like a better.

JUAN.

If I speak,
Will you believe your slave? For truth is scant;
And where the appetite is still to hear
And not believe, falsehood would stint it less.
How say you? Does your hunger's fancy choose
The meager fact?

FEDALMA (*seating herself on the ground*).

Yes, yes, the truth, dear JUAN.
Sit now, and tell me all.

JUAN.

That all is nought.
I can unleash my fancy if you wish
And hunt for phantoms: shoot an airy guess
And bring down airy likelihood—some lie

Masked cunningly to look like royal truth
And cheat the shooter, while King Fact goes free;
Or else some image of reality
That doubt will handle and reject as false
As for conjecture—I can thread the sky
Like any swallow, but if you insist
On knowledge that would guide a pair of feet
Right to Bedmár, across the Moorish bounds,
A mule that dreams of stumbling over stones
Is better stored.

FEDALMA.

And you have gathered naught
About the border wars? No news, no hint
Of any rumors that concern the Duke—
Rumors kept from me by my father?

JUAN.

None.

Your father trusts no secret to the echoes.
Of late his movements have been hid from all
Save those few hundred chosen Gypsy breasts
He carries with him. Think you he's a man
To let his projects slip from out his belt,
Then whisper him who haps to find them strayed
To be so kind as keep his counsel well?
Why, if he found me knowing aught too much,
He would straight gag or strangle me, and say,
"Poor hound! it was a pity that his bark
Could chance to mar my plans: he loved my daughter—
The idle hound had nought to do but love,
So followed to the battle and got crushed."

FEDALMA (*holding out her hand, which JUAN kisses*).

Good Juan, I could have no nobler friend.
You'd ope your veins and let your life-blood out
To save another's pain, yet hide the deed
With jesting—say, 'twas merest accident,
A sportive scratch that went by chance too deep—
And die content with men's slight thoughts of you,
Finding your glory in another's joy.

JUAN.

Dub not my likings virtues, lest they get
 A drug-like taste, and breed a nausea.
 Honey's not sweet, commended as cathartic.
 Such names are parchment labels upon gems
 Hiding their color. What is lovely seen
 Priced in a tariff?—*lapis lazuli*,
 Such bulk, so many drachmas: *amethysts*
 Quoted at so much; *sapphires* higher still.
 The stone like solid heaven in its blueness
 Is what I care for, not its name or price.
 So, if I live or die to serve my friend,
 'Tis for my love—'tis for my friend alone,
 And not for any rate that friendship bears
 In heaven or on earth. Nay, I romance—
 I talk of *Roland* and the ancient peers.
 In me 'tis hardly friendship, only lack
 Of a substantial self that holds a weight;
 So I kiss larger things and roll with them.

FEDALMA.

Oh, you will never hide your soul from me;
 I've seen the jewel's flash, and know 'tis there,
 Muffle it as you will. That foam-like talk
 Will not wash out a fear which blots the good
 Your presence brings me. Oft I'm pierced afresh
 Through all the pressure of my selfish griefs
 By thought of you. It was a rash resolve
 Made you disclose yourself when you kept watch
 About the terrace wall:—your pity leaped,
 Seeing alone my ills and not your loss,
 Self-doomed to exile. Juan, you must repent.
 'Tis not in nature that resolve, which feeds
 On strenuous actions, should not pine and die
 In these long days of empty listlessness.

JUAN.

Repent? Not I. Repentance is the weight
 Of indigested meals ta'en yesterday.
 'Tis for large animals that gorge on prey,
 Not for a honey-sipping butterfly

I am a thing of rhythm and redondillas—
 The momentary rainbow on the spray
 Made by the thundering torrent of men's lives:
 No matter whether I am here or there;
 I still catch sunbeams. And in Africa,
 Where melons and all fruits, they say, grow large,
 Fables are real, and the apes polite,
 A poet, too, may prosper past belief:
 I shall grow epic, like the Florentine,
 And sing the founding of our infant state,
 Sing the new Gypsy carthage.

FEDALMA.

Africa!

Would we were there! Under another heaven,
 In lands where neither love nor memory
 Can plant a selfish hope—in lands so far .
 I should not seem to see the outstretched arms
 That seek me, or to hear the voice that calls.
 I should feel distance only and despair;
 So rest forever from the thought of bliss,
 And wear my weight of life's great chain unstruggling.
 Juan, if I could know he would forget—
 Nay, not forget, forgive me—be content
 That I forsook him for no joy, but sorrow,
 For sorrow chosen rather than a joy
 That destiny made base! Then he would taste
 No bitterness in sweet, sad memory,
 And I should live unblemished in his thought,
 Hallowed like her who dies an unwed bride.
 Our words have wings, but fly not where we would.
 Could mine but reach him, Juan!

JUAN.

Speak the wish—

My feet have wings—I'll be your Mercury.
 I fear no shadowed perils by the way.
 No man will wear the sharpness of his sword
 On me. Nay, I'm a herald of the Muse,
 Sacred for Moors and Spaniards. I will go—
 Will fetch you tidings for an amulet.
 But stretch not hope too strongly towards that mark

As issue of my wandering. Given, I cross
 Safely the Moorish border, reach Bedmár:
 Fresh counsels may prevail there, and the Duke
 Being absent in the field, I may be trapped.
 Men who are sour at missing larger game
 May wing a chattering sparrow for revenge.
 It is a chance no further worth the note
 Than as a warning, lest you feared worse ill
 If my return were stayed. I might be caged;
 They would not harm me else. Untimely death,
 The red auxiliary of the skeleton,
 Has too much work on hand to think of me;
 Or, if he cares to slay me, I shall fall
 Choked with a grape-stone for economy.
 The likelier chance is that I go and come,
 Bringing you comfort back.

FEDALMA (*starts from her seat and walks to a little distance, standing a few moments with her back towards JUAN, then she turns round quickly, and goes towards him.*)

No, Juan, no.

Those yearning words came from a soul infirm,
 Crying and struggling at the pain of bonds
 Which yet it would not loosen. He knows all—
 All that he needs to know: I said farewell:
 I stepped across the cracking earth and knew
 'Twould yawn behind me. I must walk right on.
 No, I will not win aught by risking you:
 That risk would poison my poor hope. Besides,
 'Twere treachery in me; my father wills
 That we—all here—should rest within this camp.
 If I can never live, like him, on faith
 In glorious morrows, I am resolute.
 While he treads painfully with stillest step
 And beady brow, pressed 'neath the weight of arms,
 Shall I, to ease my fevered restlessness,
 Raise peevish moans, shattering that fragile silence?
 No! On the close-thronged spaces of the earth
 A battle rages: Fate has carried me
 'Mid the thick arrows: I will keep my stand—
 Not shrink and let the shaft pass by my breast
 To pierce another. Oh, 'tis written large

The thing I have to do. But you, dear Juan
Renounce, endure, are brave, unurged by aught
Save the sweet overflow of your good will.

(She seats herself again.)

JUAN.

Nay, I endure nought worse than napping sheep
When nimble birds uproot a fleecy lock
To line their nest with. See! your bondsman, Queen,
The minstrel of your court, is featherless;
Deforms your presence by a moulting garb;
Shows like a roadside bush culled of its buds.
Yet, if your graciousness will not disdain
A poor plucked songster—shall he sing to you?
Some lay of afternoons—some ballad strain
Of those who ached once but are sleeping now
Under the sun-warmed flowers? 'Twill cheat the time

FEDALMA.

Thanks, Juan—later, when this hour is past.
My soul is clogged with self; it could not float
On with the pleasing sadness of your song.
Leave me in this green spot, but come again,—
Come with the lengthening shadows.

JUAN.

Then your slave
Will go to chase the robbers. Queen, farewell!

FEDALMA.

Best friend, my well-spring in the wilderness!
[While Juan shed along the stream, there came
From the dark tents a ringing joyous shout
That thrilled Fedalma with a summons grave
Yet welcome, too. Straightway she rose and stood
All languor banished, with a soul suspense,
Like one who waits high presence, listening.
Was it a message, or her father's self
That made the camp so glad?

It was himself!

She saw him now advancing, girt with arms

That seemed like idle trophies hung for show
 Beside the weight and fire of living strength
 That made his frame. He glanced with absent triumph,
 As one who conquers in some field afar
 And bears off unseen spoil. But nearing her,
 His terrible eyes intense sent forth new rays—
 A sudden sunshine where the lightning was
 'Twixt meeting dark. All tenderly he laid
 His hand upon her shoulder; tenderly
 His kiss upon her brow.]

ZARCA.

My royal daughter!

FEDALMA.

Father, I joy to see your safe return.

ZARCA.

Nay, I but stole the time, as hungry men
 Steal from the morrow's meal, made a forced march,
 Left Hassen as my watchdog, all to see
 My daughter, and to feed her famished hope
 With news of promise.

FEDALMA.

Is the task achieved
 That was to be the herald of our flight?

ZARCA.

Not outwardly, but to my inward vision
 Things are achieved when they are well begun.
 The perfect archer calls the deer his own
 While yet the shaft is whistling. His keen eye
 Never sees failure, sees the mark alone.
 You have heard nought, then—had no messenger?

FEDALMA.

I, father? No: each quiet day has fled
 Like the same moth, returning with slow wing,
 And pausing in the sunshine.

ZARCA.

It is well.

You shall not long count days in weariness.
 Ere the full moon has waned again to new,
 We shall reach Almería: Berber ships
 Will take us for their freight, and we shall go
 With plenteous spoil, not stolen, bravely won
 By service done on Spaniards. Do you shrink?
 Are you aught less than a true Zíncala?

FEDALMA.

No; but I am more. The Spaniards fostered me.

ZARCA.

They stole you first, and reared you for the flames.
 I found you, rescued you, that you might live
 A Zíncala's life; I saved you from their doom.
 Your bridal bed had been the rack.

FEDALMA (*in a low tone.*)

They meant—

To sieze me?—ere he came?

ZARCA.

Yes, I know all.

They found your chamber empty.

FEDALMA (*eagerly.*)

Then you know—

(*checking herself.*)

Father, my soul would be less laggard, fed
 With fuller trust.

ZARCA.

My daughter, I must keep
 The Arab's secret. Arabs are our friends,
 Grappling for life with Christians who lay waste
 Granáda's valley, and with devilish hoofs
 Trample the young green corn, with devilish play
 Fell blossomed trees, and tear up well-pruned vines:

Cruel as tigers to the vanquished brave,
 They wring out gold by oaths they mean to break;
 Take pay for pity and are pitiless;
 Then tinkle bells above the desolate earth
 And praise their monstrous gods, supposed to love
 The flattery of liars. I will strike
 The full-gorged dragon. You, my child, must watch
 The battle with a heart, not fluttering
 But duteous, firm-weighted by resolve,
 Choosing between two lives, like her who holds
 A dagger which must pierce one of two breasts,
 And one of them her father's. You divine—
 I speak not closely, but in parables;
 Put one for many.

FEDALMA (*collecting herself and looking firmly at ZARCA*).

Then it is your will

That I ask nothing?

ZARCA.

You shall know enough

To trace the sequence of the seed and flower.
 El Zagal trusts me, rates my counsel high:
 He, knowing I have won a grant of lands
 Within the Berber's realm, wills me to be
 The tongue of his good cause in Africa,
 So gives us furtherance in our pilgrimage
 For service hoped, as well as service done
 In that great feat of which I am the eye,
 And my five hundred Gypsies the best arm.
 More, I am charged by other noble Moors
 With messages of weight to Telemsán.
 Ha, your eye flashes. Are you glad?

FEDALMA.

Yes, glad

That men can greatly trust a Zíncala.

ZARCA.

Why, fighting for dear life men choose their swords
 For cutting only, not for ornament.
 What naught but Nature gives, man takes perforce

Where she bestows it, though in vilest place.
 Can he compress invention out of pride,
 Make heirship do the work of muscle, sail
 Toward great discoveries with a pedigree?
 Sick men ask cures, and Nature serves not hers
 Daintily as a feast. A blacksmith once
 Founded a dynasty, and raised on high
 The leathern apron over armies spread
 Between the mountains like a lake of steel.

FEDALMA (*bitterly*).

To be contemned, then, is fair augury.
 That pledge of future good at least is ours.

ZARCA.

Let men condemn us: 'tis such blind contempt
 That leaves the wingéd broods to thrive in warmth
 Unheeded, till they fill the air like storms.
 So we shall thrive—still darkly shall draw force
 Into a new and multitudinous life
 That likeness fashions to community,
 Mother divine of customs, faith and laws.
 'Tis ripeness, 'tis fame's zenith that kills hope.
 Huge oaks are dying, forests yet to come
 Lie in the twigs and rotten-seeming seeds.

FEDALMA.

And our wild Zíncali? 'Neath their rough husk
 Can you discern such seed? You said our band
 Was the best arm of some hard enterprise;
 They give out sparks of virtue, then, and show
 There's metal in their earth?

ZARCA.

Ay, metal fine

In my brave Gypsies. Not the lithest Moor
 Has lither limbs for scaling, keener eye
 To mark the meaning of the furthest speck
 That tells of change; and they are disciplined
 By faith in me, to such obedience
 As needs no spy. My scalers and my scouts
 Are to the Moorish force they're leagued withal

As bow-string to the bow; while I their chief
 Command the enterprise and guide the will
 Of Moorish captains, as the pilot guides
 With eye-instructed hand and passive helm.
 For high device is still the highest force,
 And he who holds the secret of the wheel
 May make the rivers do what work he would.
 With thoughts impalpable we clutch men's souls,
 Weaken the joints of armies, make them fly
 Like dust and leaves before the viewless wind.
 Tell me what's mirrored in the tiger's heart.
 I'll rule that too.

FEDALMA (*wrought to a glow of admiration*).

O my imperial father!

'Tis where there breathes a mighty soul like yours
 That men's contempt is of good augury.

ZARCA (*seizing both FEDALMA's hands, and looking at her searchingly*).

And you, my daughter, what are you—if not
 The Zíncala's child? Say, does not his great hope
 Thrill in your veins like shouts of victory?
 'Tis a vile life that like a garden pool
 Lies stagnant in the round of personal loves;
 That has no ear save for the tickling lute
 Set to small measures—deaf to all the beats
 Of that large music rolling o'er the world;
 A miserable, petty, low-roofed life,
 That knows the mighty orbits of the skies
 Through naught save light or dark in its own cabin.
 The very brutes will feel the force of kind
 And move together, gathering a new soul—
 The soul of multitudes. Say now, my child,
 You will not falter, not look back and long
 For unfledged ease in some soft alien nest.
 The crane with outspread wing that heads the file
 Pauses not, feels no backward impulses:
 Behind it summer was, and is no more;
 Before it lies the summer it will reach
 Or perish in mid ocean. You no less
 Must feel the force sublime of growing life.

New thoughts are urgent as the growth of wings;
 The widening vision is imperious
 As higher members bursting the worm's sheath.
 You cannot grovel in the worm's delights;
 You must take wingéd pleasures, wingéd pains.
 Are you not steadfast? Will you live or die
 For aught below your royal heritage?
 To him who holds the flickering brief torch
 That lights a beacon for the perishing,
 Aught else is crime. Would you let drop the torch?

FEDALMA.

Father, my soul is weak, the mist of tears
 Still rises to my eyes, and hides the goal
 Which to your undimmed sight is fixed and clear
 But if I cannot plant resolve on hope,
 It will stand firm on certainty of woe.
 I choose the ill that is most like to end
 With my poor being. Hopes have precarious life.
 They are oft blighted, withered, snapped sheer off
 In vigorous growth and turned to rottenness.
 But faithfulness can feed on suffering,
 And knows no disappointment. Trust in me!
 If it were needed, this poor trembling hand
 Should grasp the torch—strive not to let it fall
 Though it were burning down close to my flesh,
 No beacon lighted yet: through the damp dark
 I should still hear the cry of gasping swimmers.
 Father, I will be true!

ZARCA.

I trust that word.
 And, for your sadness—you are young—the bruise
 Will leave no mark. The worst of misery
 Is when a nature framed for noblest things
 Condemns itself in youth to petty joys,
 And, sore athirst for air, breathes scanty life
 Gasping from out the shallows. You are saved
 From such poor doubleness. The life we choose
 Breathes high, and sees a full-arched firmament.
 Our deeds shall speak like rock-hewn messages
 Teaching great purpose to the distant time.

Now I must hasten back. I shall but speak
 To Nadar of the order he must keep
 In setting watch and victualling. The stars
 And the young moon must see me at my post.
 Nay, rest you here. Farewell, my younger self—
 Strong-hearted daughter! Shall I live in you
 When the earth covers me?

FEDALMA.

My father, death
 Should give your will divineness, make it strong
 With the beseechings of a mighty soul
 That left its work unfinished. Kiss me now:
(They embrace, and she adds tremulously as they part.)
 And when you see fair hair, be pitiful.

[Exit ZARCA.

(FEDALMA seats herself on the bank, leans her head forward, and covers her face with her drapery. While she is seated thus, HINDA comes from the bank, with a branch of musk roses in her hand. Seeing FEDALMA with head bent and covered, she pauses, and begins to move on tiptoe.)

HINDA.

Our Queen! Can she be crying? There she sits
 As I did every day when my dog Saad
 Sickened and yelled, and seemed to yell so loud
 After we buried him, I oped his grave.
(She comes forward on tiptoe, kneels at FEDALMA'S feet, and embraces them. FEDALMA uncovers her head.)

FEDALMA.

Hinda! what is it?

HINDA.

Queen, a branch of roses—
 So sweet, you'll love to smell them. 'Twas the last.
 I climbed the bank to get it before Tralla,
 And slipped and scratched my arm. But I don't mind.
 You love the roses—so do I. I wish
 The sky would rain down roses; as they rain

From off the shaken bush. Why will it not?
 Then all the valley would be pink and white
 And soft to tread on. They would fall as light
 As feathers, smelling sweet; and it would be
 Like sleeping and yet waking, all at once!
 Over the sea, Queen, where we soon shall go,
 Will it rain roses?

FEDALMA.

No, my prattler, no!
 It never will rain roses: when we want
 To have more roses we must plant more trees.
 But you want nothing, little one—the world
 Just suits you as it suits the tawny squirrels,
 Come, you want nothing.

HINDA.

Yes, I want more berries—
 Red ones—to wind about my neck and arms
 When I am married—on my ankles too
 I want to wind red berries, and on my head.

FEDALMA.

Who is it you are fond of? Tell me, now.

HINDA.

O Queen, you know! It could be no one else
 But Ismaël. He catches all the birds,
 Knows where the speckled fish are, scales the rocks,
 And sings and dances with me when I like.
 How should I marry and not marry him?

FEDALMA.

Should you have loved him, had he been a Moor,
 Or white Castilian?

HINDA (*starting to her feet, then kneeling again*).

Are you angry, Queen?
 Say why you will think shame of your poor Hinda?
 She'd sooner be a rat and hang on thorns
 To parch until the wind had scattered her,
 Than be an outcast, spit at by her tribe.

FEDALMA.

I think no evil—am not angry, child.
But would you part from Ismaël? Leave him now
If your chief bade you—said it was for good
To all your tribe that you must part from him?

HINDA (*giving a sharp cry*).

Ah, will he say so?

FEDALMA (*almost fierce in her earnestness*).

Nay, child, answer me.

Could you leave Ismaël? Get into a boat
And see the waters widen 'twixt you two
Till all was water and you saw him not,
And knew that you would never see him more?
If 'twas your chief's command, and if he said
Your tribe would be all slaughtered, die of plague,
Of famine—madly drink each other's blood . . .

HINDA (*trembling*).

O Queen, if it is so, tell Ismaël.

FEDALMA.

You would obey, then? Part from him forever?

HINDA.

How could we live else? With our brethren lost?—
No marriage feast? The day would turn to dark,
A Zíncala cannot live without her tribe.
I must obey? Poor Ismaël—poor Hinda!
But will it ever be so cold and dark?
Oh, I would sit upon the rocks and cry,
And cry so long that I could cry no more:
Then I should go to sleep.

FEDALMA.

No, Hinda, no!

Thou never shalt be called to part from him.
I will have berries for thee, red and black,
And I will be so glad to see thee glad,
That earth will seem to hold enough of joy
To outweigh all the pangs of those who part.

Be comforted, bright eyes. See, I will tie
These roses in a crown, for thee to wear.

HINDA (*clapping her hands, while FEDALMA puts the
roses on her head*).

Oh, I'm as glad as many little foxes—
I will find Ismaël, and tell him all.

(*She runs off*).

(FEDALMA alone).

She has the strength I lack. Within her world
The dial has not stirred since first she woke :
No changing light has made the shadows die,
And taught her trusting soul sad difference.
For her, good, right, and law are all summed up
In what is possible : life is one web
Where love, joy, kindred, and obedience
Lie fast and even, in one warp and woof
With thirst and drinking, hunger, food, and sleep.
She knows no struggles, sees no double path :
Her fate is freedom, for her will is one
With her own people's law, the only law
She ever knew. For me—I have fire within,
But on my will there falls the chilling snow
Of thoughts that come as subtly as soft flakes,
Yet press at last with hard and icy weight.
I could be firm, could give myself the wrench
And walk erect, hiding my life-long wound,
If I but saw the fruit of all my pain
With that strong vision which commands the soul,
And makes great awe the monarch of desire.
But now I totter, seeing no far goal :
I tread the rocky pass, and pause and grasp,
Guided by flashes. When my father comes,
And breathes into my soul his generous hope—
By his own greatness making life seem great,
As the clear heavens bring sublimity,
And show earth larger, spanned by that blue vast—
Resolve is strong : I can embrace my sorrow,
Nor nicely weigh the fruit ; possessed with need
Solely to do the noblest, though it failed—
Though lava streamed upon my breathing deed
And buried it in night and barrenness.

But soon the glow dies out, the trumpet strain
 That vibrated as strength through all my limbs
 Is heard no longer; over the wide scene
 There's naught but chill gray silence, or the hum
 And fitful discord of a vulgar world.
 Then I sink helpless—sink into the arms
 Of all sweet memories, and dream of bliss;
 See looks that penetrate like tones; hear tones
 That flash looks with them. Even now I feel
 Soft airs enwrap me, as if yearning rays
 Of some far presence touched me with their warmth
 And brought a tender murmuring . . .

[While she mused,
 A figure came from out the olive trees
 That bent close-whispering 'twixt the parted hills
 Beyond the crescent of thick cactus: paused
 At sight of her; then slowly forward moved
 With careful steps, and gently said, "FEDALMA!"
 Fearing lest fancy had enslaved her sense,
 She quivered, rose, but turned not. Soon again:
 "FEDALMA, it is SILVA!" Then she turned.
 He, with bared head and arms entreating, beamed
 Like morning on her. Vision held her still
 One moment, then with gliding motion swift,
 Inevitable as the melting stream's,
 She found her rest within his circling arms.]

FEDALMA.

O love, you are living, and believe in me!

DON SILVA.

Once more we are together. Wishing dies—
 Stifled with bliss.

FEDALMA.

You did not hate me, then—
 Think me an ingrate—think my love was small
 That I forsook you?

DON SILVA.

Dear, I trusted you

As holy men trust God. You could do nought
That was not pure and loving—though the deed
Might pierce me unto death. You had less trust,
Since you suspected mine. 'Twas wicked doubt.

FEDALMA.

Nay, when I saw you hating me, the fault
Seemed in my lot—my bitter birthright—hers
On whom you lavished all your wealth of love
As price of naught but sorrow. Then I said,
" 'Tis better so. He will be happier!"
But soon that thought, struggling to be a hope,
Would end in tears.

DON SILVA.

It was a cruel thought.
Happier! True misery is not begun
Until I cease to love thee.

FEDALMA.

Silva!

DON SILVA.

Mine!

(They stand a moment or two in silence.)

FEDALMA.

I thought I had so much to tell you, love—
Long eloquent stories—how it all befell—
The solemn message, calling me away
To awful spousals, where my own dead joy,
A conscious ghost, looked on and saw me wed.

DON SILVA.

Oh, that grave speech would cumber our quick souls
Like bells that waste the moments with their loudness.

FEDALMA.

And if it all were said, 'twould end in this,
That I still loved you when I fled away.
'Tis no more wisdom than the little birds

Make known by their soft twitter when they feel
Each other's heart beat.

DON SILVA.

All the deepest things
We now say with our eyes and meeting pulse :
Our voices need but prattle.

FEDALMA.

I forget
All the drear days of thirst in this one draught.
(*Again they are silent for a few moments.*)
But tell me how you came? Where are your guards?
Is there no risk? And now I look at you,
This garb is strange . .

DON SILVA.

I came alone.

FEDALMA.

Alone?

DON SILVA.

Yes—fled in secret. There was no way else
To find you safely.

FEDALMA (*letting one hand fall and moving a little
from him with a look of sudden terror, while
he clasps her more firmly by the other arm.*)

Silva!

DON SILVA.

It is nought.
Enough that I am here. Now we will cling.
What power shall hinder us? You left me once
To set your father free. That task is done,
And you are mine again, I have braved all
That I might find you, see your father, win
His furtherance in bearing you away
To some safe refuge. Are we not betrothed?

FEDALMA.

Oh, I am trembling 'neath the rush of thoughts
That come like grief at morning—look at me
With awful faces, from the vanishing haze
That momentarily had hidden them.

DON SILVA.

What thoughts?

FEDALMA.

Forgotten burials. There lies a grave
Between this visionary present and the past.
Our joy is dead, and only smiles on us
A loving shade from out the place of tombs.

DON SILVA.

Your love is faint, else aught that parted us
Would seem but superstition. Love supreme
Defies dream terrors—risks avenging fires.
I have risked all things. But your love is faint.

FEDALMA (*retreating a little, but keeping his hand*).

Silva, if now between us came a sword,
Severed my arm, and left our two hands clasped,
This poor maimed arm would feel the clasp till death.
What parts us is a sword . . .

(ZARCA has been advancing in the background. He has drawn his sword, and now thrusts the naked blade between them. DON SILVA lets go FEDALMA's hand, and grasps his sword. FEDALMA, startled at first, stands firmly, as if prepared to interpose between her Father and the Duke.)

ZARCA.

Ay, 'tis a sword

That parts the Spaniard and the Zíncala :
A sword that was baptised in Christian blood,
When once a band, cloaking with Spanish law
Their brutal rapine, would have butchered us,
And outraged then our women.

(*Resting the point of his sword on the ground.*)

My lord Duke,

I was a guest within your fortress once
Against my will; had entertainment too—
Much like a galley-slave's. Pray have you sought
The Zíncala's camp, to find a fit return
For that Castilian courtesy? or rather
To make amends for all our prisoned toil
By free bestowal of your presence here?

DON SILVA.

Chief, I have brought no scorn to meet your scorn.
I came because love urged me—that deep love
I bear to her whom you call daughter—her
Whom I reclaim as my betrothèd bride.

ZARCA.

Doubtless you bring for final argument
Your men-at-arms who will escort your bride?

DON SILVA.

I came alone. The only force I bring
Is tenderness. Nay, I will trust besides
In all the pleadings of a father's care
To wed his daughter as her nurture bids.
And for your tribe—whatever purposed good
Your thoughts may cherish, I will make secure
With the strong surety of a noble's power:
My wealth shall be your treasury.

ZARCA (*with irony*).

My thanks!

To me you offer liberal price; for her
Your love's beseeching will be force supreme.
She will go with you as a willing slave,
Will give a word of parting to her father,
Wave farewells to her tribe, then turn and say,
"Now, my lord, I am nothing but your bride;
I am quite culled, have neither root nor trunk,
Now wear me with your plume!"

DON SILVA.

Yours is the wrong,

Feigning in me one thought of her below
 The highest homage. I would make my rank
 The pedestal of her worth; a noble's sword,
 A noble's honor, her defence; his love
 A life-long sanctuary of her womanhood

ZARCA.

I tell you, were you the king of Aragon,
 And won my daughter's hand, your higher rank
 Would blacken her dishonor. 'Twere excuse
 If you were beggared, homeless, spit upon,
 And so made even with her people's lot;
 For then she would be lured by want, not wealth,
 To be a wife amongst an alien race
 To whom her tribe owes curses.

DON SILVA.

Such blind hate

Is fit for beasts of prey, but not for men.
 My hostile acts against you, should but count
 As ignorant strokes against a friend unknown;
 And for the wrongs inflicted on your tribe
 By Spanish edicts or the cruelty
 Of Spanish vassals, am I criminal?
 Love comes to cancel all ancestral hate,
 Subdues all heritage, proves that in mankind
 Union is deeper than division.

ZARCA.

Ay,

Such love is common: I have seen it oft—
 Seen many women rend the sacred ties
 That bind them in high fellowship with men,
 Making them mothers of a people's virtue:
 Seen them so levelled to a handsome steed
 That yesterday was Moorish property,
 To-day is Christian—wears new-fashioned gear,
 Neighs to new feeders, and will prance alike
 Under all banners, so the banner be
 A master's who caresses. Such light change
 You call conversion; but we Zíncali call

Conversion infamy. Our people's faith
 Is faithfulness ; not the rote-learned belief
 That we are heaven's highest favorites,
 But the resolve that being most forsaken
 Among the sons of men, we will be true
 Each to the other, and our common lot.
 You Christians burn men for their heresy :
 Our vilest heretic is that Zíncali
 Who, choosing ease, forsakes her people's woes.
 The dowry of my daughter is to be
 Chief woman of her tribe, and rescue it.
 A bride with such a dowry has no match
 Among the subjects of that Catholic Queen
 Who would have Gypsies swept into the sea
 Or else would have them gibbeted.

DON SILVA.

And you,

Fedalma's father—you who claim the dues
 Of fatherhood—will offer up her youth
 To mere grim idols of your phantasy !
 Worse than all Pagans, with no oracle
 To bid you murder, no sure good to win,
 Will sacrifice your daughter—to no god,
 But to a ravenous fire within your soul,
 Mad hopes, blind hate, that like possessing fiends
 Shriek at a name ! This sweetest virgin, reared
 As garden flowers, to give the sordid world
 Glimpses of perfectness, you snatch and thrust
 On dreary wilds ; in visions mad, proclaim
 Semiramis of Gypsy wanderers ;
 Doom, with a broken arrow in her heart,
 To wait for death 'mid squalid savages :
 For what ? You would be savior of your tribe ;
 So said Fedalma's letter ; rather say
 You have the will to save by ruling men,
 But first to rule ; and with that flinty will
 You cut your way, though the first cut you give
 Gash your child's bosom.

(While DON SILVA has been speaking, with growing passion,
 FEDALMA has placed herself between him and her father.)

ZARCA (*with calm irony*).

You are loud, my lord

You only are the reasonable man;
You have a heart, I none. Fedalma's good
Is what you see, you care for; while I seek
No good, not even my own, urged on by naught
But hellish hunger, which must still be fed
Though in the feeding it I suffer throes.
Fume at your own opinion as you will:
I speak not now to you, but to my daughter.
If she still calls it good to mate with you,
To be a Spanish duchess, kneel at court,
And hope her beauty is excuse to men
When women whisper, "A mere Zíncala?"
If she still calls it good to take a lot
That measures joy for her as she forgets
Her kindred and her kindred's misery,
Nor feels the softness of her downy couch
Marred by remembrance that she once forsook
The place that she was born to—let her go!
If life for her still lies in alien love,
That forces her to shut her soul from truth
As men in shameful pleasures shut out day;
And death, for her, is to do rarest deeds,
Which, even failing, leave new faith to men,
The faith in human hearts—then, let her go!
She is my only offspring; in her veins
She bears the blood her tribe has trusted in;
Her heritage is their obedience,
And if I died, she might still lead them forth
To plant the race her lover now reviles
Where they may make a nation, and may rise
To grander manhood than his race can show:
Then live a goddess, sanctifying oaths,
Enforcing right, and ruling consciences,
By law deep-graven in exalting deeds,
Through the long ages of her people's life.
If she can leave that lot for silken shame,
For kisses honeyed by oblivion—
The bliss of drunkards or the blank of fools—
Then let her go! You Spanish Catholics,

When you are cruel, base, and treacherous,
 For ends not pious, tender gifts to God,
 And for men's wounds offer much oil to churches :
 We have no altars for such healing gifts
 As soothe the heavens for outrage done on earth.
 We have no priesthood and no creed to teach
 That she—the Zíncala—who might save her race
 And yet abandons it, may cleanse that blot,
 And mend the curse her life has been to men,
 By saving her own soul. Her one base choice
 Is wrong unchangeable, is poison shed
 Where men must drink, shed by her poisoning will.
 Now choose, Fedalma!

[But her choice was made.

Slowly, while yet her father spoke, she moved
 From where oblique with deprecating arms
 She stood between the two who swayed her heart,
 Slowly she moved to choose sublimer pain ;
 Yearning, yet shrinking ; wrought upon by awe,
 Her own brief life seeming a little isle
 Remote through visions of a wider world
 With fates close-crowded ; firm to slay her joy
 That cut her heart with smiles beneath the knife,
 Like a sweet babe foredoomed by prophecy.
 She stood apart, yet near her father : stood
 Hand clutching hand, her limbs all tense with will
 That strove 'gainst anguish, eyes that seemed a soul
 Yearning in death toward him she loved and left.
 He faced her, pale with passion and a will
 Fierce to resist whatever might seem strong
 And ask him to submit : he saw one end—
 He must be conqueror ; monarch of his lot
 And not its tributary. But she spoke
 Tenderly, pleadingly.]

FEDALMA.

My lord, farewell !

'Twas well we met once more ; now we must part.
 I think we had the chief of all love's joys
 Only in knowing that we loved each other.

DON SILVA.

I thought we loved with love that clings till death,

Clings as brute mothers bleeding to their young,
Still sheltering, clutching it, though it were dead;
Taking the death-wound sooner than divide.
I thought we loved so.

FEDALMA.

Silva, it is fate.

Great Fate has made me heiress of this woe
You must forgive Fedalma all her debt:
She is quite beggared: if she gave herself,
'Twould be a self corrupt with stifled thoughts
Of a forsaken better. It is truth
My father speaks: the Spanish noble's wife
Were a false Zíncala. No! I will bear
The heavy trust of my inheritance.
See, 'twas my people's life that throbbed in me:
An unknown need stirred darkly in my soul,
And made me restless even in my bliss.
Oh, all my bliss was in our love; but now
I may not taste it: some deep energy
Compels me to choose hunger. Dear, farewell!
I must go with my people.

[She stretched forth

Her tender hands, that oft had lain in his,
'The hands he knew so well, that sight of them
Seemed like their touch. But he stood still as death;
Locked motionless by forces opposite:
His frustrate hopes still battled with despair;
His will was prisoner to the double grasp
Of rage and hesitancy. All the way
Behind him he had trodden confident,
Ruling munificently in his thought
This Gypsy father. Now the father stood
Present and silent and unchangeable
As a celestial portent. Backward lay
The traversed road, the town's forsaken wall,
The risk, the daring; all around him now
Was obstacle, save where the rising flood
Of love close pressed by anguish of denial
Was sweeping him resistless; save where she
Gazing stretched forth her tender hands, that hurt
Like parting kisses. Then at last he spoke.]

DON SILVA.

No, I can never take those hands in mine,
Then let them go forever!

FEDALMA.

It must be.

We may not make this world a paradise
By walking it together hand in hand,
With eyes that meeting feed a double strength.
We must be only joined by pains divine
Of spirits blent in mutual memories.
Silva, our joy is dead.

DON SILVA.

But love still lives

And has a safer guard in wretchedness.
Fedalma, women know no perfect love:
Loving the strong, they can forsake the strong;
Man clings because the being whom he loves
Is weak and needs him. I can never turn
And leave you to your difficult wandering;
Know that you tread the desert, bear the storm,
Shed tears, see terrors, faint with weariness,
Yet live away from you. I should feel nought
But your imagined pains: in my own steps
See your feet bleeding, taste your silent tears,
And feel no presence but your loneliness.
No, I will never leave you!

ZARCA.

My lord Duke,

I have been patient, given room for speech,
Bent not to move my daughter by command,
Save that of her own faithfulness. But now,
All further words are idle elegies
Unfitting times of action. You are here
With the safe-conduct of that trust you showed
Coming unguarded to the Gypsy's camp.
I would fain meet all trust with courtesy
As well as honor; but my utmost power
Is to afford you Gypsy guard to night

Within the tents that keep the northward lines,
And for the morrow, escort on your way
Back to the Moorish bounds.

DON SILVA.

What if my words
Were meant for deeds, decisive as a leap
Into the current? It is not my wont
To utter hollow words, and speak resolves
Like verses bandied in a madrigal.
I spoke in action first: I faced all risks
To find Fedalma. Action speaks again
When I, a Spanish noble, here declare
That I abide with her, adopt her lot,
Claiming alone fulfillment of her vows
As my betrothed wife.

FEDALMA (*wresting herself from him, and standing opposite
with a look of terror*).

Nay, Silva, nay!
You could not live so—spring from your high place . .

DON SILVA.

Yes, I have said it. And you, chief, are bound
By her strict vows, no stronger fealty
Being left to cancel them.

ZARCA.

Strong words, my lord!
Sounds fatal as the hammer-strokes that shape
The glowing metal: they must shape your life
That you will claim my daughter is to say
That you will leave your Spanish dignities,
Your home, your wealth, your people, to become
Wholly a Zíncala: share our wanderings,
And be a match meet for my daughter's dower
By living for her tribe; take the deep oath
That binds you to us; rest within our camp,
Nevermore hold command of Spanish men,
And keep my orders. See, my lord, you look
A many-winding chain—a heavy chain.

DON SILVA.

I have but one resolve: let the rest follow.
What is my rank? To-morrow it will be filled
By one who eyes it like a carrion bird,
Waiting for death. I shall be no more missed
Than waves are missed that leaping on the rock
Find there a bed and rest. Life's a vast sea
That does its mighty errand without fail,
Panting in unchanged strength though waves are changing.
And I have said it: she shall be my people,
And where she gives her life I will give mine.
She shall not live alone, nor die alone,
I will elect my deeds, and be the liege
Not of my birth, but of that good alone
I have discerned and chosen.

ZARCA.

Our poor faith

Allows not rightful choice, save of the right
Our birth has made for us. And you, my lord,
Can still defer your choice, for some day's space.
I march perforce to-night; you, if you will,
Under a Gypsy guard, can keep the heights
With silent Time that slowly opes the scroll
Of change inevitable—take no oath
Till my accomplished task leave me at large
To see you keep your purpose or renounce it.

DON SILVA.

Chief, do I hear amiss, or does your speech
Ring with a doubleness which I had held
Most alien to you? You would put me off,
And cloak evasion with allowance? No!
We will complete our pledges. I will take
That oath which binds not me alone, but you,
To join my life forever with Fedalma's.

ZARCA.

I wrangle not—time presses. But the oath
Will leave you that same post upon the heights;
Pledged to remain there while my absence lasts.
You are agreed, my lord?

DON SILVA.

Agreed to all.

ZARCA.

Then I will give the summons to our camp.
We will adopt you as a brother now,
After our wonted fashion.

[*Exit ZARCA.*

(*SILVA takes FEDALMA's hand.*)

FEDALMA.

O my lord !

I think the earth is trembling : naught is firm.
Some terror chills me with a shadowy grasp.
Am I about to wake, or do you breathe
Here in this valley ? Did the outer air
Vibrate to fatal words, or did they shake
Only my dreaming soul ? You—join—our tribe ?

DON SILVA.

Is then your love too faint to raise belief
Up to that height ?

FEDALMA.

Silva, had you but said
That you would die—that were an easy task
For you who oft have fronted death in war.
But so to live for me—you, used to rule—
You could not breathe the air my father breathes :
His presence is subjection. Go, my lord !
Fly, while there yet is time. Wait not to speak.
I will declare that I refused your love—
Would keep no vows to you . . .

DON SILVA.

It is too late.

You shall not thrust me back to seek a good
Apart from you. And what good ? Why, to face
Your absence—all the want that drove me forth—
To work the will of a more tyrannous friend
Than any uncowed father. Life at least

Gives choice of ills ; forces me to defy,
 But shall not force me to a weak defiance.
 The power that threatened you, to master me,
 That scorches like a cave-hid dragon's breath,
 Sure of its victory in spite of hate,
 Is what I last will bend to—most defy.
 Your father has a chieftain's ends, befitting
 A soldier's eye and arm : were he as strong
 As the Moor's prophet, yet the prophet too
 Had younger captains of illustrious fame
 Among the infidels. Let him command,
 For when your father speaks, I shall hear you.
 Life were no gain if you were lost to me :
 I would straight go and seek the Moorish walls,
 Challenge their bravest, and embrace swift death.
 The glorious Mother and her pitying Son
 Are not Inquisitors, else their heaven were hell.
 Perhaps they hate their cruel worshippers,
 And let them feed on lies. I'll rather trust
 They love you and have sent me to defend you.

FEDALMA.

I made my creed so, just to suit my mood
 And smooth all hardship, till my father came
 And taught my soul by ruling it. Since then
 I cannot weave a dreaming happy creed
 Where our love's happiness is not accursed.
 My father shook my soul awake. And you—
 The bonds Fedalma may not break for you,
 I cannot joy that you should break for her.

DON SILVA.

Oh, Spanish men are not a petty band
 Where one deserter makes a fatal breach.
 Men, even nobles, are more plenteous
 Than steeds and armor ; and my weapons left
 Will find new hands to wield them. Arrogance
 Makes itself champion of mankind, and holds
 God's purpose maimed for one hidalgo lost.

See where your father comes and brings a crowd
 Of witnesses to hear my oath of love ;

The low red sun glows on them like a fire.
This seems a valley in some strange new world,
Where we have found each other, my Fedalma.

BOOK IV.

Now twice the day had sunk from off the hills
While Silva kept his watch there, with the band
Of stalwart Gypsies. When the sun was high
He slept; then, waking, strained impatient eyes
To catch the promise of some moving form
That might be Juan—Juan who went and came
To soothe two hearts, and claimed naught for his own:
Friend more divine than all divinities,
Quenching his human thirst in others' joy.
All through the lingering nights and pale chill dawns
Juan had hovered near; with delicate sense,
As of some breath from every changing mood,
Had spoken or kept silence; touched his lute
To hint of melody, or poured brief strains
That seemed to make all sorrows natural,
Hardly worth weeping for, since life was short,
And shared by loving souls. Such pity welled
Within the minstrel's heart of light-tongued Juan
For this doomed man, who with dream-shrouded eyes
Had stepped into a torrent as a brook,
Thinking to ford it and return at will,
And now waked helpless in the eddying flood,
Hemmed by its raging hurry. Once that thought,
How easy wandering is, how hard and strict
The homeward way, had slipped from reverie
Into low-murmured song;—(brief Spanish song
'Scaped him as sighs escape from other men).

*Push off the boat,
Quit, quit the shore,*

The stars will guide us back :—
O gathering cloud,
O wide, wide sea,
O waves that keeps no track !
On through the pines !
The pillared woods,
Where silence breathes sweet breath :—
O labyrinth,
O sunless good,
The other side of death !

Such plaintive song had seemed to please the Duke—
 Had seemed to melt all voices of reproach
 To sympathetic sadness; but his moods
 Had grown more fitful with the growing hours
 And this soft murmur had the iterant voice
 Of heartless Echo, whom no pain can move
 To say aught else than we have said to her.
 He spoke, impatient: "Juan, cease thy song.
 Our whimpering poesy and small-paced tunes
 Have no more utterance than the cricket's chirp
 For souls that carry heaven and hell within."
 Then Juan, lightly; "True, my lord, I chirp
 For lack of soul; some hungry poets chirp
 For lack of bread. 'Twere wiser to sit down
 And count the star-seed, till I fell asleep
 With the cheap wine of pure stupidity."
 And Silva, checked by courtesy: "Nay, Juan,
 Were speech once good, thy song were best of speech.
 I meant, all life is but poor mockery:
 Action, place, power, the visible wide world
 Are tattered masquerading of this self,
 This pulse of conscious mystery: all change,
 Whether to high or low, is change of rags.
 But for her love, I would not take a good
 Save to burn out in battle, in a flame
 Of madness that would feel no mangled limbs,
 And die not knowing death, but passing straight
 —Well, well, to other flames—in purgatory."
 Keen Juan's ear caught the self-discontent
 That vibrated beneath the changing tones
 Of life-contemning scorn. Gently he said:

"But *with* her love, my lord, the world deserves
 A higher rate; were it but masquerade,
 The rags were surely worth the wearing?" "Yes.
 No misery shall force me to repent
 That I have loved her."

So with willful talk,
 Fencing the wounded soul from beating winds
 Of truth that came unasked, companionship
 Made the hours lighter. And the Gypsy guard,
 Trusting familiar Juan, were content,
 At friendly hint from him, to still their songs
 And busy jargon round the nightly fires.
 Such sounds, the quick-conceiving poet knew
 Would strike on Silva's agitated soul
 Like mocking repetition of the oath
 That bound him in strange clanship with the tribe
 Of human panthers, flame-eyed, lithe-limbed, fierce,
 Unrecking of time-woven subtleties
 And high tribunals of a phantom-world.

But the third day, though Silva southward gazed
 Till all the shadows slanted toward him, gazed
 Till all the shadows died, no Juan came.
 Now in his stead came loneliness, and Thought
 Inexorable, fastening with firm chain
 What is to what hath been. Now awful Night,
 The prime ancestral mystery, came down
 Past all the generations of the stars,
 And visited his soul with touch more close
 Than when he kept that younger, briefer watch
 Under the church's roof beside his arms,
 And won his knighthood.

Well, this solitude,
 This company with the enduring universe,
 Whose mighty silence carrying all the past
 Absorbs our history as with a breath,
 Should give him more assurance, make him strong
 In all contempt of that poor circumstance
 Called human life—customs and bonds and laws
 Wherewith men make a better or a worse,
 Like children playing on a barren mound

Feigning a thing to strive for or avoid.
Thus Silva argued with his many-voiced self,
Whose thwarted needs, like angry multitudes,
Lured from the home that nurtured them to strength
Made loud insurgence. Thus he called on Thought
On dexterous Thought, with its swift alchemy
To change all forms, dissolve all prejudice
Of man's long heritage, and yield him up
A crude fused world to fashion as he would.
Thought played him double; seemed to wear the yoke
Of sovereign passion in the noon-day height
Of passion's prevalence; but served anon
As tribute to the larger soul which brought
Loud-mingled cries from every human need
That ages had instructed into life.
He could not grasp Night's black blank mystery
And wear it for a spiritual garb
Creed-proof: he shuddered at its passionless touch,
On solitary souls, the universe
Looks down inhospitable; the human heart
Finds nowhere shelter but in humankind.
He yearned toward images that had breath in them,
That sprang warm palpitant with memories
From streets and altars, from ancestral homes,
Banners and trophies and the cherishing rays
Of shame and honor in the eyes of man.
These made the speech articulate of his soul,
That could not move to utterance of scorn
Save in words bred by fellowship; could not feel
Resolve of hardest constancy to love
The firmer for the sorrows of the loved,
Save by concurrent energies high-wrought
To sensibilities transcending sense
Through close community, and long-shared pains
Of far-off generations. All in vain
He sought the outlaw's strength, and made a right
Contemning that hereditary right
Which held dim habitation in his frame,
Mysterious haunts of echoes old and far,
The voice divine of human loyalty.
At home, among his people, he had played
In skeptic ease with saints and litanies,

And thunders of the Church that deadened fell
 Through screens of priests plethoric. Awe, unscathed
 By deeper trespass, slept without a dream.
 But for such trespass as made outcasts, still
 The ancient Furies lived with faces new
 And lurked with lighter slumber than of old
 O'er Catholic Spain, the land of sacred oaths
 That might be broken.

Now the former life
 Of close-linked fellowship, the life that made
 His full-formed self, as the impregnate sap
 Of years successive frames the full-branched tree
 Was present in one whole; and that great trust
 His deed had broken turned reproach on him
 From faces of all witnesses who heard
 His uttered pledges; saw him hold high place
 Centring reliance; use rich privilege
 That bound him like a victim-nourished god
 By tacit covenant to shield and bless;
 Assume the Cross and take his knightly oath
 Mature, deliberate: faces human all,
 And some divine as well as human: His
 Who hung supreme, the suffering Man divine
 Above the altar; Hers, the Mother pure
 Whose glance informed his masculine tenderness
 With deepest reverence; the Archangel armed,
 Trampling man's enemy: all heroic forms
 That fill the world of faith with voices, hearts,
 And high companionship, to Silva now
 Made but one inward and insistent world
 With faces of his peers, with court and hall
 And deference, and reverent vassalage,
 And filial pieties—one current strong,
 The warmly mingled life-blood of his mind,
 Sustaining him even when he idly played
 With rules, beliefs, charges, and ceremonies
 As arbitrary fooling. Such revenge
 Is wrought by the long travail of mankind
 On him who scorns it, and would shape his life
 Without obedience.

But his warrior's pride
 Would take no wounds save on the breast. He faced

The fatal crowd : " I never shall repent !
 If I have sinned, my sin was made for me
 By men's perverseness. There's no blameless life
 Save for the passionless, no sanctities *
 But have the self-same roof and props with crime,
 Or have their roots close interlaced with wrong.
 If I had loved her less, been more a craven,
 I had kept my place and won the easy praise
 Of a true Spanish noble. But I loved,
 And, loving, dared—not Death the warrior,
 But Infamy that binds and strips, and holds
 The brand and lash. I have dared all for her
 She was my good—what other men call heaven,
 And for the sake of it bear penances ;
 Nay, some of old were baited, tortured, flayed
 To win their heaven. Heaven was their good,
 She, mine. And I have braved for her all fires
 Certain or threatened ; for I go away
 Beyond the reach of expiation—far away
 From sacramental blessing. Does God bless
 No outlaw ? Shut his absolution fast
 In human breath ? Is there no God for me
 Save him whose cross I have forsaken ?—Well,
 I am forever exiled—but with her !
 She is dragged out into the wilderness ;
 I, with my love, will be her providence.
 I have a right to choose my good or ill,
 A right to damn myself ! The ill is mine.
 I never will repent ! " . . .

Thus Silva, inwardly debating, all his ear
 Turned into audience of a twofold mind ;
 For even in tumult full-fraught consciousness
 Had plenteous being for a self aloof
 That gazed and listened, like a soul in dreams
 Weaving the wondrous tale it marvels at.
 But oft the conflict slackened, oft strong Love
 With tidal energy returning laid
 All other restlessness : Fedalma came
 And with her visionary presence brought
 What seemed a waking in the warm spring morn
 He still was pacing on the stony earth
 Under the deepening night : the fresh-lit fires

Were flickering on dark forms and eyes that met
His forward and his backward tread; but she,
She was within him, making his whole self
Mere correspondence with her image: sense
In all its deep recesses where it keeps
The mystic stores of ecstasy, was turned
To memory that killed the hour, like wine.
Then Silva said, "She, by herself, is life.
What was my joy before I loved her—what
Shall heaven lure us with, love being lost?"—
For he was young.

But now around the fires
The Gypsy band felt freer; Juan's song
Was no more there, nor Juan's friendly ways
For links of amity 'twixt their wild mood
And this strange brother, this pale Spanish duke
Who with their Gypsy badge upon his breast
Took readier place within their alien hearts
As a marked captive, who would fain escape.
And Nadar, who commanded them, had known
The prison in Bedmár. So now, in talk
Foreign to Spanish ears, they said their minds,
Discussed their chief's intent, the lot marked out
For this new brother. Would he wed their queen?
And some denied, saying their queen would wed
Only a Gypsy duke—one who would join
Their bands in Telemsán. But others thought
Young Hassan was to wed her; said their chief
Would never trust this noble of Castile,
Who in his very swearing was forsworn.
And then one fell to chanting, in wild notes
Recurrent like the moan of outshut winds,
The adjuration they were wont to use
To any Spaniard who would join their tribe:
Words of plain Spanish, lately stirred anew
And ready at new impulse. Soon the rest,
Drawn to the stream of sound, made unison
Higher and lower, till the tidal sweep
Seemed to assail the Duke and close him round
With force dæmonic. All debate till now
Had wrestled with the urgency of that oath
Already broken; now the newer oath

Thrust its loud presence on him. He stood still,
Close baited by loud-barking thoughts—fierce hounds
Of that Supreme, the irreversible Past.

The ZINCALI sing.

*Brother, hear and take the curse,
Curse of soul's and body's throes,
If you hate not all our foes,
Cling not fast to all our woes,
Turn false Zincalo)*

*May you be accurst
By hunger and thirst
By spikéd pangs,
Starvation's fangs
Clutching you alone
When none but peering vultures hear your moan.
Curst by burning hands,
Curst by aching brow,
When on sea-wide sands
Fever lays you low;
By the maddened brain
When the running water glistens,
And the deaf ear listens, listens,
Poisoned fire within the veins,
On the tongue and on the lip
Not a sip
From the earth or skies;
Hot the desert lies
Pressed into your anguish,
Narrowing earth and narrowing sky
Into lonely misery.
Lonely may you languish
Through the day and through the night,
Hate the darkness, hate the light,
Pray and find no ear,
Feel no brother near,
Till on death you cry,
Death who passes by,
And anew you groan,
Scaring the vultures all to leave you living lone:
Curst by soul's and body's throes*

If you love the dark men's foes;
 Cling not fast to all the dark men's woes,
 Turn false Zíncala!
 Swear to hate the cruel cross,
 The silver cross!
 Glittering, laughing at the blood
 Shed below it in a flood
 When it glitters over Moorish porches;
 Laughing at the scent of flesh
 When it glitters where the faggot scorches,
 Burning life's mysterious mesh:
 Blood of wandering Israël,
 Blood of wandering Ismaël.
 Blood, the drink of Christian scorn,
 Blood of wanderers, sons of morn
 Where the life of men began:
 Swear to hate the cross!—
 Sign of all the wanderer's foes,
 Sign of all the wanderer's woes—
 Else its curse light on you!
 Else the curse upon you light
 Of its sharp red sworded might.
 May it lie a blood-red blight
 On all things within your sight:
 On the white haze of the morn,
 On the meadows and the corn,
 On the sun and on the moon,
 On the clearness of the noon,
 On the darkness of the night.
 May it fill your aching sight—
 Red-cross sword and sword blood-red.
 Till it press upon your head,
 Till it lie within your brain,
 Piercing sharp, a cross of pain,
 Till it lie upon your heart,
 Burning hot, a cross of fire,
 Till from sense in every part
 Pains have clustered like a stinging swarm
 In the cross's form,
 And you see naught but the cross of blood,
 And you feel naught but the cross of fire:
 Curst by all the cross's throes

*If you hate not all our foes,
Cling not fast to all our woes,
Turn false Zíncala!*

A fierce delight was in the Gypsies' chant:
They thought no more of Silva, only felt
Like those broad-chested rovers of the night
Who pour exuberant strength upon the air.
To him it seemed as if the hellish rhythm,
Revolving in long curves that slackened now,
Now hurried, sweeping round again to slackness,
Would cease no more. What use to raise his voice,
Or grasp his weapon? He was powerless now,
With these new comrades of his future—he
Who had been wont to have his wishes feared
And guessed at as a hidden law for men.
Even the passive silence of the night
That left these howlers mastery, even the moon,
Raising and staring with a helpless face,
Angered him. He is ready now to fly
At some loud throat, and give the signal so
For butchery of himself.

But suddenly
The sounds that travelled toward no foreseen close
Were torn right off and fringed into the night;
Sharp Gypsy ears had caught the onward strain
Of kindred voices joining in the chant.
All started to their feet and mustered close,
Auguring long-awaited summons. It was come
The summons to set forth and join their chief.
Fedalma had been called and she was gone
Under safe escort, Juan following her:
The camp—the women, children, and old men
Were moving slowly southward on the way
To Almería. Silva learned no more.
He marched perforce; what other goal was his
Than where Fedalma was? And so he marched
Through the dim passes and o'er rising hills,
Not knowing whither, till the morning came.

The Moorish hall in the castle at Bedmár. The morning twilight dimly shows stains of blood on the white marble floor;

yet there has been a careful restoration of order among the sparse objects of furniture. Stretched on mats lie three corpses, the faces bare, the bodies covered with mantles. A little way off, with rolled matting for a pillow, lies ZARCA, sleeping. His chest and arms are bare; his weapons, turban, mail-shirt, and other upper garments lie on the floor beside him. In the outer gallery Zincali are pacing, at intervals, past the arched openings.

ZARCA (half rising and resting his elbow on the pillow while he looks round).

The morning! I have slept for full three hours,
 Slept without dreams, save of my daughter's face.
 Its sadness waked me. Soon she will be here,
 Soon must outlive the worst of all the pains.
 Bred by false nurture in an alien home—
 As if a lion in fangless infancy
 Learned love of creatures that with fatal growth
 It scents as natural prey, and grasps and tears,
 Yet with heart-hunger yearns for, missing them.
 She is a lioness. And they—the race
 That robbed me of her—reared her to this pain.
 He will be crushed and torn. There was no help.
 But she, my child, will bear it. For strong souls
 Live like fire-hearted suns to spend their strength
 In farthest striving action; breathe more free
 In mighty anguish than in trivial ease.
 Her sad face waked me. I shall meet it soon
 Waking . . .

(He rises and stands looking at the corpses.)

As now I look on these pale dead,
 These blossoming branches crushed beneath the fall
 Of that broad trunk to which I laid my axe
 With fullest foresight. So will I ever face
 In thought beforehand to its utmost reach
 The consequences of my conscious deeds;
 So face them after, bring them to my bed,
 And never drug my soul to sleep with lies.
 If they are cruel, they shall be arraigned
 By that true name; they shall be justified
 By my high purpose; by the clear-seen good

That grew into my vision as I grew,
 And make my nature's function, the full pulse
 Of inbred kingship. Catholics,
 Arabs, and Hebrews, have their god apiece
 To fight and conquer for them, or be bruised,
 Like Allah now, yet keep avenging stores
 Of patient wrath. The Zíncali have no God
 Who speaks to them and calls them his, unless
 I, Zarca, carry living in my frame
 The power divine that chooses them and saves.
 "Life and more life unto the chosen, death
 To all things living that would stifle them!"
 So speaks each god that makes a nation strong;
 Burns trees and brutes and slays all hindering men.
 The Spaniards boast their god the strongest now;
 They win most towns by treachery, make most slaves;
 Burn the most vines and men, and rob the most.
 I fight against that strength, and in my turn
 Slay these brave young who duteously strove.
 Cruel? ay, it is cruel. But, how else?
 To save, we kill; each blow we strike at guilt
 Hurts innocence with its shock. Men might well seek
 For purifying rites; even pious deeds
 Need washing. But my cleansing waters flow
 Solely from my intent.

*(He turns away from the bodies to where his garments lie, but
 does not lift them.)*

And she must suffer!

But she has seen the unchangeable and bowed
 Her head beneath the yoke. And she will walk
 No more in chilling twilight, for to-day
 Rises our sun. The difficult night is past;
 We keep the bridge no more, but cross it; march
 Forth to a land where all our wars shall be
 With greedy obstinate plants that will not yield
 Fruit for their nurture. All our race shall come
 From north, west, east, a kindred multitude,
 And make large fellowship, and raise inspired
 The shout divine, the unison of resolve.
 So I, so she, will see our race redeemed.
 And their keen love of family and tribe
 Shall no more thrive on cunning, hide and lurk

In petty arts of abject hunted life
 But grow heroic in the sanctioning light,
 And feed with ardent blood a nation's heart.
 That is my work: and it is well begun.
 On to achievement!

(He takes up the mail-shirt, and looks at it then throws it down again.)

No, I'll none of you!
 To-day there'll be no fighting: A few hours,
 And I shall doff these garments of the Moor:
 Till then I will walk lightly and breathe high.

SEPHARDO. *(appearing at the archway leading into the outer gallery.)*

You bade me wake you . . .

ZARCA.

Welcome, Doctor; see,
 With that small task I did but beckon you
 To graver work. You know these corpses?

SEPHARDO.

Yes.

I would they were not corpses. Storms will lay
 The fairest trees and leave the withered stumps.
 This Alvar and the Duke were of one age,
 And very loving friends. I minded not
 The sight of Don Diego's corpse, for death
 Gave him some gentleness, and had he lived
 I had still hated him. But this young Alvar
 Was doubly noble, as a gem that holds
 Rare virtues in its lustre; and his death
 Will pierce Don Silva with a poisoned dart.
 This fair and curly youth was Arias,
 A son of the Pachecos; this dark face —

ZARCA.

Enough! you know their names. I had divined
 That they were near the Duke, most like had served
 My daughter, were her friends; so rescued them
 From being flung upon the heap of slain.

Beseech you, Doctor, if you owe me aught
 As having served your people, take the pains
 To see these bodies buried decently.
 And let their names be writ above their graves,
 As those of brave young Spaniards who died well
 I needs must bear this womanhood in my heart—
 Bearing my daughter there. For once she prayed
 'Twas at our parting—"When you see fair hair
 Be pitiful." And I am forced to look
 On fair heads living and be pitiless.
 Your service, Doctor, will be done to her

SEPHARDO.

A service doubly dear. For these young dead,
 And one less happy Spaniard who still lives,
 Are offerings which I wrenched from out my heart,
 Constrained by cries of Israel: while my hands
 Rendered the victims at command, my eyes
 Closed themselves vainly, as if vision lay,
 Through those poor loop-holes only. I will go
 And see the graves dug by some cypresses.

ZARCA.

Meanwhile the bodies shall rest here. Farewell.
(Exit SEPHARDO.)
 Nay, 'tis no mockery. She keeps me so
 From hardening with the hardness of my acts.
 This Spaniard shrouded in her love—I would
 He lay here too that I might pity him.

Morning.—The Placa Santiago in Bedmár. A crowd of townsmen forming an outer circle: within, Zincali and Moorish soldiers drawn up round the central space. On the higher ground in front of the church a stake with faggots heaped, and at a little distance a gibbet. Moorish music. ZARCA enters, wearing his gold necklace with the Gypsy badge of the flaming torch over the dress of a Moorish Captain, accompanied by a small band of armed Zincali, who fall aside and range themselves with the other soldiers, while he takes his stand in-front of the stake and gibbet. The music ceases, and there is expectant silence.

ZARCA.

Men of Bedmár, well-wishers, and allies,
Whether of Moorish or of Hebrew blood,
Who, being galled by the hard Spaniard's yoke,
Have welcomed our quick conquest as release,
I Zarca, chief of Spanish Gypsies, hold
By delegation of the Moorish King
Supreme command within this town and fort.
Nor will I with false show of modesty,
Profess myself unworthy of this post,
For so I should but tax the giver's choice.
And, as ye know, while I was prisoner here,
Forging the bullets meant for Moorish hearts,
But likely now to reach another mark,
I learned the secrets of the town's defence,
Caught the loud whispers of your discontent,
And so could serve the purpose of the Moor
As the edge's keenness serves the weapon's weight.
My Zíncali, lynx-eyed and lithe of limbs,
Tracked out the high Sierra's hidden path,
Guided the hard ascent, and were the first
To scale the walls and brave the showering stones.
In brief, I reach this rank through service done
By thought of mine and valor of my tribe,
Yet hold it but in trust, with readiness
To lay it down; for we—the Zíncali—
Will never pitch our tents again on land
The Spaniard grudges us: we seek a home
Where we may spread and ripen like the corn
By blessing of the sun and spacious earth.
Ye wish us well, I think, and are our friends?

CROWD.

Long life to Zarca and his Zíncali!

ZARCA.

Now, for the cause of our assembling here.
'Twas my command that rescued from your hands
That Spanish Prior and Inquisitor
Whom in fierce retribution you had bound
And meant to burn, tied to a planted cross.
I rescued him with promise that his death

Should be more signal in its justice—made
 Public in fullest sense, and orderly.
 Here then, you see the stake—slow death by fire;
 And there a gibbet—swift death by the cord.
 Now hear me, Moors and Hebrews of Bedmâr.
 Our kindred by the warmth of Eastern blood!
 Punishing cruel wrong by cruelty
 We copy Christian crime. Vengeance is just:
 Justly we rid the earth of human fiends
 Who carry hell for pattern in their souls.
 But in high vengeance there is noble scorn:
 It tortures not the torturer, nor gives
 Iniquitous payment for iniquity.
 The great avenging angel does not crawl
 To kill the serpent with a mimic fang;
 He stands erect, with sword of keenest edge
 That slays like lightning. So too, we will slay
 The cruel man; slay him because he works
 Woe to mankind. And I have given command
 To pile these faggots, not to burn quick flesh,
 But for a sign of that dire wrong to men
 Which arms our wrath with justice. While, to show
 This Christian worshipper that we obey
 A better law than his, he shall be led
 Straight to the gibbet and to swiftest death.
 For I, the chieftain of the Gypsies, will,
 My people shed no blood but what is shed
 In heat of battle or in judgment strict
 With calm deliberation on the right.
 Such is my will, and if it please you—well.

CROWD.

It pleases us. Long life to Zarca!

ZARCA.

Hark!

The bell is striking, and they bring even now
 The prisoner from the fort. What, Nadar?

NADAR (*has appeared, cutting the crowd, and advancing toward ZARCA till he is near enough to speak in an undertone*).

Chief,

I have obeyed your word, have followed it
As water does the furrow in the rock.

ZARCA.

Your band is here?

NADAR.

Yes, and the Spaniard too.

ZARCA.

'Twas so I ordered.

NADAR.

Ay, but this sleek hound,
Who slipped his collar off to join the wolves,
Has still a heart for none but kennelled brutes.
He rages at the taking of the town,
Says all his friends are butchered; and one corpse
He stumbled on—well, I would sooner be
A murdered Gypsy's dog, and howl for him,
Than be this Spaniard. Rage has made him whiter;
One townsman taunted him with his escape,
And thanked him for so favoring us. . . .

ZARCA.

Enough.

You gave him my command that he should wait
Within the castle, till I saw him?

NADAR.

Yes,

But he defied me, broke away, ran loose
I know not whither; he may soon be here.
I came to warn you, lest he work us harm.

ZARCA.

Fear not, I know the road I travel by:
Its turns are no surprises. He who rules
Must humor full as much as he commands;
Must let men vow impossibilities;
Grant folly's prayers that hinder folly's wish
And serve the ends of wisdom. Ah, he comes!

[Sweeping like some pale herald from the dead
Whose shadow-nurtured eyes, dazed by full light,

See naught without, but give reverted sense
 To the soul's imagery, Silva came,
 The wondering people parting wide to get
 Continuous sight of him as he passed on—
 This high hidalgo, who through blooming years
 Had shone on men with planetary calm,
 Believed-in with all sacred images
 And saints that must be taken as they were,
 Though rendering meager service for men's praise:
 Bareheaded now, carrying an unsheathed sword,
 And on his breast, where late he bore the cross,
 Wearing the Gypsy badge; his form aslant,
 Driven, it seemed, by some invisible chase,
 Right to the front of Zarca. There he paused.]

DON SILVA.

Chief, you are treacherous, cruel, devilish!—
 Relentless as a curse that once let loose
 From lips of wrath, lives bodiless to destroy,
 And darkly traps a man in nets of guilt
 Which could not weave themselves in open day
 Before his eyes. Oh, it was bitter wrong
 To hold this knowledge locked within your mind,
 To stand with waking eyes in broadest light,
 And see me, dreaming, shed my kindred's blood.
 'Tis horrible that men with hearts and hands
 Should smile in silence like the firmament
 And see a fellow-mortal draw a lot
 On which themselves have written agony!
 Such injury has no redress, no healing
 Save what may lie in stemming further ill.
 Poor balm for maiming! Yet I come to claim it.

ZARCA.

First prove your wrongs, and I will hear your claim.
 Mind, you are not commander of Bedmár,
 Nor duke, nor knight, nor anything for me,
 Save a sworn Gypsy, subject with my tribe,
 Over whose deeds my will is absolute.
 You chose that lot, and would have railed at me
 Had I refused it you: I warned you first
 What oaths you had to take . . .

DON SILVA.

You never warned me
That you had linked yourself with Moorish men
To take this town and fortress of Bedmár—
Slay my near kinsman, him who held my place,
Our house's heir and guardian—slay my friend,
My chosen brother—desecrate the church
Where once my mother held me in her arms,
Making the holy chrism holier
With tears of joy that fell upon my brow!
You never warned . . .

ZARCA.

I warned you of your oath.
You shrank not, were resolved, were sure your place
Would never miss you, and you had your will.
I am no priest, and keep no consciences:
I keep my own place and my own command.

DON SILVA.

I said my place would never miss me—yes!
A thousand Spaniards died on that same day
And were not missed; their garments clothed the backs
That else were bare. . . .

ZARCA.

But you were just the one
Above the thousand, had you known the die
That fate was throwing then.

DON SILVA.

You knew it—you!
With fiendish knowledge, smiling at the end.
You knew what snares had made my flying steps
Murderous; you let me lock my soul with oaths
Which your acts made a hellish sacrament.
I say, you knew this as a fiend would know it,
And let me damn myself.

ZARCA.

The deed was done
Before you took your oath, or reached our camp,—

Done when you slipped in secret from the post
 'Twas yours to keep, and not to meditate
 If others might not fill it. For your oath,
 What man is he who brandishes a sword
 In darkness, kills his friends, and rages then
 Against the night that kept him ignorant?
 Should I, for one unstable Spaniard, quit
 My steadfast ends as father and as chief;
 Renounce my daughter and my people's hope,
 Lest a deserter should be made ashamed?

DON SILVA.

Your daughter—O great God! I vent but madness,
 The past will never change. I come to stem
 Harm that may yet be hindered. Chief—this stake
 Tell me who is to die! Are you not bound
 Yourself to him you took in fellowship?
 The town is yours; let me but save the blood
 That still is warm in men who were my . . .

ZARCA.

Peace!

They bring the prisoner.

[Zarca waved his arm

With head averse, in peremptory sign
 That 'twixt them now there should be space and silence.
 Most eyes had turned to where the prisoner
 Advanced among his guards; and Silva too
 Turned eagerly, all other striving quelled
 By striving with the dread lest he should see
 His thought outside him. And he saw it there.
 The prisoner was Father Isidor:
 The man whom once he fiercely had accused
 As author of his misdeeds—whose designs
 Had forced him into fatal secrecy.
 The imperious and inexorable will
 Was yoked, and he who had been pitiless
 To Silva's love, was led to pitiless death.
 O hateful victory of blind wishes—prayers
 Which hell had overheard and swift fulfilled!
 The triumph was a torture, turning all
 The strength of passion into strength of pain.

Remorse was born within him, that dire birth
Which robs all else of nurture—cancerous,
Forcing each pulse to feed its anguish, turning
All sweetest residues of healthy life
To fibrous clutches of slow misery.
Silva had but rebelled—he was not free;
And all the subtle cords that bound his soul
Were tightened by the strain of one rash leap
Made in defiance. He accused no more,
But dumbly shrank before accusing throngs
Of thoughts, the impetuous recurrent rush
Of all his past-created, unchanged self.
The Father came bareheaded, frocked, a rope
Around his neck,—but clad with majesty,
The strength of resolute undivided souls
Who, owning law, obey it. In his hand
He bore a crucifix, and praying, gazed
Solely on that white image. But his guards
Parted in front, and paused as they approached
The center where the stake was. Isidor
Lifted his eyes to look around him—calm,
Prepared to speak last words of willingness
To meet his death—last words of faith unchanged,
That, working for Christ's kingdom, he had wrought
Righteously. But his glance met Silva's eyes
And drew him. Even images of stone
Look living with reproach on him who maims,
Profanes, defiles them. Silva penitent
Moved forward, would have knelt before the man
Who still was one with all the sacred things
That came back on him in their sacredness,
Kindred, and oaths, and awe, and mystery.
But at the sight, the Father thrust the cross
With deprecating act before him, and his face
Pale-quivering, flashed out horror like white light
Flashed from the angel's sword that dooming drove
The sinner to the wilderness. He spoke.]

FATHER ISIDOR.

Back, from me, traitorous and accursed man
Defile not me, who grasp the holiest,
With touch or breath? Thou foulest murderer!

Fouler than Cain who struck his brother down
 In jealous rage, thou for thy base delight
 Hast oped the gate for wolves to come and tear
 Uncounted brethren, weak and strong alike,
 The helpless priest, the warrior all unarmed
 Against a faithless leader: on thy head
 Will rest the sacrilege, on thy soul the blood.
 These blind barbarians, misbelievers, Moors,
 Are but as Pilate and his soldiery;
 Thou, Judas, weighted with that heaviest crime
 Which deepens hell! I warned you of this end—
 A traitorous leader, false to God and man,
 A knight apostate, you shall soon behold
 Above your people's blood the light of flames
 Kindled by you to burn me—burn the flesh
 Twin with your father's. O most wretched man!
 Whose memory shall be of broken oaths—
 Broken for lust—I turn away mine eyes
 Forever from you. See, the stake is ready
 And I am ready too.

DON SILVA.

It shall not be!

(Raising his sword, he rushes in front of the guards who are advancing, and impedes them.)

If you are human, Chief, hear my demand!
 Stretch not my soul upon the endless rack
 Of this man's torture!

ZARCA.

Stand aside my lord!

Put up your sword. You vowed obedience
 To me, your chief. It was your latest vow.

DON SILVA.

No! Hew me from the spot, or fasten me
 Amid the faggots too, if he must burn.

ZARCA.

What should befall that persecuting monk
 Was fixed before you came: no cruelty,

No nicely measured torture, weight for weight
 Of injury, no luscious-toothed revenge
 That justifies the injurer by its joy:
 I seek but rescue and security
 For harmless men, and such security
 Means death to vipers and inquisitors.
 These faggots shall but innocently blaze
 In sign of gladness, when this man is dead,
 That one more torturer has left the earth.
 'Tis not for infidels to burn live men
 And ape the rules of Christain piety.
 This hard oppressor shall not die by fire:
 He mounts the gibbet, dies a speedy death,
 That, like a transfixed dragon, he may cease
 To vex mankind. Quick, guards, and clear the path!

[As well-trained hounds that hold their fleetness tense
 In watchful, loving fixity of dark eyes,
 And move with movement of their master's will,
 The Gypsies with a wavelike swiftmess met
 Around the Father, and in wheeling course
 Passed beyond Silva to the gibbet's foot,
 Behind their chieftain. Sudden left alone
 With weapon bare, the multitude aloof,
 Silva was mazed in doubtful consciousness,
 As one who slumbering in the day awakes
 From striving into freedom, and yet feels
 His sense half captive to intangible things;
 Then with a flush of new decision sheathed
 His futile naked weapon, and strode quick
 To Zarca, speaking with a voice new-toned,
 The struggling soul's hoarse, suffocated cry
 Beneath the grappling anguish of despair.]

DON SILVA.

You Zíncalo, devil, blackest infidel!
 You cannot hate that man as you hate me!
 Finish your torture—take me—lift me up
 And let the crowd spit at me—every Moor
 Shoot reeds at me, and kill me with slow death
 Beneath the mid-day fervor of the sun—
 Or crucify me with a thieving hound—

Slake your hate so, and I will thank it: spare me
Only this man!

ZARCA.

Madman, I hate you not.

But if I did, my hate were poorly served
By my device, if I should strive to mix
A bitterer misery for you than to taste
With leisure of a soul in unharmed limbs
The flavor of your folly. For my course,
It has a goal, and takes no truant path
Because of you. I am your chief: to me
You're naught more than a Zíncalo in revolt.

DON SILVA.

No, I'm no Zíncalo! I here disown
The name I took in madness. Here I tear
This badge away. I am a Catholic knight,
A Spaniard who will die a Spaniard's death!

[Hark! while he casts the badge upon the ground
And tramples on it, Silva hears a shout:
Was it a shout that threatened him? He looked
From out the dizzying flames of his own rage
In hope of adversaries—and he saw above
The form of Father Isidor upswung
Convulsed with martyr throes; and knew the shout
For wonted exultation of the crowd
When malefactors die—or saints, or heroes.
And now to him that white-frocked murdered form
Which hanging judged him as its murderer,
Turned to a symbol of his guilt, and stirred
Tremors till then unwaked. With sudden snatch
At something hidden in his breast, he strode
Right upon Zarca: at the instant, down
Fell the great Chief, and Silva, staggering back,
Heard not the Gypsies' shriek, felt not the fangs
Of their fierce grasp—heard, felt but Zarca's words
Which seemed his soul outleaping in a cry
And urging men to run like rival waves
Whose rivalry is but obedience.]

ZARCA (*as he falls*).

My daughter! call her! Call my daughter!

NADAR (*supporting ZARCA and crying to the Gypsies who have clutched SILVA*).

Stay!

Tear not the Spaniard, tie him to the stake:
Hear what the chief shall bid us—there is time!

[Swiftly they tied him, pleasing vengeance so
With promise that would leave them free to watch
Their stricken good, their Chief stretched helplessly
Pillowed upon the strength of loving limbs.
He heaved low groans, but would not spend his breath
In useless words: he waited till *she* came,
Keeping his life within the citadel
Of one great hope. And now around him closed
(But in wide circle, checked by loving fear)
His people all, holding their wails suppressed
Lest Death believed-in should be over-bold:
All life hung on their Chief—he would not die
His image gone, there were no wholeness left
To make a world of for the Zíncali's thought.
Eager they stood, but hushed; the outer crowd
Spoke only in low murmurs, and some climbed
And clung with legs and arms on perilous coigns,
Striving to see where that colossal life
Lay panting—lay a Titan struggling still
To hold and give the precious hidden fire
Before the stronger grappled him. Above
The young bright morning cast athwart white walls
Her shadows blue, and with their clear-cut line,
Mildly relentless as the dial-hand's,
Measured the shrinking future of an hour
Which held a shrinking hope. And all the while
The silent beat of time in each man's soul
Made aching pulses.

But the cry, "She comes!"

Parted the crowd like waters: and she came.
Swiftly as once before, inspired with joy,
She flashed across the space and made new light,
Glowing upon the glow of evening,

So swiftly now she came, inspired with woe,
 Strong with the strength of all her father's pain,
 Thrilling her as with fire of rage divine
 And battling energy. She knew—saw all :
 The stake with Silva bound—her father pierced—
 'To this she had been born ; a second time
 Her father called her to the task of life.

She knelt beside him. Then he raised himself,
 And on her face there flashed from his the light
 As of a star that waned, but flames anew
 In mighty dissolution : 'twas the flame
 Of a surviving trust, in agony.
 He spoke the parting prayer that was command,
 Must sway her will, and reign invisibly.]

ZARCA.

My daughter, you have promised—you will live
 To save our people. In my garments here
 I carry written pledges from the Moor:
 He will keep faith in Spain and Africa.
 Your weakness may be stronger than my strength,
 Winning more love. . . . I cannot tell the end. .
 I held my people's good within my breast.
 Behold, now I deliver it to you.
 See, it still breathes unstrangled—if it dies,
 Let not your failing will be murderer. . . .
 Rise, tell our people now I wait in pain. . .
 I cannot die until I hear them say
 They will obey you.

[Meek, she pressed her lips
 With slow solemnity upon his brow,
 Sealing her pledges. Firmly then she rose,
 And met her people's eyes with kindred gaze,
 Dark-flashing, fired by efforts strenuous
 Trampling on pain.]

FEDALMA.

Ye Zíncali all, who hear !
 Your Chief is dying : I his daughter live
 To do his dying will. He asks you now

To promise me obedience as your Queen,
That we may seek the land he won for us,
And live the better life for which he toiled.
Speak now, and fill my father's dying ear
With promise that you will obey him dead,
Obeying me his child.

[Straightway arose
A shout of promise, sharpening into cries
That seemed to plead despairingly with death.]

THE ZINCALI.

We will obey ! Our Chief shall never die !
We will obey him—will obey our Queen !

[The shout unanimous, the concurrent rush
Of many voices, choiring shook the air
With multitudinous wave : now rose, now fell,
Then rose again, the echoes following slow,
As if the scattered brethren of the tribe
Had caught afar and joined the ready vow.
Then some could hold no longer, but must rush
To kiss his dying feet, and some to kiss
The hem of their Queen's garment. But she raised
Her hand to hush them. "Hark ! your Chief may speak
Another wish." Quickly she kneeled again,
While they upon the ground kept motionless,
With head outstretched. They heard his words ; for now,
Grasping at Nadar's arm, he spoke more loud,
As one who, having fought and conquered, hurls
His strength away with hurling off his shield.]

ZARCA.

Let loose the Spaniard ! give him back his sword ;
He cannot move to any vengeance more—
His soul is locked 'twixt two opposing crimes.
I charge you let him go unharmed and free
Now through your midst. . . .

[With that he sank again—
His breast heaved strongly tow'rd sharp sudden falls,
And all his life seemed needed for each breath :
Yet once he spoke]

My daughter, lay your arm
 Beneath my head . . . so . . . bend and breathe on me.
 I cannot see you more . . . the night is come.
 Be strong . . . remember . . . I can only . . . die.
 [His voice went into silence, but his breast
 Heaved long and moaned: its broad strength kept a life
 That heard naught, saw naught, save what once had been,
 And what might be in days and realms afar—
 Which now in pale procession faded on
 Toward the thick darkness. And she bent above
 In sacramental watch to see great Death,
 Companion of her future, who would wear
 For ever in her eyes her father's form.

And yet she knew that hurrying feet had gone
 To do the Chief's behest, and in her soul
 He who was once its lord was being jarred
 With loosening of cords, that would not loose
 The tightening torture of his anguish. This—
 Oh, she knew it!—knew it as martyrs knew
 The prongs that tore their flesh, while yet their tongues
 Refused the ease of lies. In moments high
 Space widens in the soul. And so she knelt,
 Clinging with piety and awed resolve
 Beside this altar of her father's life,
 Seeing long travel under solemn suns
 Stretching beyond it; never turned her eyes,
 Yet felt that Silva passed; beheld his face
 Pale, vivid, all alone, imploring her
 Across black waters fathomless.

And he passed.

The Gypsies made wide pathway, shrank aloof
 As those who feared to touch the thing they hate,
 Lest hate triumphant, mastering all the limbs,
 Should tear, bite, crush, in spite of hindering will.
 Slowly he walked, reluctant to be safe
 And bear dishonored life which none assailed;
 Walked hesitatingly, all his frame instinct
 With high-born spirit, never used to dread
 Or crouch for smiles, yet stung, yet quivering
 With helpless strength, and in his soul convulsed

By visions where pale horror held a lamp
Over wide-reaching crime. Silence hung round :
It seemed the Plaça hushed itself to hear
His footsteps and the Chief's deep dying breath.
Eyes quickened in the stillness, and the light
Seemed one clear gaze upon his misery.
And yet he could not pass her without pause:
One instant he must pause and look at her ;
But with that glance at her averted head,
New-urged by pain he turned away and went,
Carrying forever with him what he fled—
Her murdered love—her love, a dear wronged ghost,
Facing him, beauteous, 'mid the throngs of hell.

O fallen and forsaken ! were no hearts
Amid that crowd, mindful of what had been ?--
Hearts such as wait on beggared royalty,
Or silent watch by sinners who despair ?

Silva had vanished. That dismissed revenge
Made larger room for sorrow in fierce hearts ;
And sorrow filled them. For the Chief was dead.
The mighty breast subsided slow to calm,
Slow from the face the ethereal spirit waned,
As wanes the parting glory from the heights,
And leaves them in their pallid majesty.
Fedalma kissed the marble lips, and said,
" He breathes no more." And then a long, loud wail,
Poured out upon the morning, made her light
Ghastly as smiles on some fair maniac's face
Smiling unconscious o'er her bridegroom's corse.
The wailing men in eager press closed round,
And made a shadowing pall beneath the sun.
They lifted reverent the prostrate strength,
Sceptred anew by death. Fedalma walked
Tearless, erect, following the dead—her cries
Deep smothering in her breast, as one who guides
Her children through the wilds, and sees and knows
Of danger more than they, and feels more pangs,
Yet shrinks not, groans not, bearing in her heart
Their ignorant misery and their trust in her.

BOOK V.

The eastward rocks of Almería's bay
Answer long farewells of the traveling sun
With softest glow as from an inward pulse
Changing and flushing: all the Moorish ships
Seem conscious too, and shoot out sudden shadows;
Their black hulls snatch a glory, and their sails
Show variegated radiance, gently stirred
Like broad wings poised. Two galleys moored apart
Show decks as busy as a home of ants
Storing new forage: from their sides the boats,
Slowly pushed off, anon with flashing oar
Make transit to the quay's smooth-quarried edge,
Where thronging Gypsies are in haste to lade
Each as it comes with grandames, babes, and wives,
Or with dust-tinted goods, the company
Of wandering years. Naught seems to lie unmoved,
For 'mid the throng the lights and shadows play,
And make all surface eager, while the boats
Sway restless as a horse that heard the shouts
And surging hum incessant. Naked limbs
With beauteous ease bend, lift, and throw, or raise
High signalling hands. The black-haired mother steps
Athwart the boat's edge, and with open arms,
A wandering Isis outcast from the gods,
Leans toward her lifted little one. The boat
Full-laden cuts the waves, and dirge-like cries
Rise and then fall within it as it moves
From high to lower and from bright to dark.
Hither and thither, grave white-turbaned Moors
Move helpfully, and some bring welcome gifts,
Bright stuffs and cutlery, and bags of seed
To make new waving crops in Africa.
Others aloof with folded arms slow-eyed
Survey man's labor, saying, "God is great;"

Or seek with question deep the Gypsies' root,
And whether their false faith, being small, will **prove**
Less damning than the copious false creeds
Of Jews and Christians: Moslem subtlety
Found balanced reasons, warranting suspense
As to whose hell was deepest—'twas enough
That there was room for all. Thus the sedate.
The younger heads were busy with the tale
Of that great Chief whose exploits helped the Moor. —
And, talking still, they shouldered past their friends
Following some lure which held their distant gaze
To eastward of the quay, where yet remained
A low black tent close guarded all around
By well-armed Gypsies. Fronting it above,
Raised by stone steps that sought a jutting strand,
Fedalma stood and marked with anxious watch
Each laden boat the remnant lessening
Of cargo on the shore, or traced the course
Of Nadar to and fro in hard command
Of noisy tumult; imaging oft anew
How much of labor still deferred the hour
When they must lift the boat and bear away
Her father's coffin, and her feet must quit
This shore forever. Motionless she stood,
Black-crowned with wreaths of many-shadowed hair:
Black-robed, but bearing wide upon her breast
Her father's golden necklace and his badge.
Her limbs were motionless, but in her eyes
And in her breathing lip's soft tremulous curve
Was intense motion as of prisoned fire
Escaping subtly in outleaping thought.

She watches anxiously, and yet she dreams:
The busy moments now expand, now shrink
To narrowing swarms within the refluent space
Of changeful consciousness. For in her thought
Already she has left the fading shore,
Sails with her people, seeks an unknown land,
And bears the burning length of weary days
That parching fall upon her father's hope,
Which she must plant and see it wither only—
Wither and die. She saw the end begun.

The Gypsy hearts were not unfaithful: she
Was centre to the savage loyalty
Which vowed obedience to Zarca dead.
But soon their natures missed the constant stress
Of his command, that, while it fired, restrained
By urgency supreme, and left no play
To fickle impulse scattering desire.
They loved their Queen, trusted in Zarca's child,
Would bear her o'er the desert on their arms
And think the weight a gladsome victory;
But that great force which knit them into one,
The invisible passion of her father's soul,
That wrought them visibly into its will,
And would have bound their lives in permanence,
Was gone. Already Hassan and two bands,
Drawn by fresh baits of gain, had newly sold
Their service to the Moors, despite her call,
Known as the echo of her father's will,
To all the tribe, that they should pass with her
Straighway to Telemsán. They were not moved
By worse rebellion than the wilful wish
To fashion their own service; they still meant
To come when it should suit them. But she said,
This is the cloud no bigger than a hand,
Sure-threatening. In a little while, the tribe
That was to be the ensign of the race,
And draw it into conscious union,
Itself would break in small and scattered bands
That, living on scant prey, would still desperse
And propagate forgetfulness. Brief years,
And that great purpose fed with vital fire
That might have glowed for half a century,
Subduing, quickening, shaping, like the sun—
Would be a faint tradition, flickering low
In dying memories, fringing with dim light
The nearer dark.

Far, far the future stretched
Beyond that busy present on the quay,
Far her straight path beyond it. Yet she watched
To mark the growing hour, and yet in dream
Alternate she beheld another track,
And felt herself unseen pursuing it

Close to a wanderer, who with haggard gaze
Looked out on loneliness. The backward years—
Oh, she would not forget them—would not drink
Of waters that brought rest, while he far off
Remembered. "Father, I renounced the joy;
You must forgive the sorrow."

So she stood,
Her struggling life compressed into that hour,
Yearning, resolving, conquering; though she seemed
Still as a tutelary image sent
To guard her people and to be the strength
Of some rock-citadel.

Below her sat
Slim mischievous Hinda, happy, red-bedecked
With rows of berries, grinning, nodding oft,
And shaking high her small dark arm and hand
Responsive to the black-maned Ismaël,
Who held aloft his spoil, and clad in skins
Seemed the Boy-prophet of the wilderness
Escaped from tasks prophetic. But anon
Hinda would backward turn upon her knees,
And like a pretty loving hound would bend
To fondle her Queen's feet, then lift her head
Hoping to feel the gently pressing palm
Which touched the deeper sense. Fedalma knew—
From out the black robe stretched her speaking hand
And shared the girl's content.

So the dire hours
Burthened with destiny—the death of hopes
Darkening long generations, or the birth
Of thoughts undying—such hours sweep along
In their ærial ocean measureless
Myriads of little joys, that ripen sweet
And soothe the sorrowful spirit of the world,
Groaning and travailing with the painful birth
Of slow redemption.

But emerging now
From eastward fringing lines of idling men
Quick Juan lightly sought the upward steps
Behind Fedalma, and two paces off,
With head uncovered, said in gentle tones,
"Lady Fedalma!"—(Juan's password now

Used by no other), and Fedalma turned,
 Knowing who sought her. He advanced a step,
 And meeting straight her large calm questioning gaze
 Warned her of some grave purport by a face
 That told of trouble. Lower still he spoke.

JUAN.

Look from me, lady, toward a moving form
 That quits the crowd and seeks the lonelier strand—
 A tall and gray-clad pilgrim. . . .

[Solemnly

His low tones fell on her, as if she passed
 Into religious dimness among tombs,
 And trod on names in everlasting rest.
 Lingeringly she looked, and then with voice
 Deep and yet soft, like notes from some long chord
 Responsive to thrilled air, said—]

FEDALMA.

It is he !

[Juan kept silence for a little space,
 With reverent caution, lest his lighter grief
 Might seem a wanton touch upon her pain.
 But time was urging him with visible flight,
 Changing the shadows : he must utter all.]

JUAN.

That man was young when last I pressed his hand—
 In that dread moment when he left Bedmâr.
 He has aged since : the week has made him gray.
 And yet I knew him—knew the white-streaked hair
 Before I saw his face, as I should know
 The tear-dimmed writing of a friend. See now—
 Does he not linger—pause ?——perhaps expect . .

[JUAN plead timidly : Fedalma's eyes
 Flashed ; and through all her frame there ran the shock
 Of some sharp-wounding joy, like his who hastes
 And dreads to come too late, and comes in time
 To press a loved hand dying. She was mute
 And made no gesture : all her being paused

In resolution, as some leonine wave
That makes a moment's silence ere it leaps.]

JUAN.

He came from Carthage, in a boat
Too slight for safety ; yon small two-oared boat
Below the rock ; the fisher-boy within
Awaits his signal. But the pilgrim waits. . . .

FEDALMA.

Yes, I will go !—Father, I owe him this,
For loving me made all his misery.
And we will look once more—will say farewell
As in a solemn rite to strengthen us
For our eternal parting. Juan, stay
Here in my place, to warn me, were there need.
And, Hinda, follow me !

[All men who watched
Lost her regretfully, then drew content
From thought that she must quickly come again,
And filled the time with striving to be near.

She, down the steps, along the sandy brink
To where he stood, walked firm ; with quickened step
The moment when each felt the other saw.
He moved at sight of her : their glances met ;
It seemed they could no more remain aloof
Than nearing waters hurrying into one.
Yet their steps slackened and they paused apart,
Pressed backward by the force of memories
Which reigned supreme as death above desire.
Two paces off they stood and silently
Looked at each other. Was it well to speak ?
Could speech be clearer, stronger, tell them more
Than that long gaze of their renouncing love ?
They passed from silence hardly knowing how ;
It seemed they heard each other's thought before.]

DON SILVA.

I go to be absolved, to have my life
Washed into fitness for an offering

To injured Spain. But I have naught to give
 For that last injury to her I loved
 Better than I loved Spain. I am accurst
 Above all sinners, being made the curse
 Of her I sinned for. Pardon? Penitence?
 When they have done their utmost, still beyond
 Out of their reach stands Injury unchanged
 And changeless. I should see it still in heaven—
 Out of my reach, forever in my sight :
 Wearing your grief, 'twould hide the smiling seraphs.
 I bring no puling prayer, Fedalma—ask
 No balm of pardon that may soothe my soul
 For others' bleeding wounds: I am not come
 To say, "Forgive me:" you must not forgive,
 For you must see me ever as I am—
 Your father's . . .

FEDALMA.

Speak it not! Calamity
 Comes like a deluge and o'erflows our crimes,
 Till sin is hidden in woe. You—I—we two,
 Grasping we knew not what, that seemed delight,
 Opened the sluices of that deep.

DON SILVA.

We two?

Fedalma, you were blameless, helpless.

FEDALMA.

No!

It shall not be that you did aught alone.
 For when we loved I willed to reign in you,
 And I was jealous even of the day
 If it could gladden you apart from me.
 And so, it must be that I shared each deed
 Our love was root of.

DON SILVA.

Dear! you share the woe
 Nay, the worst part of vengeance fell on you.

FEDALMA.

Vengeance! She does but sweep us with her skirts
 She takes large space, and lies a baleful light
 Revolving with long years—sees children's children,
 Blights them in their prime. . . . Oh, if two lovers leaned
 To breathe one air and spread a pestilence,
 They would but lie two livid victims dead
 Amid the city of the dying. We
 With our poor petty lives have strangled one
 That ages watch for vainly.

DON SILVA.

Deep despair
 Fills all your tones as with slow agony.
 Speak words that narrow anguish to some shape;
 Tell me what dread is close before you?

FEDALMA.

None.

No dread, but clear assurance of the end.
 My father held within his mighty frame
 A people's life: great futures died with him
 Never to rise, until the time shall ripe
 Some other hero with the will to save
 The outcast Zíncali.

DON SILVA.

And yet their shout—
 I heard it—sounded as the plenteous rush
 Of full-fed sources, shaking their wild souls
 With power that promised sway.

FEDALMA.

Ah yes, that shout
 Came from full hearts: they meant obedience.
 But they are orphaned: their poor childish feet
 Are vagabond in spite of love, and stray
 Forgetful after little lures. For me—
 I am but as the funeral urn that bears
 The ashes of a leader.

DON SILVA.

O great God!

What am I but a miserable brand
Lit by mysterious wrath? I lie cast down
A blackened branch upon the desolate ground
Where once I kindled ruin. I shall drink
No cup of purest water but will taste
Bitter with thy lone hopelessness, Fedalma.

FEDALMA.

Nay, Silva, think of me as one who sees
A light serene and strong on one sole path
Which she will tread till death . . .
He trusted me, and I will keep his trust :
My life shall be its temple. I will plant
His sacred hope within the sanctuary
And die its priestess—though I die alone,
A hoary woman on the altar-step,
Cold 'mid cold ashes. That is my chief good.
The deepest hunger of a faithful heart
Is faithfulness. Wish me naught else And you—
You too will live. . . .

DON SILVA.

I go to Rome, to seek

The right to use my knightly sword again;
The right to fill my place and live or die
So that all Spaniards shall not curse my name.
I sat one hour upon the barren rock
And longed to kill myself; but then I said,
I will not leave my name in infamy,
I will not be perpetual rottenness
Upon the Spaniard's air. If I must sink
At last to hell, I will not take my stand
Among the coward crew who could not bear
The harm themselves had done, which others bore.
My young life yet may fill some fatal breach,
And I will take no pardon, not my own,
Not God's—no pardon idly on my knees;
But it shall come to me upon my feet
And in the thick of action, and each deed
That carried shame and wrong shall be the sting

That drives me higher up the steep of honor
 In deeds of duteous service to that Spain
 Who nourished me on her expectant breast,
 The heir of highest gifts. I will not fling
 My earthly being down for carrion
 To fill the air with loathing: I will be
 The living prey of some fierce noble death
 That leaps upon me while I move. Aloud
 I said, "I will redeem my name," and then—
 I know not if aloud: I felt the words
 Drinking up all my senses—"She still lives,
 I would not quit the dear familiar earth
 Where both of us behold the self-same sun,
 Where there can be no strangeness 'twixt our thoughts
 So deep as their communion." Resolute
 I rose and walked.—Fedalma, think of me
 As one who will regain the only life
 Where he is other than apostate—one
 Who seeks but to renew and keep the vows
 Of Spanish knight and noble. But the breach—
 Outside those vows—the fatal second breach—
 Lies a dark gulf where I have naught to cast,
 Not even expiation—poor pretence,
 Which changes naught but what survives the past,
 And raises not the dead. That deep dark gulf
 Divides us.

FEDALMA.

Yes, forever. We must walk
 Apart unto the end. Our marriage rite
 Is our resolve that we will each be true
 To high allegiance, higher than our love.
 Our dear young love—its breath was happiness!
 But it had grown upon a larger life
 Which tore its roots asunder. We rebelled—
 The larger life subdued us. Yet we are wed;
 For we shall carry each the pressure deep
 Of the other's soul. I soon shall leave the shore.
 The winds to-night will bear me far away.
 My lord, farewell!

He did not say "Farewell,"
 But neither knew that he was silent. She,

For one long moment, moved not. They knew naught
Save that they parted; for their mutual gaze
As with their soul's full speech forbade their hands
To seek each other—those oft-clasping hands
Which had a memory of their own, and went
Widowed of one dear touch for evermore.
At last she turned and with swift movement passed,
Beckoning to Hinda, who was bending low
And lingered still to wash her shells, but soon
Leaping and scampering followed, while her Queen
Mounted the steps again and took her place,
Which Juan rendered silently.

And now
The press upon the quay was thinned; the ground
Was cleared of cumbering heaps; the eager shouts
Had sunk, and left a murmur more restrained
By common purpose. All the men ashore
Were gathering into ordered companies,
And with less clamor filled the waiting boats,
As if the speaking light commanded them
To quiet speed: for now the farewell glow
Was on the topmost heights, and where far ships
Were southward tending, tranquil, slow, and white
Upon the luminous meadow toward the verge.
The quay was in still shadow, and the boats
Went sombrely upon the sombre waves.
Fedalma watched again; but now her gaze
Takes in the eastward bay, where that small bark
Which held the fisher-boy floats weightier
With one more life, that rests upon the oar
Watching with her. He would not go away
Till she was gone; he would not turn his face
Away from her at parting: but the sea
Should widen slowly' twixt their seeking eyes

The time was coming. Nadar had approached.
Was the Queen ready? Would she follow now
Her father's body? For the largest boat
Was waiting at the quay, the last strong band
Of Zíncali had ranged themselves in lines
To guard her passage and to follow her.
"Yes, I am ready;" and with action prompt

They cast aside the Gypsy's wandering tomb,
And fenced the space from curious Moors who pressed
To see Chief Zarca's coffin as it lay.
They raised it slowly, holding it aloft
On shoulders proud to bear the heavy load.
Bound on the coffin lay the chieftain's arms,
His Gypsy garments and his coat of mail.
Fedalma saw the burthen lifted high.
And then descending followed. All was still.
The Moors aloof could hear the struggling steps
Beneath the lowered burthen at the boat—
The struggling calls subdued, till safe released
It lay within, the space around it filled
By black-haired Gypsies. Then Fedalma stepped
From off the shore and saw it flee away—
The land that bred her helping the resolve
Which exiled her forever.

It was night

Before the ships weighed anchor and gave sail:
Fresh Night emergent in her clearness, lit
By the large crescent moon, with Hesperus,
And those great stars that lead the eager host.
Fedalma stood and watched the little bark
Lying jet-black upon moon-whitened waves.
Silva was standing too. He too divined
A steadfast form that held him with its thought,
And eyes that sought him vanishing: he saw
The waters widen slowly, till at last
Straining he gazed, and knew not if he gazed
On aught but blackness overhung by stars.

NOTES

P. 35. *Cactus.*

The Indian fig (*Opuntia*), like the other *Cactaceæ*, is believed to have been introduced into Europe from South America; but every one who has been in the south of Spain will understand why the anachronism has been chosen.

P. 121. *Marranos.*

The name given by the Spanish Jews to the multitudes of their race converted to Christianity at the end of the fourteenth century and beginning of the fifteenth. The lofty derivation from *Maran-atha*, the Lord cometh, seems hardly called for, seeing that *marrano* is Spanish for *pig*. The "old Christians" learned to use the word as a term of contempt for the "new Christians," or converted Jews and their descendants; but not too monotonously, for they often interchanged it with the fine old crusted opprobrium of the name *Jew*. Still, many Marranos held the highest secular and ecclesiastical prizes in Spain, and were respected accordingly.

P. 136. *Celestial Baron.*

The Spaniards conceived their patron Santiago (St. James), the great captain of their armies, as a knight and baron: to them, the incongruity would have lain in conceiving him simply as a Galilean fisherman. And their legend was adopted with respect by devout mediæval minds generally. Dante, in an elevated passage of the *Paradiso*—the memorable opening of *Canto xxv.*—chooses to introduce the Apostle James as *il barone*.

Indi si mosse un lume verso noi
Di quella schiera, ond' uscì la primizia
Che lasciò Cristo de' vicari suoi.
E la mia Donna piena de letizia
Mi disse: Mira, mira, ecco 'l barone
Per cui laggiù si visita Galizia."

P. 137. *The Seven Parts.*

Las Siete Partidas (The Seven Parts) is the title given to the code of laws compiled under Alfonso the Tenth, who reigned in the latter half of the thirteenth century—1252-1284. The passage in the text is translated from *Partida II.*, *Ley II.* The whole preamble is worth citing in its old Spanish:—

"Como deben ser escogidos los caballeros."

"Antiguam' ente para facer caballeros escogien de los venadores de monte, que son homes que sufren grande laceria, et carpinteros, et ferreros, et pedreros, porque usan mucho a ferir et son fuerte de manos; et otrosi de los carniceros, por razon que usan matar las cosas vivas et esparcer la sangre dellas: et aun cataban otra cosa en escogiendolos que fuesen bien faccionadas de miembros para ser recios, et fuertes et ligeros. Et esta manera de escoger usaron los antiguos muy grant tiempo; mas porque despues vieron muchas vegadas que estos atales non habiendo vergüenza olvidaban todas estas cosas sobredichas, et en lugar de vincer sus enemigos venciense ellos, tovieron por bien los sabidores destas cosas que catasen homes para esto que hobiesen naturalmiente en si vergüenza. Et sobresto dixo un sabio que habie nombre VEDECIO que fabló de la órden de caballería, que la vergüenza vieda al caballero que non fuya de la batalla, et por ende ella le face ser vencedor; ca mucho tovieron que era mejor el homo flaco et sofridor, que el fuerte et ligero para foir. Et por esto sobre todas las otras cosas cataron que fuesen homes porque se guardasen de facer cosa por que podiesen caer en vergüenza: et porque estos fueron escogidos de buenos logares et algo, que quiere tanto decir en language de España como bien, por eso los llamaron fijosdalgo, que muestra atanto como fijos de bien. Et en algunos otros logares los llamaron gentiles, et tomaron este nombre de gentileza que muestra atanto como nobleza de bondat, porque los gentiles fueron nobles homes et buenos, et vevieron mas ordenadamenté que las otras gentes. Et esta gentileza aviene en tres maneras; la una por linage, la segunda por saber, et la tercera por bondat de armas et de costumbres et de maneras. Et comoquier que etos que la ganan por su sabiduría ó por su bondat, son con derecho llamados nobles et gentiles, mayormiente lo son aquellos que la han por linage antiguamente, et facen buena vida porque les viene de lueñe como por heredit; et por ende son mas encargados de facer bien et guardarse de yerro et de malestanz; ca non tan solamente quando lo facen resciben daño et vergüenza ellos mismos, ma aun aquellos onde ellos vienen."

THE LEGEND OF JUBAL.

WHEN Cain was driven from Jehovah's land
He wandered eastward, seeking some far strand
Ruled by kind gods who asked no offerings
Save pure field-fruits, as aromatic things,
To feed the subtler sense of frames divine
That lived on fragrance for their food and wine :
Wild joyous gods, who winked at faults and folly,
And could be pitiful and melancholy.
He never had a doubt that such gods were ;
He looked within, and saw them mirrored there.
Some think he came at last to Tartary,
And some to Ind ; but, howsoe'er it be,
His staff he planted where sweet waters ran,
And in that home of Cain the Arts began.

Man's life was spacious in the early world :
It paused, like some slow ship with sail unfurled,
Waiting in seas by scarce a wavelet curled ;
Beheld the slow star-paces of the skies,
And grew from strength to strength through centuries ;
Saw infant trees fill out their giant limbs,
And heard a thousand times the sweet birds' marriage
hymns.

In Cain's young city none had heard of Death
Save him, the founder ; and it was his faith
That here, away from harsh Jehovah's law,
Man was immortal, since no halt or flaw
In Cain's own frame betrayed six hundred years,
But dark as pines that autumn never sears
His locks thronged backward as he ran, his frame
Rose like the orbèd sun each morn the same,
Lake-mirrored to his gaze ; and that red brand,

The scorching impress of Jehovah's hand,
Was still clear-edged to his unwearied eye,
Its secret firm in time-fraught memory.
He said, "My happy offspring shall not know
That the red life from out a man may flow
When smitten by his brother." True, his race
Bore each one stamped upon his new-born face,
A copy of the brand no whit less clear ;
But every mother held that little copy dear.

Thus generations in glad idlesse throve,
Nor hunted prey, nor with each other strove ;
For clearest springs were plenteous in the land,
And gourds for cups ; the ripe fruits sought the hand,
Bending the laden boughs with fragrant gold ;
And for their roofs and garments wealth untold
Lay everywhere in grasses and broad leaves :
They labored gently, as a maid who weaves
Her hair in mimic mats, and pauses oft
And strokes across her palm the tresses soft,
Then peeps to watch the poised butterfly,
Or little burthened ants that homeward hie.
Time was but leisure to their lingering thought,
There was no need for haste to finish aught ;
But sweet beginnings were repeated still
Like infant babblings that no task fulfil ;
For love, that loved not change, constrained the simple will.

Till, hurling stones in mere athletic joy,
Strong Lamech struck and killed his fairest boy,
And tried to wake him with the tenderest cries,
And fetched and held before the glazed eyes
The things they best had loved to look upon ;
But never glance or smile or sigh he won.
The generations stood around those twain
Helplessly gazing, till their father Cain
Parted the press, and said, " He will not wake,
This is the endless sleep, and we must make
A bed deep down for him beneath the sod ;
For know, my sons, there is a mighty God
Angry with all man's race, but most with me.
I fled from out His land in vain !—'tis He

Who came and slew the lad, for He has found
This home of ours, and we shall all be bound
By the harsh bands of His most cruel will,
Which any moment may some dear one kill.
Nay, though we live for countless moons, at last
We and all ours shall die like summers past.
This is Jehovah's will, and He is strong;
I thought the way I travelled was too long
For Him to follow me: my thought was vain!
He walks unseen, but leaves a track of pain.
Pale Death His footprint is, and He will come again!"

And a new spirit from that hour came o'er
The race of Cain: soft idlesse was no more,
But even the sunshine had a heart of care,
Smiling with hidden dread—a mother fair
Who folding to her breast a dying child
Beams with feigned joy that but makes sadness mild.

Death was now lord of Life, and at his word
Time, vague as air before, new terrors stirred,
With measured wing now audibly arose
Throbbing through all things to some unknown close.
Now glad Content by clutching Haste was torn,
And Work grew eager, and Devise was born.
It seemed the light was never loved before,
Now each man said, "Twill go and come no more."
No budding branch, no pebble from the brook,
No form, no shadow, but new dearness took
From the one thought that life must have an end;
And the last parting now began to send
Diffusive dread through love and wedded bliss,
Thrilling them into finer tenderness.
Then Memory disclosed her face divine,
That like the calm nocturnal lights doth shine
Within the soul, and shows the sacred graves,
And shows the presence that no sunlight craves,
No space, no warmth, but moves among them all;
Gone and yet here, and coming at each call,
With ready voice and eyes that understand,
And lips that ask a kiss, and dear responsive hand.
Thus to Cain's race death was tear-watered seed

Of various life and action-shaping need.
But chief the sons of Lamech felt the stings
Of new ambition, and the force that springs
In passion beating on the shores of fate.
They said, "There comes a night when all too late
The mind shall long to prompt the achieving hand
The eager thought behind closed portals stand,
And the last wishes to the mute lips press
Buried ere death in silent helplessness.
Then while the soul its way with sound can cleave,
And while the arm is strong to strike and heave,
Let soul and arm give shape that will abide
And rule above our graves, and power divide
With that great god of day, whose rays must bend
As we shall make the moving shadows tend.
Come, let us fashion acts that are to be,
When we shall lie in darkness silently,
As our young brother doth, whom yet we see
Fallen and slain, but reigning in our will
By that one image of him pale and still."
For Lamech's sons were heroes of their race.
Jubal, the eldest, bore upon his face
The look of that calm river-god, the Nile,
Mildly secure in power that needs not guile.
But Tubal-Cain was restless as the fire
That glows and spreads and leaps from high to higher
Where'er is aught to seize or to subdue;
Strong as a storm he lifted or o'erthrew,
His urgent limbs like rounded granite grew,
Such granite as the plunging torrent wears
And roaring rolls around through countless years.
But strength that still on movement must be fed,
Inspiring thought of change, devices bred,
And urged his mind through earth and air to rove
For force that he could conquer if he strove,
For lurking forms that might new tasks fulfil
And yield unwilling to his stronger will.
Such Tubal-Cain. But Jubal had a frame
Fashioned to finer senses, which became
A yearning for some-hidden soul of things,
Some outward touch complete on inner springs
That vaguely moving bred a lonely pain,

A want that did but stronger grow with gain
Of all good else, as spirits might be sad
For lack of speech, to tell us they are glad.

Now Jubal learned to tame the lowing kine,
And from their udders drew the snow-white wine
That stirs the innocent joy, and makes the stream
Of elemental life with fulness teem;
The star-browed calves he nursed with feeding hand,
And sheltered them, till all the little band
Stood mustered gazing at the sunset way
Whence he would come with store at close of day.
He soothed the silly sheep with friendly tone
And reared their staggering lambs that, older grown,
Followed his steps with sense-taught memory;
Till he, their shepherd, could their leader be
And guide them through the pastures as he would,
With sway that grew from ministry of good.
He spread his tents upon the grassy plain
Which, eastward widening like the open main,
Showed the first whiteness 'neath the morning star;
Near him his sister, deft, as women are,
Plied her quick skill in sequence to his thought
Till the hid treasures of the milk she caught
Revealed like pollen 'mid the petals white,
The golden pollen, virgin to the light.
Even the she-wolf with young, on rapine bent,
He caught and tethered in his mat-walled tent,
And cherished all her little sharp-nosed young
Till the small race with hope and terror clung
About his footsteps, till each new-reared brood,
Remoter from the memories of the wood,
More glad discerned their common home with man.
This was the work of Jubal: he began
The pastoral life, and, sire of joys to be,
Spread the sweet ties that bind the family
O'er dear dumb souls that thrilled at man's caress,
And shared his pains with patient helpfulness.

But Tubal-Cain had caught and yoked the fire,
Yoked it with stones that bent the flaming spire
And made it roar in prisoned servitude

Within the furnace, till with force subdued
It changed all forms he willed to work upon,
Till hard from soft, and soft from hard, he won.
The pliant clay he moulded as he would,
And laughed with joy when 'mid the heat it stood
Shaped as his hand had chosen, while the mass
That from his hold, dark, obstinate, would pass,
He drew all glowing from the busy heat,
All breathing as with life that he could beat
With thundering hammer, making it obey
His will creative, like the pale soft clay.
Each day he wrought and better than he planned,
Shape breeding shape beneath his restless hand.
(The soul without still helps the soul within,
And its deft magic ends what we begin.)
Nay, in his dreams his hammer he would wield
And seem to see a myriad types revealed,
Then spring with wondering triumphant cry,
And, lest the inspiring vision should go by
Would rush to labor with that plastic zeal
Which all the passion of our life can steal
For force to work with. Each day saw the birth
Of various forms which, flung upon the earth,
Seemed harmless toys to cheat the exacting hour,
But were as seeds instinct with hidden power.
The axe, the club, the spiked wheel, the chain,
Held silently the shrieks and moans of pain;
And near them latent lay in shear and spade,
In the strong bar, the saw, and deep-curved blade.
Glad voices of the hearth and harvest-home,
The social good, and all earth's joy to come.
Thus to mixed ends wrought Tubal; and they say,
Some things he made have lasted to this day;
As, thirty silver pieces that were found
By Noah's children buried in the ground,
He made them from mere hunger of device,
Those small white discs; but they became the price
The traitor Judas sold his Master for;
And men still handling them in peace and war.
Catch foul disease, that comes as appetite,
And lurks and clings as withering, damning blight.
But Tubal-Cain wot not of treachery,

Nor greedy lust, nor any ill to be,
Save the one ill of sinking into naught,
Banished from action and act-shaping thought.
He was the sire of swift-transforming skill,
Which arms for conquest man's ambitious will;
And round him gladly, as his hammer rung,
Gathered the elders and the growing young:
These handled vaguely and those plied the tools
Till, happy chance begetting conscious rules,
The home of Cain with industry was rife,
And glimpses of a strong persistent life,
Panting through generations as one breath,
And filling with its soul the blank of death.

Jubal, too, watched the hammer, till his eyes,
No longer following its fall or rise,
Seemed glad with something that they could not see,
But only listened to—some melody,
Wherein dumb longings inward speech had found,
Won from the common store of struggling sound.
Then, as the metal shapes more various grew,
And, hurled upon each other, resonance drew,
Each gave new tones, the revelations dim
Of some external soul that spoke for him:
The hollow vessel's clang, the clash, the boom,
Like light that makes wide spiritual room
And skyey spaces in the spaceless thought,
To Jubal such enlarged passion brought
That love, hope, rage, and all experience,
Were fused in vaster being, fetching thence
Concords and discords, cadences and cries
That seemed from some world-shrouded soul to rise,
Some rapture more intense, some mightier rage,
Some living sea that burst the bounds of man's brief age.

Then with such blissful trouble and glad care
For growth within unborn as mothers bear,
To the far woods he wandered, listening,
And heard the birds their little stories sing
In notes whose rise and fall seemed melted speech
Melted with tears, smiles, glances—that can reach
More quickly through our frame's deep-winding night,

And without thought raise thought's best fruit, *delight*.
Pondering, he sought his home again and heard
The fluctuant changes of the spoken word:
The deep remonstrance and the argued want,
Insistent first in close monotonous chant,
Next leaping upward to defiant stand
Or downward beating like the resolute hand;
The mother's call, the children's answering cry,
The laugh's light cataract tumbling from on high;
The suasive repetitions Jubal taught,
That timid browsing cattle homeward brought;
The clear-winged fugue of echoes vanishing;
And through them all the hammer's rhythmic ring.
Jubal sat lonely, all around was dim,
Yet his face glowed with light revealed to him:
For as the delicate stream of odor wakes
The thought-wed sentence and some image *makes*
From out the mingled fragments of the past.
Finely compact in wholeness that will last,
So streamed as from the body of each sound
Subtler pulsations, swift as warmth, which found
All prisoned germs and all their powers unbound,
Till thought self-luminous flamed from memory,
And in creative vision wandered free
Then Jubal, standing, rapturous arms upraised,
And on the dark with eager eyes he gazed
As had some manifested god been there.
It was his thought he saw: the presence fair
Of unachieved achievement, the high task,
The struggling unborn spirit that doth ask
With irresistible cry for blood and breath,
Till feeding its great life we sink in death.

He said, "Were now those mighty tones and cries
That from the giant soul of earth arise,
Those groans of some great travail heard from far,
Some power at wrestle with the things that are,
Those sounds which vary with the varying form
Of clay and metal, and in sightless swarm
Fill the wide space with tremors: were these wed
To human voices with such passion fed
As does but glimmer in our common speech,

But might flame out in tones whose changing reach,
Surpassing meagre need, informs the sense
With fuller union, finer difference—
Were this great vision, now obscurely bright
As morning hills that melt in new-poured light,
Wrought into solid form and living sound,
Moving with ordered throb and sure rebound,
Then——Nay, I, Jubal will that work begin!
The generations of our race shall win
New life, that grows from out the heart of this,
As spring from winter, or as lovers' bliss
From out the dull unknown of unwoke energies."

Thus he resolved, and in the soul-fed light
Of coming ages waited through the night,
Watching for that near dawn whose chiller ray
Showed but the unchanged world of yesterday;
Where all the order of his dream divine
Lay like Olympian forms within the mine;
Where fervor that could fill the earthly round
With throngèd joys of form-begotten sound
Must shrink intense within the patient power
That lonely labors through the niggard hour.
Such patience have the heroes who begin,
Sailing the first to lands which others win.
Jubal must dare as great beginners dare,
Strike form's first way in matter rude and bare,
And, yearning vaguely toward the plenteous choir
Of the world's harvest, make one poor small lyre.
He made it, and from out its measured frame
Drew the harmonic soul, whose answers came
With guidance sweet and lessons of delight
Teaching to ear and hand the blissful Right,
Where strictest law is gladness to the sense
And all desire bends toward obedience.

Then Jubal poured his triumph in a song—
The rapturous word that rapturous notes prolong
As radiance streams from smallest things that burn
Or thought of loving into love doth turn.
And still his lyre gave companionship
In sense-taught concert as of lip with lip.

Alone amid the hills at first he tried
His winged song; then with adoring pride.
And bridegroom's joy at leading forth his bride,
He said, "This wonder which my soul hath found,
This heart of music in the might of sound,
Shall forthwith be the share of all our race
And like the morning gladden common space:
The song shall spread and swell as rivers do,
And I will teach our youth with skill to woo
This living lyre, to know its secret will,
Its fine division of the good and ill.
So shall men call me sire of harmony,
And where great Song is, there my life shall be."

Thus glorying as a god beneficent,
Forth from his solitary joy he went
To bless mankind. It was at evening,
When shadows lengthen from each westward thing,
When imminence of change makes sense more fine
And light seems holier in its grand decline.
The fruit-trees wore their studded coronal,
Earth and her children were at festival,
Glowing as with one heart and one consent—
Thought, love, trees, rocks, in sweet warm radiance blent.

The tribe of Cain was resting on the ground,
The various ages wreathed in one broad round.
Here lay, while children peeped o'er his huge thighs,
The sinewy man embrowned by centuries;
Here the broad-bosomed mother of the strong
Looked, like Demeter, placid o'er the throng
Of young lithe forms whose rest was movement too—
Tricks, prattle, nods, and laughs that lightly flew,
And swayings as of flower-beds where Love blew.
For all had feasted well upon the flesh
Of juicy fruits, on nuts, and honey fresh,
And now their wine was health-bred merriment,
Which through the generations circling went,
Leaving none sad, for even father Cain
Smiled as a Titan might, despising pain.
Jubal sat climbed on by a playful ring
Of children, lambs and whelps, whose gamboling,

With tiny hoofs, paws, hands, and dimpled feet,
Made barks, bleats, laughs, in pretty hubbub meet,
But Tubal's hammer rang from far away,
Tubal alone would keep no holiday,
His furnace must not slack for any feast,
For of all hardship work he counted least;
He scorned all rest but sleep, where every dream
Made his repose more potent action seem.

Yet with health's nectar some strange thirst was blent,
The fateful growth, the unnamed discontent,
The inward shaping toward some unborn power,
Some deeper-breathing act, the being's flower.
After all gestures, words, and speech of eyes,
The soul had more to tell, and broke in sighs.
Then from the east, with glory on his head,
Such as low-slanting beams on corn-waves spread,
Came Jubal with his lyre: there 'mid the strong,
Where the black space was, poured a solemn song.
Touching his lyre to full harmonic throb
And measured pulse, with cadences that sob,
Exult and cry, and search the inmost deep
Where the dark sources of new passion sleep.
Joy took the air, and took each breathing soul,
Embracing them in one entranced whole,
Yet thrilled each varying frame to various ends,
As Spring new-waking through the creature sends
Or rage or tenderness; more plenteous life
Here breeding dread, and there a fiercer strife.
He who had lived through twice three centuries,
Whose months monotonous, like trees on trees
In hoary forests, stretched a backward maze,
Dreamed himself dimly through the travelled days
Till in clear light he paused, and felt the sun
That warmed him when he was a little one;
Felt that true heaven, the recovered past,
The dear small Know amid the Unknown vast,
And in that heaven wept. But younger limbs
Thrilled toward the future, that bright land which swims
In western glory, isles and streams and bays,
Where hidden pleasures float in golden haze.
And in all these the rhythmic influence,

Sweetly o'ercharging the delighted sense,
Flowed out in movements, little waves that spread
Enlarging, till in tidal union led
The youths and maidens both alike long-tressed
By grace-inspiring melody possessed,
Rose in slow dance, with beauteous floating swerve
Of limbs and hair, and many a melting curve
Of ringéd feet swayed by each close-linked palm:
Then Jubal poured more rapture in his psalm,
The dance fired music, music fired the dance,
The glow diffusive lit each countenance,
Till all the gazing elders rose and stood
With glad yet awful shock of that mysterious good.

Even Tubal caught the sound, and wondering came,
Urging his sooty bulk like smoke-wrapt flame
Till he could see his brother with the lyre,
The work for which he lent his furnace-fire
And diligent hammer, witting naught of this—
This power in mental shape which made strange bliss.
Entering within him like a dream full-fraught
With new creations finished in a thought.

The sun had sunk, but music still was there,
And when this ceased, still triumph filled the air:
It seemed the stars were shining with delight,
And that no night was ever like this night.
All clung with praise to Jubal; some besought
That he would teach them his new skill; some caught,
Swiftly as smiles are caught in looks that meet,
The tone's melodic change and rhythmic beat:
'Twas easy following where invention trod—
All eyes can see when light flows out from God.

And thus did Jubal to his race reveal
Music their larger soul, where woe and weal
Filling the resonant chords, the song, the dance,
Moved with a wider-wingéd utterance.
Now many a lyre was fashioned, many a song
Raised echoes new, old echoes to prolong,
Till things of Jubal's making were so rife,
"Hearing myself," he said, "hems in my life,

And I will get me to some far-off land,
Where higher mountains under heaven stand
And touch the blue at rising of the stars,
Whose song they hear where no rough mingling mars
The great clear voices. Such lands there must be,
Where varying forms make varying symphony—
Where other thunders roll amid the hills,
Some mightier wind a mightier forest fills
With other strains through other-shapen boughs ;
Where bees and birds and beasts that hunt or browse
Will teach me songs I know not. Listening there,
My life shall grow like trees both tall and fair
That rise and spread and bloom toward fuller fruit each year.

He took a raft, and travelled with the stream
Southward for many a league, till he might deem
He saw at last the pillars of the sky,
Beholding mountains whose white majesty
Rushed through him as new awe, and made new song
That swept with fuller wave the chords along,
Weighting his voice with deep, religious chime,
The iteration of slow chant sublime.
It was the region long inhabited
By all the race of Seth ; and Jubal said :
“ Here have I found my thirsty soul’s desire,
Eastward the hills touch heaven, and evening’s fire
Flames through deep waters ; I will take my rest,
And feed anew from my great mother’s breast,
The sky-clasped Earth, whose voices nurture me
As the flowers’ sweetness doth the honey-bee.”
He lingered wandering for many an age,
And, sowing music, made high heritage
For generations far beyond the Flood—
For the poor late-begotten human brood
Born to life’s weary brevity and perilous good.

And ever as he travelled he would climb
The farthest mountain, yet the heavenly chime,
The mighty toiling of the far-off spheres
Beating their pathway, never touched his ears.
But wheresoe’er he rose the heavens rose,
And the far-gazing mountain could disclose

Naught but a wider earth; until one height
Showed him the ocean stretched in liquid light,
And he could hear its multitudinous roar,
Its plunge and hiss upon the pebbled shore:
Then Jubal silent sat, and touched his lyre no more.

He thought, "The world is great, but I am weak,
And where the sky bends is no solid peak
To give me footing, but instead, this main—
Myriads of maddened horses thundering o'er the plain.

"New voices come to me where'er I roam,
My heart too widens with its widening home:
But song grows weaker, and the heart must break
For lack of voice, or fingers that can wake
The lyre's full answer; nay, its chords were all
Too few to meet the growing spirit's call.
The former songs seem little, yet no more
Can soul, hand, voice, with interchanging lore
Tell what the earth is saying unto me:
The secret is too great, I hear confusedly.

"No farther will I travel: once again
My brethren I will see, and that fair plain
Where I and song were born. There fresh-voiced youth
Will pour my strains with all the early truth
Which now abides not in my voice and hands,
But only in the soul, the will that stands
Helpless to move. My tribe remembering
Will cry 'Tis he!' and run to greet me, welcoming."

The way was weary. Many a date-palm grew,
And shook out clustered gold against the blue,
While Jubal, guided by the steadfast spheres,
Sought the dear home of those first eager years,
When, with fresh vision fed, the fuller will
Took living outward shape in pliant skill;
For still he hoped to find the former things,
And the warm gladness recognition brings.
His footsteps erred among the mazy woods
And long illusive sameness of the floods,
Winding and wandering. Through far regions, strange

With Gentile homes and faces, did he range,
And left his music in their memory,
And left at last, when naught besides would free
His homeward steps from clinging hands and cries,
The ancient lyre. And now in ignorant eyes
No sign remained of Jubal, Lamech's son,
That mortal frame wherein was first begun
The immortal life of song. His withered brow
Pressed over eyes that held no lightning now,
His locks streamed whiteness on the hurrying air,
The unresting soul had worn itself quite bare
Of beauteous token, as the outworn might
Of oaks slow dying, gaunt in summer's light.
His full deep voice toward thinnest treble ran:
He was the rune-writ story of a man.

And so at last he neared the well-known land,
Could see the hills in ancient order stand
With friendly faces whose familiar gaze
Looked through the sunshine of his childish days;
Knew the deep-shadowed folds of hanging woods,
And seemed to see the self-same insect broods
Whirling and quivering o'er the flowers—to hear
The self-same cuckoo making distance near.
Yea, the dear Earth, with mother's constancy,
Met and embraced him, and said, "Thou art he!
This was thy cradle, here my breast was thine,
Where feeding, thou didst all thy life entwine
With my sky-wedded life in heritage divine."

But wending ever through the watered plain,
Firm not to rest save in the home of Cain,
He saw dread Change, with dubious face and cold,
That never kept a welcome for the old,
Like some strange heir upon the hearth, arise,
Saying "This home is mine." He thought his eyes
Mocked all deep memories, as things new made,
Usurping sense, make old things shrink and fade
And seem ashamed to meet the staring day.
His memory saw a small foot-trodden way,
His eyes a broad far-stretching paven road
Bordered with many a tomb and fair abode;

The little city that once nestled low
As buzzing groups about some central glow,
Spread like a murmuring crowd o'er plain and steep,
Or monster huge in heavy-breathing sleep.
His heart grew faint, and tremblingly he sank
Close by the wayside on a weed-grown bank,
Not far from where a new-raised temple stood,
Sky-roofed, and fragrant with wrought cedar wood.
The morning sun was high ; his rays fell hot
On this hap-chosen, dusty, common spot,
On the dry-withered grass and withered man :
That wondrous frame where melody began
Lay as a tomb defaced that no eye cared to scan.

But while he sank far music reached his ear.
He listened until wonder silenced fear
And gladness wonder ; for the broadening stream
Of sound advancing was his early dream,
Brought like fulfilment of forgotten prayer ;
As if his soul, breathed out upon the air,
Had held the invisible seeds of harmony
Quick with the various strains of life to be.
He listened : the sweet mingled difference
With charm alternate took the meeting sense ;
Then bursting like some shield-broad lily red,
Sudden and near the trumpet's notes out-spread,
And soon his eyes could see the metal flower,
Shining upturned, out on the morning pour
Its incense audible ; could see a train
From out the street slow-winding on the plain
With lyres and cymbals, flutes and psalteries,
While men, youths, maids, in concert sang to these
With various throat, or in succession poured,
Or in full volume mingled. But one word
Ruled each recurrent rise and answering fall,
As when the multitudes adoring call
On some great name divine, their common soul,
The common need, love, joy, that knits them in one whole.

The word was " Jubal ! " . . . " Jubal " filled the air
And seemed to ride aloft, a spirit there,
Creator of the choir, the full-fraught strain

That grateful rolled itself to him again.
The agèd man adust upon the bank—
Whom no eyes saw—at first with rapture drank
The bliss of music, then, with swelling heart,
Felt this was his own being's greater part,
The universal joy once born in him.
But when the train, with living face and limb
And vocal breath, came nearer and more near,
The longing grew that they should hold him dear ;
Him, Lamech's son, whom all their fathers knew,
The breathing Jubal—him, to whom their love was due.

All was forgotten but the burning need
To claim his fuller self, to claim the deed
That lived away from him, and grew apart,
While he as from a tomb, with lonely heart,
Warmed by no meeting glance, no hand that pressed,
Lay chill amid the life his life had blessed.
What though his song should spread from man's small race
Out through the myriad worlds that people space,
And make the heavens one joy-diffusing choir ?—
Still 'mid that vast would throb the keen desire
Of this poor agèd flesh, this eventide,
This twilight soon in darkness to subside,
This little pulse of self that, having glowed
Through thrice three centuries, and divinely strowed
The light of music through the vague of sound,
Ached with its smallness still in good that had no bound.

For no eye saw him, while with loving pride
Each voice with each in praise of Jubal vied.
Must he in conscious trance, dumb, helpless lie
While all that ardent kindred passed him by ?
His flesh cried out to live with living men
And join that soul which to the inward ken
Of all the hymning train was present there.
Strong passion's daring sees not aught to dare :
The frost-locked starkness of his frame low-bent,
His voice's penury of tones long spent,
He felt not ; all his being leaped in flame
To meet his kindred as they onward came
Slackening and wheeling toward the temple's face :

He rushed before them to the glittering space,
And, with a strength that was but strong desire,
Cried, "I am Jubal, I! . . . I made the lyre!"
The tones amid a lake of silence fell
Broken and strained, as if a feeble bell
Had tuneless pealed the triumph of a land
To listening crowds in expectation spanned.
Sudden came showers of laughter on that lake;
They spread along the train from front to wake
In one great storm of merriment, while he
Shrank doubting whether he could Jubal be,
And not a dream of Jubal, whose rich vein
Of passionate music came with that dream-pain
Wherein the sense slips off from each loved thing,
And all appearance is mere vanishing.
But ere the laughter died from out the rear,
Anger in front saw profanation near;
Jubal was but a name in each man's faith
For glorious power untouched by that slow death
Which creeps with creeping time; this, too, the spot,
And this the day, it must be crime to blot,
Even with scoffing at a madman's lie:
Jubal was not a name to wed with mockery.

Two rushed upon him: two, the most devout
In honor of great Jubal, thrust him out,
And beat him with their flutes. 'Twas little need;
He strove not, cried not, but with tottering speed,
As if the scorn and howls were driving wind
That urged his body, serving so the mind
Which could but shrink and yearn, he sought the screen
Of thorny thickets, and there fell unseen.
The immortal name of Jubal filled the sky,
While Jubal lonely laid him down to die.
He said within his soul, "This is the end:
O'er all the earth to where the heavens bend
And hem men's travel, I have breathed my soul:
I lie here now the remnant of that whole,
The embers of a life, a lonely pain;
As far-off rivers to my thirst were vain,
So of my mighty years naught comes to me again.
"Is the day sinking? Softest coolness springs

From something round me: dewy shadowy wings
 Enclose me all around—no, not above—
 Is moonlight there? I see a face of love,
 Fair as sweet music when my heart was strong:
 Yea—art thou come again to me, great Song?"

The face bent over him like silver night
 In long-remembered summers; that calm light
 Of days which shine in firmaments of thought,
 That past unchangeable, from change still wrought
 And gentlest tones were with the vision blent:
 He knew not if that gaze the music sent
 Or music that calm gaze: to hear, to see,
 Was but one undivided ecstasy:
 The raptured senses melted into one,
 And parting life a moment's freedom won
 From in and outer, as a little child
 Sits on a bank and sees blue heavens mild
 Down in the water, and forgets its limbs,
 And knoweth naught save the blue heaven that swims.

"Jubal," the face said, "I am thy loved Past,
 The soul that makes thee one from first to last.
 I am the angel of thy life and death.
 Thy outbreathed being drawing its last breath.
 Am I not thine alone, a dear dead bride
 Who blest thy lot above all men's beside?
 Thy bride whom thou wouldst never change, nor take
 Any bride living, for that dead one's sake?
 Was I not all thy yearning and delight,
 Thy chosen search, thy senses' beauteous Right,
 Which still had been the hunger of thy frame
 In central heaven, hadst thou been still the same?
 Wouldst thou have asked aught else from any god—
 Whether with gleaming feet on earth he trod
 Or thundered through the skies—ought else for share
 Of mortal good than in thy soul to bear
 The growth of song, and feel the sweet unrest
 Of the world's spring-tide in thy conscious breast?
 No, thou hadst grasped thy lot with all its pain,
 Nor loosed it any painless lot to gain
 Where music's voice was silent: for thy fate

Was human music's self incorporate:
 Thy senses' keenness and thy passionate strife
 Were flesh of *her* flesh and her womb of life.
 And greatly hast thou lived, for not alone
 With hidden raptures were her secrets shown,
 Buried within thee, as the purple light
 Of gems may sleep in solitary night;
 But thy expanding joy was still to give,
 And with the generous air in song to live,
 Feeding the wave of ever-widening bliss
 Where fellowship means equal perfectness.
 And on the mountains in thy wandering
 Thy feet were beautiful as blossomed spring,
 That turns the leafless wood to love's glad home,
 For with thy coming Melody was come.
 This was thy lot, to feel, create, bestow,
 And that immeasurable life to know
 From which the fleshly self falls shrivelled, dead,
 A seed primeval that has forests bred.
 It is the glory of the heritage
 Thy life has left, that makes thy outcast age:
 Thy limbs shall lie dark, tombless on this sod,
 Because thou shinest in man's soul, a god,
 Who found and gave new passion and new joy
 That naught but Earth's destruction can destroy.
 Thy gifts to give was thine of men alone:
 'Twas but in giving that thou couldst atone
 For too much wealth amid their poverty."—

The words seemed melting into symphony,
 The wings upbore him, and the gazing song
 Was floating him the heavenly space along,
 Where mighty harmonies all gently fell
 Through veiling vastness, like the far-off bell,
 Till, ever onward through the choral blue,
 He heard more faintly and more faintly knew,
 Quitting mortality, a quenched sun-wave,
 The All-creating Presence for his grave.

1869.

AGATHA.

Come with me to the mountain, not where rocks
Soar harsh above the troops of hurrying pines,
But where the earth spreads soft and rounded breasts
To feed her children ; where the generous hills
Lift a green isle betwixt the sky and plain
To keep some Old World things aloof from change.
Here too 'tis hill and hollow : new-born streams
With sweet enforcement, joyously compelled
Like laughing children, hurry down the steeps,
And make a dimpled chase athwart the stones ;
Pine woods are black upon the heights, the slopes
Are green with pasture, and the bearded corn
Fringes the blue above the sudden ridge :
A little world whose round horizon cuts
This isle of hills with heaven for a sea,
Save in clear moments when southwestward gleams
France by the Rhine, melting anon to haze.
The monks of old chose here their still retreat
And called it by the Blessed Virgin's name,
Sancta Maria, which the peasant's tongue,
Speaking from out the parent's heart that turns
All loved things into little things, has made
Sanct Märgen——Holy little Mary, dear
As all the sweet home things she smiles upon,
The children and the cows, the apple-trees,
The cart, the plough, all named with that caress
Which feigns them little, easy to be held,
Familiar to the eyes and hand and heart.
What though a Queen? She puts her crown away
And with her little Boy wears common clothes,
Caring for common wants, remembering
That day when good Saint Joseph left his work
To marry her with humble trust sublime.
The monks are gone, their shadows fall no more

Tall-froaked and cowed athwart the evening fields
At milking-time ; their silent corridors
Are turned to homes of bare-armed, aproned men,
Who toil for wife and children. But the bells,
Pealing on high from two quaint convent towers,
Still ring the Catholic signals, summoning
To grave remembrance of the larger life
That bears our own, like perishable fruit
Upon its heaven-wide branches. At their sound
The shepherd boy far-off upon the hill,
The workers with the saw and at the forge,
The triple generation round the hearth,—
Grandames and mothers and the flute-voiced girls,—
Fall on their knees and send forth prayerful cries
To the kind Mother with the little Boy,
Who pleads for helpless men against the storm,
Lightning and plagues and all terrific shapes
Of power supreme.
Within the prettiest hollow of these hills,
Just as you enter it, upon the slope
Stands a low cottage neighbored cheerily
By running water, which, at farthest end
Of the same hollow, turns a heavy mill,
And feeds the pasture for the miller's cows,
Blanchi and Nægeli, Veilchen and the rest,
Matrons with faces as Griselda mild,
Coming at call. And on the farthest height
A little tower looks out above the pines
Where mounting you will find a sanctuary
Open and still ; without, the silent crowd
Of heaven-planted, incense-mingling flowers ;
Within, the altar where the mother sits
'Mid votive tablets hung from far-off years
By peasants succored in the peril of fire,
Fever, or flood, who thought that Mary's love,
Willing but not omnipotent, had stood
Between their lives and that dread power which slew
Their neighbor at their side. The chapel bell
Will melt to gentlest music ere it reach
That cottage on the slope, whose garden gate
Has caught the rose-tree boughs and stands ajar ;
So does the door, to let the sunbeams in ;

For in the slanting sunbeams angels come
And visit Agatha who dwells within,—
Old Agatha, whose cousins Kate and Nell
Are housed by her in Love and Duty's name,
They being feeble, with small withered wits,
And she believing that the higher gift
Was given to be shared. So Agatha
Shares her one room, all neat on afternoons,
As if some memory were sacred there,
And everything within the four low walls
An honored relic.

One long summer's day

An angel entered at the rose-hung gate,
With skirts pale blue, a brow to quench the pearl,
Hair soft and blonde as infants', plenteous
As hers who made the wavy lengths once speak
The grateful worship of a rescued soul.
The angel paused before the open door
To give good day. "Come in," said Agatha.
I followed close, and watched and listened there.
The angel was a lady, noble, young,
Taught in all seemliness that fits a court,
All lore that shapes the mind to delicate use,
Yet quiet, lowly, as a meek white dove
That with its presence teaches gentleness,
Men called her Countess Linda ; little girls
In Freiburg town, orphans whom she caressed,
Said Mamma Linda : yet her years were few,
Her outward beauties all in budding time,
Her virtues the aroma of the plant
That dwells in all its being, root, stem, leaf,
And waits not ripeness.

"Sit," said Agatha.

Her cousins were at work in neighboring homes
But yet she was not lonely ; all things round
Seemed filled with noiseless yet responsive life,
As of a child at breast that gently clings :
Not sunlight only or the breathing flowers
Or the swift shadows of the birds and bees,
But all the household goods, which, polished fair
By hands that cherished them for service done,
Shone as with glad content. The wooden beams

Dark and yet friendly, easy to be reached,
 Bore three white crosses for a speaking sign ;
 The walls had little pictures hung a-row,
 Telling the stories of Saint Ursula,
 And Saint Elizabeth, the lowly queen ;
 And on the bench that served for table too,
 Skirting the wall to save the narrow space,
 There lay the Catholic books, inherited
 From those old times when printing still was young
 With stout-limbed promise, like a sturdy boy.
 And in the farthest corner stood the bed
 Where o'er the pillow hung two pictures wreathed
 With freshed-plucked ivy : one the Virgin's death,
 And one her flowering tomb, while high above
 She smiling bends and lets her girdle down
 For ladder to the soul that cannot trust
 In life which outlasts burial. Agatha
 Sat at her knitting, agéd, upright, slim,
 And spoke her welcome with mild dignity.
 She kept the company of kings and queens
 And mitred saints who sat below the feet
 Of Francis with the ragged frock and wounds :
 And Rank for her meant Duty, various,
 Yet equal in its worth, done worthily.
 Command was service ; humblest service done
 By willing and discerning souls was glory.

Fair Countess Linda sat upon the bench,
 Close fronting the old knitter, and they talked
 With sweet antiphony of young and old.

AGATHA.

You like our valley, lady ? I am glad
 You thought it well to come again. But rest—
 The walk is long from Master Michael's inn.

COUNTESS LINDA.

Yes, but no walk is prettier.

AGATHA.

It is true

There lacks no blessing here, the waters all
 Have virtues like the garments of the Lord,

And heal much sickness ; then, the crops and cows
Flourish past speaking, and the garden flowers,
Pink, blue, and purple, 'tis a joy to see
How they yield honey for the singing bees.
I would the whole world were as good a home.

COUNTESS LINDA.

And you are well off, Agatha?—your friends
Left you a certain bread: is it not so?

AGATHA.

Not so at all, dear lady. I had nought,
Was a poor orphan; but I came to tend
Here in this house, an old afflicted pair,
Who wore out slowly; and the last who died,
Full thirty years ago, left me this roof
And all the household stuff. It was great wealth;
And so I had a home for Kate and Nell.

COUNTESS LINDA.

But how then, have you earned your daily bread
These thirty years?

AGATHA.

O, that is easy earning.

We help the neighbors, and our bit and sup
Is never failing; they have work for us
In house and field, all sorts of odds and ends,
Patching and mending, turning o'er the hay,
Holding sick children,—there is always work;
And they are very good,—the neighbors are:
Weigh not our bits of work with weight and scale,
But glad themselves with giving us good shares
Of meat and drink; and in the big farm-house
When cloth comes home from weaving, the good wife
Cuts me a piece,—this very gown,—and says:
“ Here, Agatha, you old maid, you have time
To pray for Hans who is gone soldiering:
The saints might help him, and they have much to do,
'Twere well they were besought to think of him.”
She spoke half jesting, but I pray, I pray

For poor young Hans. I take it much to heart
That other people are worse off than I,—
I ease my soul with praying for them all.

COUNTESS LINDA.

That is your way of singing, Agatha;
Just as the nightingales pour forth sad songs,
And when they reach men's ears they make men's hearts
Feel the more kindly.

AGATHA.

Nay, I cannot sing:
My voice is hoarse, and oft I think my prayers
Are foolish, feeble things; for Christ is good
Whether I pray or not,—the Virgin's heart
Is kinder far than mine; and then I stop
And feel I can do nought towards helping men,
Till out it comes, like tears that will not hold,
And I must pray again for all the world.
'Tis good to me,—I mean the neighbors are:
To Kate and Nell too. I have money saved
To go on pilgrimage the second time.

COUNTESS LINDA.

And do you mean to go on pilgrimage
With all your years to carry, Agatha?

AGATHA.

The years are light, dear lady: 'tis my sins,
Are heavier than I would. And I shall go
All the way to Einsiedeln with that load:
I need to work it off.

COUNTESS LINDA.

What sort of sins,
Dear Agatha? I think they must be small.

AGATHA.

Nay, but they may be greater than I know;
'Tis but dim light I see by. So I try
All ways I know of to be cleansed and pure.

I would not sink where evil spirits are.
There's perfect goodness somewhere: so I strive.

COUNTESS LINDA.

You were the better for that pilgrimage
You made before? The shrine is beautiful;
And then you saw fresh country all the way.

AGATHA.

Yes, that is true. And ever since that time
The world seems greater, and the Holy Church
More wonderful. The blessed pictures all,
The heavenly images with books and wings,
Are company to me through the day and night.
The time! the time! It never seemed far back,
Only to father's father and his kin
That lived before him. But the time stretched out
After that pilgrimage: I seemed to see
Far back, and yet I knew time lay behind,
As there are countries lying still behind
The highest mountains, there in Switzerland.
O, it is great to go on pilgrimage!

COUNTESS LINDA.

Perhaps some neighbors will be pilgrims too,
And you can start together in a band.

AGATHA.

Not from these hills: people are busy here,
The beasts want tendance. One who is not missed
Can go and pray for others who must work.
I owe it to all neighbors, young and old;
For they are good past thinking,—lads and girls
Given to mischief, merry naughtiness,
Quiet it, as the hedgehogs smooth their spines,
For fear of hurting poor old Agatha.
'Tis pretty: why, the cherubs in the sky
Look young and merry, and the angels play
On citherns, lutes, and all sweet instruments.
I would have young things merry. See the Lord:
A little baby playing with the birds;
And how the Blessed Mother smiles at him.

COUNTESS LINDA.

I think you are too happy, Agatha,
To care for heaven. Earth contents you well.

AGATHA.

Nay, nay, I shall be called, and I shall go
Right willingly. I shall get helpless, blind,
Be like an old stalk to be plucked away:
The garden must be cleared for young spring plants.
'Tis home beyond the grave, the most are there,
All those we pray to, all the Church's lights,—
And poor old souls are welcome in their rags:
One sees it by the pictures. Good Saint Ann,
The Virgin's mother, she is very old,
And had her troubles with her husband too.
Poor Kate and Nell are younger far than I,
But they will have this roof to cover them.
I shall go willingly; and willingness
Makes the yoke easy and the burden light.

COUNTESS LINDA.

When you go southward in your pilgrimage,
Come to see me in Freiburg, Agatha.
Where you have friends you should not go to inns.

AGATHA.

Yes, I will gladly come to see you, lady.
And you will give me sweet hay for a bed,
And in the morning I shall wake betimes
And start when all the birds begin to sing.

COUNTESS LINDA.

You wear your smart clothes on the pilgrimage,
Such pretty clothes as all the women here
Keep by them for their best: a velvet cap
And collar golden-broidered? They look well
On old and young alike.

AGATHA.

Nay, I have none,—
Never had better clothes than these you see.
Good clothes are pretty, but one sees them best

When others wear them, and I somehow thought
 'Twas not worth while. I had so many things,
 More than some neighbors, I was partly shy
 Of wearing better clothes than they, and now
 I am so old and custom is so strong,
 'Twould hurt me sore to put on finery.

COUNTESS LINDA.

Your gray hair is a crown, dear Agatha.
 Shake hands; good-bye. The sun is going down,
 And I must see the glory from the hill.

I stayed among those hills; and oft heard more
 Of Agatha. I liked to hear her name,
 As that of one half grandame and half saint,
 Uttered with reverent playfulness. The lads
 And younger men all called her mother, aunt,
 Or granny, with their pet diminutives,
 And bade their lasses and their brides behave
 Right well to one who surely made a link
 'Twixt faulty folk and God by loving both:
 Not one but counted service done by her,
 Asking no pay save just her daily bread.
 At feasts and weddings, when they passed in groups
 Along the vale, and the good country wine,
 Being vocal in them, made them choir along
 In quaintly mingled mirth and piety,
 They fain must jest and play some friendly trick
 On three old maids; but when the moment came
 Always they bated breath and made their sport
 Gentle as feather-stroke, that Agatha
 Might like the waking for the love it showed.
 Their song made happy music 'mid the hills,
 For nature tuned their race to harmony,
 And poet Hans, the tailor, wrote them songs
 That grew from out their life, as crocuses
 From out the meadow's moistness. 'Twas his song
 They oft sang, wending homeward from a feast,—
 The song I give you. It brings in, you see,
 Their gentle jesting with the three old maids

Midnight by the chapel bell!
 Homeward, homeward all, farewell
 I with you, and you with me,
 Miles are short with company.
*Heart of Mary, bless the way,
 Keep us all by night and day!*

Moon and stars at feast with night
 Now have drunk their fill of light.
 Home they hurry, making time
 Trot apace, like merry rhyme.
*Heart of Mary, mystic rose,
 Send us all a sweet repose!*

Swiftly though the wood down hill,
 Run till you can hear the mill.
 Toin's ghost is wandering now,
 Shaped just like a snow-white cow,
*Heart of Mary, morning star,
 Ward off danger, near or far!*

Toin's wagon with its load
 Fell and crushed him in the road
 'Twixt these pine-trees. Never fear!
 Give a neighbor's ghost good cheer.
*Holy Babe, our God and Brother,
 Bind us fast to one another!*

Hark! the mill is at its work,
 Now we pass beyond the murk
 To the hollow, where the moon
 Makes her silvery afternoon.
*Good Saint Joseph, faithful spouse,
 Help us all to keep our vows!*

Here the three old maidens dwell,
 Agatha and Kate and Nell;
 See, the moon shines on the thatch,
 We will go and shake the latch.
*Heart of Mary, cup of joy,
 Give us mirth without alloy!*

Hush, 'tis here, no noise, sing low,
 Rap with gentle knuckles—so!

Like the little tapping birds,
 On the door; then sing good words.
*Meek Saint Anna, old and fair,
 Hallow all the snow-white hair!*

Little maidens old, sweet dreams!
 Sleep one sleep till morning beams.
 Mothers ye, who help us all,
 Quick at hand, if ill befall.
*Holy Gabriel, lily-laden,
 Bless the aged mother-maiden!*

Forward, mount the broad hillside
 Swift as soldiers when they ride.
 See the two towers how they peep,
 Round-capped giants, o'er the steep.
*Heart of Mary, by thy sorrow,
 Keep us upright through the morrow!*

Now they rise quite suddenly
 Like a man from bended knee,
 Now Saint Margen is in sight,
 Here the roads branch off—good-night!
*Heart of Mary, by thy grace,
 Give us with the saints a place!*

186.

ARMGART.

SCENE I.

A salon lit with lamps and ornamented with green plants. An open piano, with many scattered sheets of music. Bronze busts of Beethoven and Gluck on pillars opposite each other. A small table spread with supper. To FRAULEIN WALPURGA, who advances with a slight lameness of gait from an adjoining room, enters GRAF DORNBERG at the opposite door, in a travelling dress.

GRAF.

Good-morning, Fräulein!

WALPURGA.

What, so soon returned?
I feared your mission kept you still at Prague.

GRAF.

But now arrived! You see my travelling dress.
I hurried from the panting, roaring stream,
Like any courier of embassy
Who hides the fiends of war within his bag.

WALPURGA.

You know that Armgart sings to-night?

GRAF.

Has sung!

'Tis close on half-past nine. The *Orpheus*
Lasts not so long. Her spirits—were they high?
Was Leo confident?

WALPURGA.

He only feared
Some tameness at beginning. Let the house
Once ring, he said, with plaudits, she is safe.

GRAF.

And Armgart?

WALPURGA.

She was stiller than her wont.
But once, at some such trivial word of mine,
As that the highest prize might yet be won
By her who took the second—she was roused.
“For me,” she said, “I triumph or I fail.
I never strove for any second prize.”

GRAF.

Poor human-hearted singing-bird! She bears
Cæsar's ambition in her delicate breast,
And nought to still it with but quivering song!

WALPURGA.

I had not for the world been there to-night
Unreasonable dread oft chills me more
Than any reasonable hope can warm.

GRAF.

You have a rare affection for your cousin;
As tender as a sister's.

WALPURGA.

Nay, I fear

My love is little more than what I felt
For happy stories when I was a child.
She fills my life that would be empty else,
And lifts my nought to value by her side.

GRAF.

She is reason good enough, or seems to be,
Why all were born whose being ministers
To her completeness. Is it most her voice
Subdues us? or her instinct exquisite,
Informing each old strain with some new grace
Which takes our sense like any natural good?
Or most her spiritual energy
That sweeps us in the current of her song?

WALPURGA.

I know not. Losing either, we should lose
That whole we call our Armgart. For herself,
She often wonders what her life had been
Without that voice for channel to her soul.
She says, it must have leaped through all her limbs—
Made her a Mænad—made her snatch a brand
And fire some forest, that her rage might mount
In crashing, roaring flames through half a land,
Leaving her still and patient for a while.
“Poor wretch!” she says, of any murderess—
“The world was cruel, and she could not sing:
I carry my revenges in my throat;
I love in singing, and am loved again.”

GRAF.

Mere mood! I cannot yet believe it more.
 Too much ambition has unwomaned her;
 But only for a while. Her nature hides
 One half its treasures by its very wealth,
 Taxing the hours to show it.

WALPURGA.

Hark! she comes.

*Enter LEO with a wreath in his hand, holding the door open
 for ARMGART, who wears a furred mantle and hood. She
 is followed by her maid, carrying an armful of bouquets.*

LEO.

Place for the queen of song!

GRAF (*advancing towards ARMGART, who throws off her hood
 and mantle, and shows a star of brilliants in her hair*).

A triumph, then.

You will not be a niggard of your joy
 And chide the eagerness that came to share it.

ARMGART.

O kind! you hastened your return for me.
 I would you had been there to hear me sing!
 Walpurga, kiss me: never tremble more
 Lest Armgart's wing should fail her. She has found
 This night the region where her rapture breathes—
 Pouring her passion on the air made live
 With human heart throbs. Tell them, Leo, tell them
 How I outsang your hope and made you cry
 Because Glück could not hear me. That was folly!
 He sang, not listened: every linked note
 Was his immortal pulse that stirred in mine,
 And all my gladness is but part of him.
 Give me the wreath.

[*She crowns the bust of GLÜCK.*LEO (*sardonically*).

Ay, ay, but mark you this,

It was not part of him—that trill you made
 In spite of me and reason!

ARMGART.

You were wrong—

Dear Leo, you were wrong: the house was held
As if a storm were listening with delight
And hushed its thunder.

LEO.

Will you ask the house

To teach you singing? Quit your *Orpheus* then,
And sing in farces grown to operas,
Where all the prurience of the full-fed mob
Is tickled with melodic impudence:
Jerk forth burlesque bravuras, square your arms
Akimbo with a tavern wench's grace,
And set the splendid compass of your voice
To lyric jigs. Go to! I thought you meant
To be an artist—lift your audience
To see your vision, not trick forth a show
To please the grossest taste of grossest numbers.

ARMGART (*taking up LEO's hand, and kissing it*).

Pardon, good Leo, I am penitent.
I will do penance: sing a hundred trills
Into a deep-dug grave, then burying them
As one did Midas' secret, rid myself
Of naughty exultation. O, I trilled
At nature's prompting, like the nightingales.
Go scold them, dearest Leo.

LEO.

I stop my ears.

Nature in Glück inspiring Orpheus,
Has done with nightingales. Are bird-beaks lips?

GRAF.

Truce to rebukes! Tell us—who were not there—
The double drama: how the expectant house
Took the first notes.

WALPURGA (*turning from her occupation of decking the
room with the flowers*).

Yes, tell us all, dear Armgart.

Did you feel tremors? Leo, how did she look?
Was there a cheer to greet her?

LEO.

Not a sound.

She walked like Orpheus in his solitude,
And seemed to see nought but what no man saw.
'Twas famous. Not the Schroeder-Devrient
Had done it better. But your blessed public
Had never any judgment in cold blood—
Thinks all perhaps were better otherwise,
Till rapture brings a reason.

ARMGART (*scornfully*).

I knew that!

The women whispered, "Not a pretty face!"
The men, "Well, well, a goodly length of limb
She bears the chiton."—It were all the same
Were I the Virgin Mother, and my stage,
The opening heavens at the Judgment-day:
Gossips would peep, jog elbows, rate the price
Of such a woman in the social mart.
What were the drama of the world to them,
Unless they felt the hell-prong?

LEO.

Peace, now, peace!

I hate my phrases to be smothered o'er
With sauce of paraphrase, my sober tune
Made bass to rambling trebles, showering down
An endless demi-semi-quavers.

ARMGART (*taking a bon-bon from the table, uplifting it before
putting it into her mouth, and turning away*).

Mum!

GRAF.

Yes, tell us all the glory, leave the blame.

WALPURGA.

You first, dear Leo—what you saw and heard;
Then Armgart—she must tell us what she felt.

LEO.

Well! The first notes came clearly, firmly forth.
 And I was easy, for behind those rills
 I knew there was a fountain. I could see
 The house was breathing gently, heads were still;
 Parrot opinion was struck meekly mute,
 And human hearts were swelling. Armgart stood
 As if she had been new-created there,
 And found her voice which found a melody.
 The minx! Glück had not written, nor I taught:
 Orpheus was Armgart, Armgart Orpheus.
 Well, well, all through the *scena* I could feel
 The silence tremble now, now poise itself
 With added weight of feeling, till at last
 Delight o'er-toppled it. The final note
 Had happy drowning in the unloosed roar
 That surged and ebbed and ever surged again,
 Till expectation kept it pent awhile
 Ere Orpheus returned. Pfui! He was changed:
 My demi-god was pale, had downcast eyes
 That quivered like a bride's who fain would send
 Backward the rising tear.

ARMGART (*advancing, but then turning away, as if to check her speech*).

I was a bride,

As nuns are at their spousals.

LEO.

Ay, my lady,
 That moment will not come again: applause
 May come and plenty; but the first, first draught!
 (*Snaps his fingers.*)
 Music has sounds for it—I know no words.
 I felt it once myself when they performed
 My overture to Sintram. Well! 'tis strange,
 We know not pain from pleasure in such joy.

ARMGART (*turning quickly*).

Oh, pleasure has cramped dwelling in our souls,
 And when full Being comes must call on pain
 To lend it liberal space.

WALPURGA.

I hope the house
Kept a reserve of plaudits: I am jealous
Lest they had dulled themselves for coming good
That should have seemed the better and the best.

LEO.

No, 'twas a revel where they had but quaffed
Their opening cup. I think the artist's star,
His audience keeps not sober: once afire,
They flame towards climax, though his merit hold
But fairly even.

ARMGART (*her hand on LEO's arm*).

Now, now, confess the truth.
I sang still better to the very end—
All save the trill; I give that up to you,
To bite and growl at. Why, you said yourself,
Each time I sang, it seemed new doors were oped
That you might hear heaven clearer.

LEO (*shaking his finger*).

I was raving.

ARMGART.

I am not glad with that mean vanity
Which knows no good beyond its appetite
Full feasting upon praise! I am only glad,
Being praised for what I know is worth the praise;
Glad of the proof that I myself have part
In what I worship! At the last applause—
Seeming a roar of tropic winds that tossed
The handkerchiefs and many-colored flowers,
Falling like shattered rainbows all around—
Think you I felt myself a *prima donna*?
No, but a happy, spiritual star
Such as old Dante saw, wrought in a rose
Of light in Paradise, whose only self
Was consciousness of glory wide-diffused,
Music, life, power—I moving in the midst
With a sublime necessity of good.

LEO (*with a shrug*).

I thought it was a *prima donna* came
Within the side-scenes; ay, and she was proud
To find the bouquet from the royal box
Enclosed a jewel-case, and proud to wear
A star of brilliants, quite an earthly star,
Valued by thalers. Come, my lady, own
Ambition has five senses, and a self
That gives it good warm lodging when it sinks
Plump down from ecstasy.

ARMGART.

Own it? why not?

Am I a sage whose words must fall like seed
Silently buried toward a far-off spring?
I sing to living men, and my effect
Is like the summer's sun, that ripens corn
Or now or never. If the world brings me gifts,
Gold, incense, myrrh—'twill be the needful sign
That I have stirred it as the high year stirs
Before I sink to winter.

GRAF.

Ecstasies

Are short—most happily! We should but lose
Were Armgart borne too commonly and long
Out of the self that charms us. Could I choose,
She were less apt to soar beyond the reach
Of woman's foibles, innocent vanities,
Fondness for trifles like that pretty star
Twinkling beside her cloud of ebon hair.

ARMGART (*Taking out the gem and looking at it*).

This little star! I would it were the seed
Of a whole Milky Way, if such bright shimmer
Were the sole speech men told their rapture with
At Armgart's music. Shall I turn aside
From splendors which flash out the glow I make.
And live to make, in all the chosen breasts
Of half a Continent? No, may it come,
That splendor! May the day be near when men

Think much to let my horses draw me home,
 And new lands welcome me upon their beach,
 Loving me for my fame. That is the truth
 Of what I wish, nay, yearn for. Shall I lie?
 Pretend to seek obscurity—to sing
 In hope of disregard? A vile pretence!
 And blasphemy besides. For what is fame
 But the benignant strength of One, transformed
 To joy of Many? Tributes, plaudits come
 As necessary breathing of such joy;
 And may they come to me!

GRAF.

The auguries

Point clearly that way. Is it no offence
 To wish the eagle's wing may find repose,
 As feeble wings do, in a quiet nest?
 Or has the taste of fame already turned
 The Woman to a Muse . .

LEO (*going to the table*).

Who needs no supper?

I am her priest, ready to eat her share
 Of good Walpurga's offerings.

WALPURGA.

Armgart, come,

Graf, will you come?

GRAF.

Thanks, I play truant here,

And must retrieve my self-indulged delay.
 But will the Muse receive a votary
 At any hour to-morrow?

ARMGART.

Any hour

After rehearsal, after twelve at noon.

SCENE II.

The same Salon, morning. ARMGART seated in her bonnet and walking dress. The GRAF standing near her against the piano.

GRAF.

Armgart, to many minds the first success
Is reason for desisting. I have known
A man so versatile, he tried all arts,
But when in each by turns he had achieved
Just so much mastery as made men say,
"He could be King here if he would," he threw
The lauded skill aside. He hates, said one,
The level of achieved pre-eminence,
He must be conquering still; but others said—

ARMGART.

The truth, I hope: he had a meagre soul,
Holding no depth where love could root itself.
"Could if he would?" True greatness ever wills—
It lives in wholeness if it live at all,
And all its strength is knit with constancy.

GRAF.

He used to say himself he was too sane
To give his life away for excellence
Which yet must stand, an ivory statuette
Brought to perfection through long lonely years,
Huddled in the mart of mediocrities.
He said, the very finest doing wins
The admiring only; but to leave undone,
Promise and not fulfil, like buried youth,
Wins all the envious, makes them sigh your name
As that fair Absent, blameless Possible,
Which could alone impassion them; and thus
Serene negation has free gift of all,
Panting achievement struggles, is denied,

Or wins to lose again. What say you, Armgart?
 Truth has rough flavors if we bite it through;
 I think this sarcasm came from out its core
 Of bitter irony.

ARMGART.

It is the truth

Mean souls select to feed upon. What then?
 Their meanness is a truth, which I will spurn.
 The praise I seek lives not in envious breath
 Using my name to blight another's deed.
 I sing for love of song, and that renown
 Which is the spreading act, the world-wide share,
 Of good that I was born with. Had I failed—
 Well, that had been a truth most pitiable,
 I cannot bear to think what life would be
 With high hope shrunk to endurance, stunted aims
 Like broken lances ground to eating-knives.
 A self sunk down to look with level eyes
 At low achievement, doomed from day to day
 To distaste of its consciousness. But I——

GRAF.

Have won, not lost, in your decisive throw
 And I, too, glory in this issue; yet,
 The public verdict has no potency
 To sway my judgment of what Armgart is:
 My pure delight in her would be but sullied,
 If it o'erflowed with mixture of men's praise.
 And had she failed, I should have said, "The pearl
 Remains a pearl for me, reflects the light
 With the same fitness that first charmed my gaze—
 Is worth as fine a setting now as then."

ARMGART (*rising*).

Ah, you are good! But why will you rehearse
 The talk of cynics, who with insect eyes
 Explore the secrets of the rubbish-heap?
 I hate your epigrams and pointed saws,
 Whose narrow truth is but broad falsity,
 Confess your friend was shallow

GRAF.

I confess

Life is not rounded in an epigram,
And saying aught, we leave a world unsaid.
I quoted, merely to shape forth my thought
That high success has terrors when achieved—
Like preternatural spouses, whose dire love
Hangs perilous on slight observances:
Whence it were possible that Armgart crowned
Might turn and listen to a pleading voice,
Though Armgart striving in the race was deaf.
You said you dared not think what life had been
Without the stamp of eminence; have you thought
How you will bear the poise of eminence
With dread of sliding? Paint the future out
As an unchecked and glorious career,
'Twill grow more strenuous by the very love
You bear to excellence, the very fate
Of human powers, which tread at every step
On possible verges.

ARMGART.

I accept the peril.

I choose to walk high with sublimer dread
Rather than crawl in safety. And, besides,
I am an artist as you are a noble:
I ought to bear the burthen of my rank.

GRAF.

Such parallels, dear Armgart, are but snares
To catch the mind with seeming argument—
Small baits of likeness 'mid disparity.
Men rise the higher as their task is high,
The task being well achieved. A woman's rank
Lies in the fulness of her womanhood:
Therein alone she is royal.

ARMGART.

Yes, I know

The oft-taught Gospel: "Woman, thy desire
Shall be that all superlatives on earth
Belong to men, save the one highest kind—

To be a mother. Thou shall not desire
 To do aught best save pure subservience:
 Nature has willed it so!" O blessed Nature!
 Let her be arbitress; she gave me voice
 Such as she only gives a woman child,
 Best of its kind; gave me ambition too,
 That sense transcendent which can taste the joy
 Of swaying multitudes, of being adored
 For such achievement, needed excellence,
 As man's best art must wait for, or be dumb.
 Men did not say, when I had sung last night,
 "'Twas good, nay, wonderful, considering
 She is a woman"—and then turn to add,
 "Tenor or baritone had sung her songs
 Better, of course: she's but a woman spoiled."
 I beg your pardon, Graf, you said it.

GRAF.

No!

How should I say it, Armgart? I, who own
 The magic of your nature-given art
 As sweetest effluence of your womanhood,
 Which, being to my choice the best, must find
 The best of utterance. But this I say:
 Your fervid youth beguiles you; you mistake
 A strain of lyric passion for a life
 Which in the spending is a chronicle
 With ugly pages. Trust me, Armgart, trust me;
 Ambition exquisite as yours, which soars
 Toward something quintessential you call fame,
 Is not robust enough for this gross world,
 Whose fame is dense with false and foolish breath,
 Ardor, a-twin with nice refining thought,
 Prepares a double pain. Pain had been saved,
 Nay, purer glory reached, had you been throned
 As woman only, holding all your art
 As attribute to that dear sovereignty—
 Concentrating your power in home delights
 Which penetrate and purify the world.

ARMGART.

What! leave the opera with my part ill-sung

While I was warbling in a drawing-room?
 Sing in the chimney-corner to inspire
 My husband reading news? Let the world hear
 My music only in his morning speech
 Less stammering than most honorable men's?
 No! tell me that my song is poor, my art
 The piteous feat of weakness aping strength—
 That were fit proem to your argument.
 Till then, I am an artist by my birth—
 By the same warrant that I am a woman:
 Nay, in the added rarer gift I see
 Supreme vocation: if a conflict comes,
 Perish—no, not the woman, but the joys
 Which men make narrow by their narrowness.
 Oh, I am happy! The great masters write
 For women's voices, and great Music wants me!
 I need not crush myself within a mould
 Of theory called Nature: I have room
 To breathe and grow unstunted.

GRAF.

Armgart, hear me.

I mean not that our talk should hurry on
 To such collision. Foresight of the ills
 Thick shadowing your path, drew on my speech
 Beyond intention. True, I came to ask
 A great renunciation, but not this
 Towards which my words at first perversely strayed,
 As if in memory of their earlier suit,
 Forgetful
 Armgart, do you remember, too? the suit
 Had but postponement, was not quite disdained—
 Was told to wait and learn—what it has learned—
 A more submissive speech.

ARMGART (*with some agitation*).

Then it forgot

Its lesson cruelly. As I remember,
 'Twas not to speak save to the artist crowned,
 Nor speak to her of casting off her crown.

GRAF.

Nor will it, Armgart. I came not to seek
 Any renunciation save the wife's,
 Which turns away from other possible love
 Future and worthier, to take his love
 Who asks the name of husband. He who sought
 Armgart obscure, and heard her answer, "Wait"—
 May come without suspicion now to seek
 Armgart applauded.

ARMGART (*turning towards him*).

Yes, without suspicion

Of aught save what consists with faithfulness
 In all expressed intent. Forgive me, Graf—
 I am ungrateful to no soul that loves me—
 To you most grateful. Yet the best intent
 Grasps but a living present which may grow
 Like any unfledged bird. You are a noble,
 And have a high career; just now you said
 'Twas higher far than aught a woman seeks
 Beyond mere womanhood. Yet claim to be
 More than a husband but could not rejoice
 That I were more than wife. What follows, then?
 You choosing me with such persistency
 As is but stretched-out rashness, soon must find
 Our marriage asks concessions, asks resolve
 To share renunciation or demand it.
 Either we both renounce a mutual ease,
 As in a nation's need both man and wife
 Do public services, or one of us
 Must yield that something else for which each lives
 Besides the other. Men are reasoners:
 That premiss of superior claims perforce
 Urges conclusion—"Armgart, it is you."

GRAF.

But if I say I have considered this
 With strict prevision, counted all the cost
 Which that great good of loving you demands—
 Questioned my stores of patience, half resolved
 To live resigned without a bliss whose threat

Touched you as well as me—and finally,
With impetus of undivided will
Returned to say, "You shall be free as now,
Only accept the refuge, shelter, guard,
My love will give you freedom,"—then your words
Are hard accusal.

ARMGART.

Well, I accuse myself.
My love would be accomplice of your will.

GRAF.

Again—my will?

ARMGART.

Oh, your unspoken will.
Your silent tolerance would torture me,
And on that rack I should deny the good
I yet believed in.

GRAF.

Then I am the man
Whom you would love?

ARMGART.

Whom I refuse to love!
No; I will live alone and pour my pain
With passion into music, where it turns
To what is best within my better self.
I will not take for a husband one who deems
The thing my soul acknowledges as good—
The thing I hold worth striving, suffering for,
To be a thing dispensed with easily,
Or else the idol of a mind infirm.

GRAF.

Armgar^t, you are ungenerous; you strain
My thought beyond its mark. Our difference
Lies not so deep as love—as union
Through a mysterious fitness that transcends
Formal agreement.

ARMGART.

ARMGART.

It lies deep enough
 To chafe the union. If many a man
 Refrains, degraded, from the utmost right,
 Because the pleadings of his wife's small fears
 Are little serpents biting at his heel,—
 How shall a woman keep her steadfastness
 Beneath a frost within her husband's eyes
 Where coldness scorches? Graf, it is your sorrow
 That you love Armgart. Nay, it is her sorrow
 That she may not love you.

GRAF.

Woman, it seems,
 Has enviable power to love or not,
 According to her will—

ARMGART.

She has the will—
 I have—who am one woman—not to take
 Disloyal pledges that divide her will—
 The man who marries me must wed my Art—
 Honor and cherish it, not tolerate.

GRAF.

The man is yet to come whose theory
 Will weigh as naught with you against his love.

ARMGART.

Whose theory will plead beside his love.

GRAF.

Himself a singer, then? who knows no life
 Out of the opera books, where tenor parts
 Are found to suit him?

ARMGART.

You are bitter, Graf.
 Forgive me; seek the woman you deserve,
 All grace, all goodness, who has not yet found

A meaning in her life, nor any end
Beyond fulfilling yours. The type abounds.

GRAF.

And happily, for the world.

ARMGART.

Yes, happily.

Let it excuse me that my kind is rare :
Commonness is its own security.

GRAF.

Armgart, I would with all my soul I knew
The man so rare that he could make your life
As woman sweet to you, as artist safe.

ARMGART.

Oh, I can live unmated, but not live
Without the bliss of singing to the world,
And feeling all my world respond to me.

GRAF.

May it be lasting. Then, we two must part ?

ARMGART.

I thank you from my heart for all. Farewell !

SCENE III.

A YEAR LATER.

*The same Salon. WALPURGA is standing looking towards
the window with an air of uneasiness.*

DOCTOR GRAHN.

DOCTOR.

Were is my patient, Fräulein ?

WALPURGA.

Fled! escaped

Gone to rehearsal. Is it dangerous?

DOCTOR.

No, no; her throat is cured. I only came
To hear her try her voice. Had she yet sung?

WALPURGA.

No; she had meant to wait for you. She said,
"The Doctor has a right to my first song."
Her gratitude was full of little plans,
But all were swept away like gathered flowers
By sudden storm. She saw this opera bill—
It was a wasp to sting her: she turned pale,
Snatched up her hat and mufflers, said in haste,
"I go to Leo—to rehearsal—none
Shall sing Fidelio to-night but me!"
Then rushed down stairs.

DOCTOR (*looking at his watch*).

And this, not long ago?

WALPURGA.

Barely an hour.

DOCTOR.

I will come again,
Returning from Charlottenburg at one.

WALPURGA.

Doctor, I feel a strange presentiment.
Are you quite easy?

DOCTOR.

She can take no harm.

'Twas time for her to sing: her throat is well.
It was a fierce attack, and dangerous;
I had to use strong remedies, but—well!
At one, dear Fräulein, we shall meet again.

SCENE IV.

TWO HOURS LATER.

WALPURGA *starts up, looking towards the door.* ARMGART *enters, followed by LEO.* *She throws herself on a chair which stands with its back towards the door, speechless, not seeming to see anything.* WALPURGA *casts a questioning terrified look at LEO.* *He shrugs his shoulders, and lifts up his hands behind ARMGART, who sits like a helpless image, while WALPURGA takes off her hat and mantle.*

WALPURGA.

Armgar, dear Armgar (*kneeling and taking her hands*),
 only speak to me,
 Your poor Walpurga. Oh, your hands are cold.
 Clasp mine, and warm them! I will kiss them warm.

(ARMGART *looks at her an instant, then draws away her hands, and, turning aside, buries her face against the back of the chair, WALPURGA rising and standing near.*)

(DOCTOR GRAHN *enters.*)

DOCTOR.

News! stirring news to-day! wonders come thick—

ARMGART (*starting up at the first sound of his voice, and speaking vehemently*).

Yes, thick, thick, thick! and you have murdered it!
 Murdered my voice—poisoned the soul in me,
 And kept me living.
 You never told me that your cruel cures
 Were clogging films—a mouldy, dead'ning blight—
 A lava-mud to crust and bury me,
 Yet hold me living in a deep, deep tomb,
 Crying unheard forever! Oh, your cures

Are devil's triumphs: you can rob, maim, slay,
 And keep a hell on the other side your cure
 Where you can see your victim quivering
 Between the teeth of torture—see a soul
 Made keen by loss—all anguish with a good
 Once known and gone! (*Turns and sinks back on her
 chair.*)

O misery, misery!
 You might have killed me, might have let me sleep
 After my happy day, and wake—not here!
 In some new unremembered world,—not here,
 Where all is faded, flat—a feast broke off—
 Banners all meaningless—exulting words
 Dull, dull—a drum that lingers in the air,
 Beating to melody which no man hears.

DOCTOR (*after a moment's silence*).

A sudden check has shaken you, poor child!
 All things seem livid, tottering to your sense.
 From inward tumult. Stricken by a threat,
 You see your terrors only. Tell me, Leo:
 'Tis not such utter loss.

(*LEO, with a shrug, goes quietly out.*)

The freshest bloom,
 Merely, has left the fruit; the fruit itself . . .

ARMGART.

Is ruined, withered, is a thing to hide
 Away from scorn or pity. Oh, you stand
 And look compassionate now, but when Death came
 With mercy in his hands, you hindered him.
 I did not choose to live and have your pity.
 You never told me, never gave me choice
 To die a singer, lightning-struck, unmaimed,
 Or live what you would make me with your cures—
 A self accursed with consciousness of change,
 A mind that lives in nought but members lopped,
 A power turned to pain—as meaningless
 As letters fallen asunder that once made

A Hymn of rapture. Oh, I had meaning once,
Like day and sweetest air. What am I now?
The millionth woman in superfluous herds.
Why should I be, do, think? 'Tis thistle-seed,
That grows and grows to feed the rubbish-heap,
Leave me alone!

DOCTOR.

Well, I will come again;
Send for me when you will, though but to rate me.
That is medicinal—a letting blood.

ARMGART.

Oh, there is one physician, only one,
Who cures and never spoils. Him I shall send for;
He comes readily.

DOCTOR (*to WALPURGA*).

One word, dear Fräulein.

SCENE V.

ARMGART, WALPURGA.

ARMGART.

Walpurga, have you walked this morning?

WALPURGA.

No.

ARMGART.

Go, then, and walk; I wish to be alone.

WALPURGA.

I will not leave you.

ARMGART.

Will not, at my wish?

WALPURGA.

Will not, because you wish it. Say no more,
But take this draught.

ARMGART.

The Doctor gave it you?

It is an anodyne. Put it away.

He cured me of my voice, and now he wants
To cure me of my vision and resolve—
Drug me to sleep that I may wake again
Without a purpose, abject as the rest
To bear the yoke of life. He shall not cheat me
Of that fresh strength which anguish gives the soul,
The inspiration of revolt, ere rage
Slackens to faltering. Now I see the truth.

WALPURGA (*setting down the glass*).

Then you must see a future in your reach,
With happiness enough to make a dower
For two of modest claims.

ARMGART.

Oh, you intone

That chant of consolation, wherewith ease
Makes itself easier in the sight of pain.

WALPURGA.

No; I would not console you, but rebuke.

ARMGART.

That is more bearable. Forgive me, dear.
Say what you will. But now I want to write.

(*She rises and moves towards a table*).

WALPURGA.

I say then, you are simply fevered, mad,
You cry aloud at horrors that would vanish
If you would change the light, throw into shade
The loss you aggrandize, and let day fall
On good remaining, nay on good refused

Which may be gain now. Did you not reject
A woman's lot more brilliant, as some held,
Than any singer's? It may still be yours.
Graf Dornberg loved you well.

ARMGART.

Not me, not me.

He loved one well who was like me in all
Save in a voice which made that All unlike
As diamond is to charcoal. Oh, a man's love!
Think you he loves a woman's inner self
Aching with loss of loveliness?—as mothers
Cleave to the palpitating pain that dwells
Within their misformed offspring?

WALPURGA.

But the Graf

Chose you as simple Armgart—had preferred
That you should never seek for any fame
But such as matrons have who rear great sons.
And therefore you rejected him; but now—

ARMGART.

Ay, now—now he would see me as I am,
(*She takes up a hand-mirror.*)

Russet and songless as a missel-thrush.
An ordinary girl—a plain brown girl,
Who, if some meaning flash from out her words,
Shocks as a disproportioned thing—a Will
That, like an arm astretch and broken off,
Has nought to hurl—the torso of a soul.
I sang him into love of me: my song
Was consecration, lifted me apart
From the crowd chiselled like me, sister forms,
But empty of divineness. Nay, my charm
Was half that I could win fame yet renounce!
A wife with glory possible absorbed
Into her husband's actual.

WALPURGA.

For shame!

Armgar, you slander him. What would you say

If now he came to you and asked again
That you would be his wife?

ARMGART.

No, and thrice no!

It would be pitying constancy, not love,
That brought him to me now. I will not be
A pensioner in marriage. Sacraments
Are not to feed the paupers of the world.
If he were generous—I am generous, too.

WALPURGA.

Proud, Armgart, but not generous.

ARMGART.

Say no more.

He will not know until—

WALPURGA.

He knows already.

ARMGART (*quickly*).

Is he come back?

WALPURGA.

Yes, and will soon be here.

The Doctor had twice seen him, and would go
From hence again to see him.

ARMGART.

Well, he knows.

It is all one.

WALPURGA.

What if he were outside?

I hear a footstep in the ante-room.

ARMGART (*raising herself and assuming calmness*).

Why let him come, of course. I shall behave
Like what I am, a common personage,

Who looks for nothing but civility.
I shall not play the fallen heroine,
Assume a tragic part and throw out cues
For a beseeching lover.

WALPURGA.

Some one raps.

(Goes to the door.)

A letter—from the Graf.

ARMGART.

Then open it.

(WALPURGA still offers it.)

Nay, my head swims. Read it. I cannot see.

(WALPURGA opens it, reads and pauses.)

Read it. Have done! No matter what it is.

(WALPURGA reads in a low, hesitating voice.)

"I am deeply moved—my heart is rent, to hear of your illness and its cruel result, just now communicated to me by Dr. Grahn. But surely it is possible that this result may not be permanent. For youth such as yours, Time may hold in store something more than resignation: who shall say that it does not hold renewal? I have not dared to ask admission to you in the hours of a recent shock, but I cannot depart on a long mission without tendering my sympathy and my farewell. I start this evening for the Caucasus, and thence I proceed to India, where I am intrusted by the Government with business, which may be of long duration."

(WALPURGA sits down dejectedly.)

ARMGART *(after a slight shudder, bitterly.)*

The Graf has much discretion. I am glad.

He spares us both a pain, not seeing me.

What I like least is that consoling hope—

That empty cup, so neatly ciphered "Time,"

Handed me as a cordial for despair.

(Slowly and dreamily) Time—what a word to fling as
charity!

Bland, neutral word for slow, dull-beating pain—

Days, months, and years!—If I would wait for them.

(She takes up her hat and puts it on, then wraps her mantle round her. WALPURGA leaves the room.)

Why, this is but beginning. (WALP. re-enters.) Kiss me, dear.

I am going now—alone—out—for a walk,
Say you will never wound me any more
With such cajolery as nurses use
To patients amorous of a crippled life.
Flatter the blind: I see.

WALPURGA.

Well, I was wrong.

In haste to soothe, I snatched at flickers merely.
Believe me, I will flatter you no more.

ARMGART.

Bear witness, I am calm. I read my lot
As soberly as if it were a tale
Writ by a creeping feuilletonist and called,
“The Woman’s Lot: a Tale of Everyday:”
A middling woman’s, to impress the world
With high superfluosness; her thoughts a crop
Of chick-weed, errors or of pot-herb facts,
Smiled at like some child’s drawing on a slate.
“Genteel?” “O yes, gives lessons; not so good
As any man’s would be, but cheaper far.”
“Pretty?” “No: yet she makes a figure fit
For good society. Poor thing, she sews
Both late and early, turns and alters all
To suit the changing mode. Some widower
Might do well, marrying her; but in these days!
Well, she can somewhat eke her narrow gains
By writing, just to furnish her with gloves
And droschkies in the rain. They print her things
Often for charity.”—Oh, a dog’s life!
A harnessed dog’s, that draws a little cart
Voted a nuisance! I am going now.

WALPURGA.

Not now, the door is locked.

ARMGART.

Give me the key !

WALPURGA.

Locked on the outside. Gretchen has the key :
She is gone on errands.

ARMGART.

What, you dare to keep me .

Your prisoner ?

WALPURGA.

And have I not been yours?

Your wish has been a bolt to keep me in.
Perhaps that middling woman whom you paint
With far-off scorn

ARMGART.

I paint what I must be.

What is my soul to me without the voice
That gave it freedom ?—gave it one grand touch,
And made it nobly human ?—Prisoned now,
Prisoned in all the petty mimicries
Called woman's knowledge, that will fit the world
As doll-clothes fit a man. I can do naught
Better than what a million women do—
Must drudge among the crowd and feel my life
Beating upon the world without response ;
Beating with passion through an insect's horn
That moves a millet-seed laboriously.
If I *would* do it !

WALPURGA (*coldly*).

And why should you not ?

ARMGART (*turning quickly*).

Because Heaven made me royal—wrought me out
With subtle finish towards pre-eminence,
Made every channel of my soul converge
To one high function, and then flung me down,
That breaking I might turn to subtlest pain.

An inborn passion gives a rebel's right:
 I would rebel and die in twenty worlds
 Sooner than bear the yoke of thwarted life.
 Each keenest sense turned into keen distaste,
 Hunger not satisfied but kept alive,
 Breathing in languor half a century.
 All the world now is but a rack of threads
 To twist and dwarf me into pettiness
 And basely feigned content the placid mask
 Of women's misery.

WALPURGA (*indignantly*).

Ay, such a mask

As the few born like you to easy joy,
 Cradled in privilege, take for natural
 On all the lowly faces that must look
 Upward to you ! What revelation now
 Shows you the mask or gives presentiment
 Of sadness hidden? You, who every day
 These five years saw me limp to wait on you,
 And thought the order perfect which gave *me*,
 The girl without pretension to be aught,
 A splendid cousin for my happiness:
 To watch the night through when her brain was fired
 With too much gladness—listen, always listen
 To what *she* felt, who having power had right
 To feel exorbitantly, and submerge
 The souls around her with the poured-out flood
 Of what must be ere she were satisfied!
 That was feigned patience, was it? Why not love,
 Love nurtured even with that strength of self
 Which found no room save in another's life?
 Oh, such as I know joy by negatives,
 And all their deepest passion is a pang
 Till they accept their pauper's heritage,
 And meekly live from out the general store
 Of joy they were born stripped of. I accept—
 Nay, now would sooner choose it than the wealth
 Of natures you call royal, who can live
 In mere mock knowledge of their fellows' woe,
 Thinking their smiles may heal it.

ARMGART (*tremulously*).

Nay, Walpurga,

I did not make a palace of my joy
To shut the world's truth from me. All my good
Was that I touched the world and made a part
In the world's dower of beauty, strength, and bliss;
It was the glimpse of consciousness divine
Which pours out day and sees the day is good.
Now I am fallen dark; I sit in gloom,
Remembering bitterly. Yet you speak truth;
I wearied you, it seems; took all your help
As cushioned nobles use a weary serf,
Not looking at his face.

WALPURGA.

Oh, I but stand

As a small symbol for the mighty sum
Of claims unpaid to needy myriads;
I think you never set your loss beside
That mighty deficit. Is your work gone—
The prouder queenly work that paid itself,
And yet was overpaid with men's applause?
Are you no longer chartered, privileged,
But sunk to simple woman's penury,
To ruthless Nature's chary average—
Where is the rebel's right for you alone?
Noble rebellion lifts a common load:
But what is he who flings his own load off
And leaves his fellows toiling? Rebel's right?
Say rather, the deserter's. Oh, you smiled
From your clear height on all the million lots
Which yet you brand as abject.

ARMGART.

I was blind

With too much happiness: true vision comes
Only, it seems, with sorrow. Were there one
This moment near me, suffering what I feel,
And needing me for comfort in her pang—
Then it were worth the while to live; not else.

WALPURGA.

One—near you—why, they throng! you hardly stir
 But your act touches them. We touch afar,
 For did not swarthy slaves of yesterday
 Leap in their bondage at the Hebrews' flight,
 Which touched them through the thrice millennial dark?
 But you can find the sufferer you need
 With touch less subtle.

ARMGART.

Who has need of me?

WALPURGA.

Love finds the need it fills. But you are hard.

ARMGART.

Is it not you, Walpurga, who are hard?
 You humored all my wishes till to-day,
 When fate has blighted me.

WALPURGA.

You would not hear

The "chant of consolation:" words of hope
 Only embittered you. Then hear the truth—
 A lame girl's truth, whom no one ever praised
 For being cheerful: "It is well," they said:
 "Were she cross-grained she could not be endured."
 A word of truth from her had startled you;
 But you—you claimed the universe; naught less
 Than all existence working in sure tracks
 Towards your supremacy. The wheels might scathe
 A myriad destinies—nay, must perforce;
 But yours they must keep clear of; just for you
 The seething atoms through the firmament
 Must bear a human heart—which you had not!
 For what is it to you that women, men,
 Plod, faint, are weary, and espouse despair
 Of aught but fellowship? Save that you spurn
 To be among them? Now, then, you are lame—
 Maimed, as you said, and levelled with the crowd:
 Call it new birth—birth from that monstrous Self,

Which, smiling down upon a race oppressed,
Says, "All is good, for I am throned at ease,"
Dear Armgart—nay, you tremble—I am cruel.

ARMGART.

O no! nark! Some one knocks. Come in!—come in!
(*Enter LEO.*)

LEO.

See, Gretchen let me in. I could not rest
Longer away from you.

ARMGART.

Sit down, dear Leo.
Walpurga, I would speak with him alone.
(*WALPURGA goes out.*)

LEO (*hesitatingly*).

You mean to walk?

ARMGART.

No, I shall stay within.
(*She takes off her hat and mantle, and sits down immediately.*
After a pause, speaking in a subdued tone to LEO.)
How old are you?

LEO.

Threescore and five.

ARMGART

That's old,
I never thought till now how you have lived.
They hardly ever play your music?

LEO (*raising his eyebrows and throwing out his lip*).

No!

Schubert, too, wrote for silence: half his work
Lay like a frozen Rhine till summers came
That warmed the grass above him. Even so!
His music lives now with a mighty youth.

ARMGART.

Do you think yours will live when you are dead?

LEO.

Pfui! The time was, I drank that home-brewed wine
And found it heady, while my blood was young.
Now it scarce warms me. Tipple it as I may,
I am sober still, and say: " My old friend Leo,
Much grain is wasted in the world and rots;
Why not thy handful? "

ARMGART.

Strange! since I have known you
Till now I never wondered how you lived.
When I sang well—that was your jubilee.
But you were old already.

LEO.

Yes, child, yes:

Youth thinks itself the goal of each old life;
Age has but travelled from a far-off time
Just to be ready for youth's service. Well!
It was my chief delight to perfect you.

ARMGART.

Good Leo! You have lived on little joys.
But your delight in me is crushed for ever
Your pains, where are they now? They shaped intent
Which action frustrates; shaped an inward sense
Which is but keen despair, the agony
Of highest vision in the lowest pit.

LEO.

Nay, nay, I have a thought: keep to the stage.
To drama without song; for you can act—
Who knows how well, when all the soul is poured
Into that sluice alone?

ARMGART.

I know, and you.

The second or third best in tragedies

That cease to touch the fibre of the time.
 No ; song is gone, but nature's other gift,
 Self-judgment, is not gone. Song was my speech,
 And with its impulse only, action came :
 Song was the battle's onset, when cool purpose
 Glows into rage, becomes a warring god
 And moves the limbs with miracle. But now—
 Oh, I should stand hemmed in with thoughts and rules—
 Say "This way passion acts," yet never feel
 The might of passion. How should I declaim ?
 As monsters write, with feet instead of hands.
 I will not feed on doing great tasks ill,
 Dull the world's sense with mediocrity,
 And live by trash that smothers excellence.
 One gift I had that ranked me with the best—
 The secret of my frame—and that is gone.
 For all life now I am a broken thing.
 But silence there! Good Leo, advise me now.
 I would take humble work and do it well—
 Teach music, singing—what I can—not here,
 But in some smaller town where I may bring
 The method you have taught me, pass your gift
 To others who can use it for delight.
 You think I can do that?
 (*She pauses with a sob in her voice.*)

LEO.

Yes, yes, dear child !
 And it were well, perhaps, to change the place—
 Begin afresh, as I did when I left
 Vienna with a heart half broken.

ARMGART (*roused by surprise*).

You ?

LEO.

Well, it is long ago. But I had lost—
 No matter ! We must bury our dead joys
 And live above them with a living world.
 But whither, think you, you would like to go ?

*ARMGART.**ARMGART.*

To Freiburg.

LEO.

In the Breisgau? And why there?
It is too small.

ARMGART.

Walpurga was born there,
And loves the place. She quitted it for me
These five years past. Now I will take her *there*.
Dear Leo, I will bury my dead joy.

LEO.

Mothers do so, bereaved; then learn to love
Another's living child.

ARMGART.

Oh, it is hard
To take the little corpse, and lay it low,
And say, "None misses it but me."
She sings . . .
I mean, Paulina sings *Fidelio*,
And they will welcome her to-night.

LEO.

Well, well,
'Tis better that our griefs should not spread far.
1870.

HOW LISA LOVED THE KING.

Six hundred years ago, in Dante's time,
Before his cheek was furrowed by deep rhyme—
When Europe, fed afresh from Eastern story,
Was like a garden tangled with the glory
Of flowers hand-planted and of flowers air-sown,
Climbing and trailing, budding and full-blown;
Where purple bells are tossed amid pink stars,
And springing blades, green troops in innocent wars,
Crowd every shady spot of teeming earth,
Making invisible motion visible birth—
Six hundred years ago, Palermo town
Kept holiday. A deed of great renown,
A high revenge, had freed it from the yoke
Of hated Frenchmen, and from Calpe's rock
To where the Bosphorus caught the earlier sun
'Twas told that Pedro, King of Aragon,
Was welcomed master of all Sicily:
A royal knight, supreme as kings should be
In strength and gentleness that make high chivalry.

Spain was the favorite home of knightly grace,
Where generous men rode steeds of generous race.
Both Spanish, yet half Arab, both inspired
By mutual spirit, that each motion fired
With beauteous response, like minstrelsy
Afresh fulfilling fresh expectancy.
So when Palermo made high festival,
The joy of matrons and of maidens all
Was the mock terror of the tournament;
Where safety, with the glimpse of danger blent,
Took exultation as from epic song,
Which greatly tells the pains that to great life belong.
And in all eyes King Pedro was the king
Of cavaliers: as in a full-gemmed ring
The largest ruby, or as that bright star

Whose shining shows us where the Hyads are.
 His the best jennet, and he sat it best;
 His weapon, whether tilting or in rest,
 Was worthiest watching, and his face once seen
 Gave to the promise of his royal mein
 Such rich fulfilment, as the opened eyes
 Of a loved sleeper, or the long-watched rise
 Of vernal day, whose joy o'er stream and meadow flies.

But of the maiden forms that thick enwreathed
 The broad piazza and sweet witchery breathed,
 With innocent faces budding all arow
 From balconies and windows high and low,
 Who was it felt the deep mysterious glow,
 The impregnation with supernal fire
 Of young ideal love—transformed desire,
 Whose passion is but worship of that Best
 Taught by the many-mingled creed of each young breast?
 'Twas gentle Lisa, of no noble line,
 'Child of Bernardo, a rich Florentine,
 Who from his merchant-city hither came
 To trade in drugs; yet kept an honest fame,
 And had the virtue not to try and sell
 Drugs that had none. He loved his riches well,
 But loved them chiefly for his Lisa's sake,
 Whom with a father's care he sought to make
 The bride of some true honorable man:—
 Of Perdicone (so the rumor ran),
 Whose birth was higher than his fortunes were;
 For still your trader likes a mixture fair
 Of blood that hurries to some higher strain
 Than reckoning money's loss and money's gain.
 And of such mixture good may surely come;
 Lords' scions so may learn to cast a sum,
 A trader's grandson bear a well-set head,
 And have less conscious manners, better bred,
 Nor, when he tries to be polite, to be rude instead.

'Twas Perdicone's friends made overtures
 To good Bernardo; so one dame assures
 Her neighbor dame, who notices the youth
 Fixing his eyes on Lisa; and in truth

Eyes that could see her on this summer day
Might find it hard to turn another way.
She had a pensive beauty, yet not sad;
Rather, like minor cadences that glad
The hearts of little birds amid spring boughs;
And oft the trumpet or the joust would rouse
Pulses that gave her cheek a finer glow,
Parting her lips that seemed a mimic bow
By chiselling Love for play in coral wrought,
Then quickened by him with the passionate thought,
The soul that trembled in the lustrous night
Of slow, long eyes. Her body was so slight,
It seemed she could have floated in the sky,
And with the angelic choir made symphony;
But in her cheek's rich tinge, and in the dark
Of darkest hair and eyes, she bore a mark
Of kinship to her generous mother earth,
The fervid land that gives the plummy palm-trees birth.
She saw not Perdicone; her young mind
Dreamed not that any man had ever pined
For such a little simple maid as she:
She had but dreamed how heavenly it would be
To love some hero, noble, beauteous, great,
Who would live stories worthy to narrate,
Like Roland, or the warriors of Troy,
The Cid, or Amodis, or that fair boy
Who conquered everything beneath the sun,
And somehow, sometime, died at Babylon,
Fighting the Moors. For heroes all were good
And fair as that archangel who withstood
The Evil One, the author of all wrong—
That Evil One who made the French so strong;
And now the flower of heroes must be he
Who drove those tyrants from dear Sicily,
So that her maids might walk to vespers tranquilly.

Young Lisa saw this hero in the king,
And as wood-lilies that sweet odors bring
Might dream the light that opes their modest eyne
Was lily-odored,—and as rites divine,
Round turf-laid altars, or 'neath roofs of stone,
Draw sanctity from out the heart alone

That loves and worships, so the miniature
Perplexed of her soul's world, all virgin pure,
Filled with heroic virtues that bright form,
Raona's royalty, the finished norm
Of horsemanship—the half of chivalry :
For how could generous men avengers be,
Save as God's messengers on coursers fleet?—
These, scouring earth, made Spain with Syria meet
In one self world where the same right had sway,
And good must grow as grew the blessed day,
No more ; great Love his essence had endued
With Pedro's form, and entering, subdued
The soul of Lisa, fervid and intense,
Proud in its choice of proud obedience
To hardship glorified by perfect reverence.

Sweet Lisa homeward carried that dire guest,
And in her chamber through the hours of rest
The darkness was alight for her with sheen
Of arms, and plumèd helm, and bright between
Their commoner gloss, like the pure living spring .
'Twixt porphyry lips, or living bird's bright wing
'Twixt golden wires, the glances of the king
Flashed on her soul, and waked vibrations there
Of known delights love-mixed to new and rare :
The impalpable dream was turned to breathing flesh
Chill thought of summer to the warm close mesh
Of sunbeams held between the citron leaves,
Clothing her life of life. Oh, she believes
That she could be content if he but knew
(Her poor small self could claim no other due,)
How Lisa's lowly love had highest reach
Of wingèd passion, whereto wingèd speech
Would be scorched remnants left by mounting flame.
Though, had she such lame message, were it blame
To tell what greatness dwelt in her, what rank
She held in loving? Modest maidens shrank
From telling love that fed on selfish hope ;
But love as hopeless as the shattering song
Wailed for loved beings who have joined the throng
Of mighty dead ones. . . . Nay, but she was weak-
Knew only prayers and ballads—could not speak

With eloquence save what dumb creatures have,
That with small cries and touches small boons crave.

She watched all day that she might see him pass
With knights and ladies, but she said, "Alas!
Though he should see me, it were all as one
He saw a pigeon sitting on the stone
Of wall or balcony: some colored spot
His eye just sees, his mind regardeth not.
I have no music-touch that could bring nigh
My love to his soul's hearing. I shall die,
And he will never know who Lisa was—
The trader's child, whose soaring spirit rose
As hedge-born aloe-flowers that rarest years disclose.

"For were I now a fair deep-breasted queen
A-horseback, with blonde hair, and tunic green
Gold-bordered like Costanza, I should need
No change within to make me queenly there;
For they the royal-hearted women are
Who nobly love the noblest, yet have grace
For needy suffering lives in lowliest place,
Carrying a choicer sunlight in their smile,
The heavenliest ray that pitieth the vile.
My love is such, it cannot choose but soar
Up to the highest; yet for evermore,
Though I were happy, throned beside the king,
I should be tender to each little thing
With hurt warm breast, that had no speech to tell
Its inward pang, and I would sooth it well
With tender touch and with a low soft moan
For company: my dumb love-pang is lone,
Prisoned as topaz-beam within a rough-garbed stone."

So, inward-wailing, Lisa passed her days.
Each night the August moon with changing phase
Looked broader, harder on her unchanged pain;
Each noon the heat lay heavier again
On her despair; until her body frail
Shrank like the snow that watchers in the vale
See narrowed on the height each summer morn:
While her dark glance burnt larger, more forlorn,

As if the soul within her all on fire
Made of her being one swift funeral pyre.
Father and mother saw with sad dismay
The meaning of their riches melt away :
For without Lisa what would sequins buy ?
What wish were left if Lisa were to die ?
Through her they cared for summers still to come,
Else they would be as ghosts without a home
In any flesh that could feel glad desire.
They pay the best physicians, never tire
Of seeking what will soothe her, promising
That aught she longed for, though it were a thing
Hard to be come at as the Indian snow,
Or roses that on alpine summits blow—
It should be hers. She answers with low voice,
She longs for death alone—death is her choice ;
Death is the King who never did think scorn,
But rescues every meanest soul to sorrow born.

Yet one day, as they bent above her bed
And watched her in brief sleep, her drooping head
Turned gently, as the thirsty flowers that feel
Some moist revival through their petals steal,
And little flutterings of her lids and lips
Told of such dreamy joy as sometimes dips
A skyey shadow in the mind's poor pool.
She oped her eyes, and turned their dark gems full
Upon her father, as in utterance dumb
Of some new prayer that in her sleep had come.
"What is it, Lisa ?" "Father, I would see
Minuccio, the great singer ; bring him me."
For always, night and day, her unstilled thought,
Wandering all o'er its little world, had sought
How she could reach, by some soft pleading touch,
King Pedro's soul, that she who loved so much
Dying, might have a place within his mind—
A little grave which he would sometimes find
And plant some flower on it—some thought some memory
kind.

Till in her dream she saw Minuccio
Touching his viola, and chanting low
A strain that, falling on her brokenly,

Seemed blossoms lightly blown from off a tree,
Each burthened with a word that was a scent—
Raona, Lisa, love, death, tournament;
Then in her dream she said, "He sings of me—
Might be my messenger; ah, now I see
The king is listening———" Then she awoke,
And, missing her dear dream, that new-born longing spoke

She longed for music: that was natural;
Physicians said it was medicinal;
The humors might be schooled by true consent
Of a fine tenor and fine instrument;
In brief, good music, mixed with doctor's stuff—
Apollo with Asklepios—enough!
Minuccio, entreated, gladly came.
(He was a singer of most gentle fame—
A noble, kindly spirit, not elate
That he was famous, but that song was great—
Would sing as finely to this suffering child
As at the court where princes on him smiled.)
Gently he entered and sat down by her,
Asking what sort of strain she would prefer—
The voice alone, or voice with viol wed;
Then, when she chose the last, he preluded
With magic hand, that summoned from the strings
Aerial spirits, rare yet vibrant wings
That fanned the pulses of his listener,
And waked each sleeping sense with blissful stir.
Her cheek already showed a slow faint blush,
But soon the voice, in pure full liquid rush,
Made all the passion, that till now she felt,
Seem but cool waters that in warmer melt.
Finished the song, she prayed to be alone
With kind Minuccio; for her faith had grown
To trust him as if missioned like a priest
With some high grace, that when his singing ceased
Still made him wiser, more magnanimous
Than common men who had no genius.

So laying her small hand within his palm,
She told him how that secret glorious harm
Of loftiest loving had befallen her;

That death, her only hope, most bitter were,
 If when she died her love must perish, too,
 As songs unsung and thoughts unspoken do,
 Which else might live within another breast.
 She said, "Minuccio, the grave were rest,
 If I were sure, that lying cold and lone,
 My love, my best of life, had safely flown
 And nestled in the bosom of the king;
 See, 'tis a small weak bird, with unfledged wing.
 But you will carry it for me secretly,
 And bear it to the king, then come to me
 And tell me it is safe, and I shall go
 Content, knowing that he I love my love doth know.
 Then she wept silently, but each large tear
 Made pleading music to the inward ear
 Of good Minuccio. "Lisa, trust in me,"
 He said, and kissed her fingers loyally;
 "It is sweet law to me to do your will,
 And ere the sun his round shall thrice fulfil,
 I hope to bring you news of such rare skill
 As amulets have, that aches in trusting bosoms still."
 He needed not to pause and first devise
 How he should tell the king; for in nowise
 Were such love-message worthily bested
 Save in fine verse by music rendered.
 He sought a poet-friend, a Siennese,
 And "Mico, mine," he said, "full oft to please
 Thy whim of sadness I have sung thee strains
 To make thee weep in verse: now pay my pains,
 And write me a canzòn, divinely sad,
 Sinlessly passionate and meekly mad
 With young despair, speaking a maiden's heart
 Of fifteen summers, who would fain depart
 From ripening life's new-urgent mystery—
 Love-choice of one too high her love to be—
 But cannot yield her breath till she has poured
 Her strength away in this hot-bleeding word,
 Telling the secret of her soul to her soul's lord."

Said Mico, "Nay, that thought is poesy,
 I need but listen as it sings to me.
 Come thou again to-morrow." The third day,

When linkéd notes had perfected the lay,
 Minuccio had his summons to the court,
 To make, as he was wont, the moments short
 Of ceremonious dinner to the king.
 This was the time when he had meant to bring
 Melodious message of young Lisa's love:
 He waited till the air had ceased to move
 To ringing silver, till Falernian wine
 Made quickened sense with quietude combine,
 And then with passionate descant made each ear incline.

*Love, thou didst see me, light as morning's breath,
 Roaming a garden in a joyous error,
 Laughing at chases vain, a happy child,
 Till of thy countenance the alluring terror
 In majesty from out the blossoms smiled,
 From out their life seeming a beauteous Death.*

*O Love, who so didst choose me for thine own,
 Taking this little isle to thy great sway,
 See now, it is the honor of thy throne
 That what thou gavest perish not away,
 Nor leave some sweet remembrance to atone
 By life that will be for the brief life gone:
 Hear, ere the shroud o'er these frail limbs be thrown,
 Since every king is vassal unto thee,
 My heart's lord needs must listen loyally—
 Oh, tell him I am waiting for my Death!*

*Tell him, for that he hath such royal power
 'Twere hard for him to think how small a thing,
 How slight a sign, would make a wealthy dower
 For one like me, the bride of that pale king
 Whose bed is mine at some swift-nearing hour.
 Go to my lord, and to his memory bring
 That happy birthday of my sorrowing,
 When his large glance made meaner gazers glad,
 Entering the bannered lists: 'twas then I had
 The wound that laid me in the arms of Death.*

*Tell him, O Love, I am a lowly maid,
 No more than any little knot of thyme*

*That he with careless foot may often tread ;
 Yet lowest fragrance oft will mount sublime
 And cleave to things most high and hallowed,
 As doth the fragrance of my life's springtime ;
 My lowly love, that soaring seeks to climb
 Within his thought, and make a gentle bliss,
 More blissful than if mine, in being his :
 So shall I live in him and rest in Death.*

The strain was new. It seemed a pleading cry,
 And yet a rounded perfect melody,
 Making grief beauteous as the tear-filled eyes
 Of little child at little miseries.
 Trembling at first, then swelling as it rose,
 Like rising light that broad and broader grows,
 It filled the hall, and so possessed the air
 That not one breathing soul was present there,
 Though dullest, slowest, but was quivering
 In music's grasp, and forced to hear her sing.
 But most such sweet compulsion took the mood
 Of Pedro (tired of doing what he would).
 Whether the words which that strange meaning bore
 Were but the poet's feigning or aught more,
 Was bounden question, since their aim must be
 At some imagined or true royalty.
 He called Minuccio, and bade him tell
 What poet of the day had writ so well ;
 For though they came behind all former rhymes,
 The verses were not bad for these poor times.
 "Monsignor, they are only three days old,"
 Minuccio said ; "but it must not be told
 How this song grew, save to your royal ear."
 Eager, the king withdrew where none was near,
 And gave close audience to Minuccio,
 Who meetly told that love-tale meet to know.
 The king had features pliant to confess
 The presence of a manly tenderness—
 Son, father, brother, lover, blent in one,
 In fine harmonic exaltation—
 The spirit of religious chivalry.
 He listened, and Minuccio could see
 The tender, generous admiration spread

O'er all his face, and glorify his head
 With royalty that would have kept its rank
 Though his brocaded robes to tatters shrank.
 He answered without pause, "So sweet a maid,
 In nature's own insignia arrayed.
 Though she were come of unmixed trading blood
 That sold and bartered ever since the Flood,
 Would have the self-contained and single worth
 Of radiant jewels born in darksome earth.
 Raona were a shame to Sicily,
 Letting such love and tears unhonored be :
 Hasten, Minuccio, tell her that the king
 To-day will surely visit her when vespers ring."

Joyful, Minuccio bore the joyous word,
 And told at full, while none but Lisa heard,
 How each thing had befallen, sang the song
 And like a patient nurse who would prolong
 All means of soothing, dwelt upon each tone,
 Each look, with which the mighty Aragon
 Marked the high worth his royal heart assigned
 To that dear place he held in Lisa's mind.
 She listened till the draughts of pure content
 Through all her limbs like some new being went—
 Life, not recovered, but untried before,
 From out the growing world's unmeasured store
 Of fuller, better, more divinely mixed,
 'Twas glad reverse : she had so firmly fixed
 To die, already seemed to fall a veil
 Shrouding the inner glow from light of senses pale.

Her parents wondering see her half arise—
 Wondering, rejoicing, see her long, dark eyes
 Brimful with clearness, not of 'scaping tears,
 But of some light ethereal that enspheres
 Their orbs with calm, some vision newly learnt
 Where strangest fires erewhile had blindly burnt.
 She asked to have her soft, white robe and band,
 And coral ornaments, and with her hand
 She gave her locks' dark length a backward fall,
 Then looked intently in a mirror small,
 And feared her face might perhaps displease the king ;

"In truth," she said, "I am a tiny thing ;
I was too bold to tell what could such visit bring."
Meanwhile the king, revolving in his thought
That virgin passion, was more deeply wrought
To chivalrous pity ; and at vesper bell,
With careless mien, which hid his purpose well,
Went forth on horseback, and as if by chance
Passing Bernardo's house, he paused to glance
At the fine garden of this wealthy man,
This Tuscan trader turned Palermitan :
But, presently dismounting, chose to walk
Amid the trellises, in gracious talk
With this same trader, deigning even to ask
If he had yet fulfilled the father's task
Of marrying that daughter, whose young charms
Himself, betwixt the passages of arms,
Noted admiringly. "Monsignor, no,
She is not married ; that were little woe,
Since she has counted barely fifteen years ;
But all such hopes of late have turned to fears ;
She droops and fades ; though for a space quite brief—
Scarce three hours past—she finds some strange relief."
The king advised : "'Twere dole to all of us,
The world should lose a maid so beauteous ;
Let me now see her ; since I am her liege lord,
Her spirits must wage war with death at my strong word."
In such half-serious playfulness, he wends,
With Lisa's father and two chosen friends,
Up to the chamber where she pillowed sits
Watching the open door, that now admits
A presence as much better than her dreams,
As happiness than any longing seems.
The king advanced, and, with a reverent kiss
Upon her hand, said, "Lady, what is this ?
You, whose sweet youth should others' solace be,
Pierce all our hearts, languishing piteously.
We pray you, for the love of us, be cheered,
Nor be too reckless of that life, endeared
To us who know your passing worthiness,
And count your blooming life as part of our life's bliss."
Those words, that touch upon her hand from him
Whom her soul worshipped, as far seraphim

Worship the distant glory, brought some shame
 Quivering upon her cheek, yet thrilled her frame
 With such deep joy she seemed in paradise,
 In wondering gladness, and in dumb surprise
 That bliss could be so blissful: then she spoke—
 “Signor, I was too weak to bear the yoke,
 The golden yoke of thoughts too great for me.
 That was the ground of my infirmity.
 But now, I pray your grace to have belief
 That I shall soon be well, nor any more cause grief.”

The king alone perceived the covert sense
 Of all her words, which made one evidence
 With her pure voice and candid loveliness
 That he had lost much honor, honoring less
 That message of her passionate distress.
 He stayed beside her for a little while
 With gentle looks and speech, until a smile
 As placid as a ray of early morn
 On opening flower-cups o'er her lips was borne.
 When he had left her, and the tidings spread
 Through all the town how he had visited
 The Tuscan trader's daughter, who was sick,
 Men said, it was a royal deed and catholic.

And Lisa? she no longer wished for death;
 But as a poet, who sweet verses saith
 Within his soul, and joys in music there,
 Nor seeks another heaven, nor can bear
 Disturbing pleasures, so was she content,
 Breathing the life of grateful sentiment,
 She thought no maid betrothed could be more blest;
 For treasure must be valued by the test
 Of highest excellence and rarity,
 And her dear joy was best as best could be;
 There seemed no other crown to her delight
 Now the high loved one saw her love aright.
 Thus her soul, thriving on that exquisite mood,
 Spread like the May-time all its beauteous good
 O'er the soft bloom of neck, and arms, and cheek,
 And strengthened the sweet body, once so weak,
 Until she rose and walked, and, like a bird

With sweetly rippling throat, she made her spring joys heard.

The king, when he the happy change had seen,
Trusted the ear of Constance, his fair queen,
With Lisa's innocent secret, and conferred
How they should jointly, by their deed and word,
Honor this maiden's love, which, like the prayer
Of loyal hermits, never thought to share
In what it gave. The queen had that chief grace
Of womannood, a heart that can embrace
All goodness in another woman's form;
And that same day, ere the sun lay too warm,
On southern terraces, a messenger
Informed Bernardo that the royal pair
Would straightway visit him and celebrate
Their gladness at his daughter's happier state,
Which they were fain to see. Soon came the king
On horseback, with his barons, heralding
The advent of the queen in courtly state;
And all, descending at the garden gate,
Streamed with their feathers, velvet, and brocade,
Through the bleached alleys, till they, pausing, made
A lake of splendor 'mid the aloes gray—
When, meekly facing all their proud array,
The white-robed Lisa with her parents stood,
As some white dove before the gorgeous brood
Of dapple-oreasted birds born by the Colchian flood.

The king and queen, by gracious looks and speech,
Encourage her, and thus their courtiers teach
How this fair morning they may courtliest be
By making Lisa pass it happily.
And soon the ladies and the barons all
Draw her by turns, as at a festival
Made for her sake, to easy, gay discourse,
And compliment with looks and smiles enforce;
A joyous hum is heard the gardens round;
Soon there is Spanish dancing, and the sound
Of minstrel's song, and autumn fruits are pluckt;
Till mindfully the king and queen conduct
Lisa apart to where a trellised shade
Made pleasant resting. Then King Pedro said—

"Excellent maiden, that rich gift of love
Your heart hath made us, hath a worth above
All royal treasures, nor is fitly met
Save when the grateful memory of deep debt
Lies still behind the outward honors done
And, as a sign that no oblivion
Shall overflow that faithful memory,
We while we live your cavalier will be,
Nor will we ever arm ourselves for fight,
Whether for struggle dire or brief delight
Of warlike feigning, but we first will take
The colors you ordain, and for your sake
Charge the more bravely where your emblem is;
Nor will we ever claim an added bliss
To our sweet thoughts of you save one sole kiss.
But there still rests the outward honor meet
To mark your worthiness, and we entreat
That you will turn your ear to proffered vows
Of one who loves you, and would be your spouse,
We must not wrong yourself and Sicily
By letting all your blooming years pass by
Unmated: you will give the world its due
From beauteous maiden and become a matron true."

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Then Lisa, wrapt in virgin wonderment
At her ambitious love's complete content,
Which left no further good for her to seek
Than love's obedience, said with accent meek—
"Monsignor, I know well that were it known
To all the world how high my love had flown,
There would be few who would not deem me mad,
Or say my mind the falsest image had
Of my condition and your lofty place.
But heaven has seen that for no moment's space
Have I forgotten you to be the king,
Or me myself to be a lowly thing—
A little lark, enamoured of the sky,
That soared to sing, to break its breast, and die.
But, as you better know than I, the heart
In choosing chooseth not its own desert,
But that great merit which attracteth it;
'Tis law, I struggled, but I must submit,

And having seen a worth all worth above,
I loved you, love you, and shall always love.
But that doth mean, my will is ever yours,
Not only when your will my good insures,
But if it wrought me what the world calls harm—
Fire, wounds, would wear from your dear will a charm.
That you will be my knight is full content,
And for that kiss—I pray first for the queen's consent.

Her answer, given with such firm gentleness,
Pleased the queen well, and made her hold no less
Of Lisa's merit than the king had held.
And so, all cloudy threats of grief dispelled,
There was betrothal made that very morn
'Twixt Perdicone, youthful, brave, well-born,
And Lisa, whom he loved; she loving well
The lot that from obedience befell.
The queen a rare betrothal ring on each
Bestowed, and other gems, with gracious speech.
And that no joy might lack, the king, who knew
The youth was poor, gave him rich Ceffalù
And Cataletta, large and fruitful lands—
Adding much promise when he joined their hands.
At last he said to Lisa, with an air
Gallant yet noble: "Now we claim our share
From your sweet love, a share which is not small;
For in the sacrament one crumb is all."
Then taking her small face his hands between,
He kissed her on the brow with kiss serene,
Fit seal to that pure vision her young soul had seen.
Sicilians witnessed that King Pedro kept
His royal promise: Perdicone stept
To many honors honorably won,
Living with Lisa in true union.
Throughout his life the king still took delight
To call himself fair Lisa's faithful knight;
And never wore in field or tournament
A scarf or emblem save by Lisa sent.

Such deeds made subjects loyal in that land:
They joyed that one so worthy to command,
So chivalrous and gentle, had become

The king of Sicily, and filled the room
Of Frenchmen, who abused the Church's trust,
Till, in a righteous vengeance on their lust,
Messina rose, with God, and with the dagger's thrust.

L'ENVOI.

*Reader, this story pleased me long ago
In the bright pages of Boccaccio,
And where the author of a good we know,
Let us not fail to pay the grateful thanks we owe*

1869

A MINOR PROPHET.

I HAVE a friend, a vegetarian seer,
By name Elias Baptist Butterworth,
A harmless, bland, disinterested man,
Whose ancestors in Cromwell's day believed
The Second Advent certain in five years,
But when King Charles the Second came instead
Revised their date and sought another world:
I mean—not heaven, but—America.
A fervid stock, whose generous hope embraced
The fortunes of mankind, not stopping short
At rise of leather, or the fall of gold,
Nor listening to the voices of the time
As housewives listen to a cackling hen,
With wonder whether she has laid her egg
On their own nest-egg Still they did insist
Somewhat too wearisomely on the joys
Of their Millennium, when coats and hats
Would all be of one pattern, books and songs
All fit for Sundays, and the casual talk
As good as sermons preached extempore.

And in Elias the ancestral zeal
Breathes strong as ever, only modified
By Transatlantic air and modern thought.
You could not pass him in the street, and fail
To note his shoulders' long declivity.
Beard to the waist, swan-neck, and large, pale eyes;
Or, when he lifts his hat, to mark his hair
Brushed back to show his great capacity—
A full grain's length at the angle of the brow
Proving him witty, while the shallower men
Only seem witty in their repartees.
Not that he's vain, but that his doctrine needs
The testimony of his frontal lobe.

On all points he adopts the latest views;
Takes for the key of univereal Mind
The "levitation" of stout gentlemen ;
Believes the Rappings are not spirits' work,
But the Thought-atmosphere's, a steam of brains
In correlated force of raps, as proved
By motion, heat, and science generally;
The Spectrum, for example, which has shown
The self-same metals in the sun as here;
So the Thought-atmosphere is everywhere.
High truths that glimmered under other names
To ancient sages, whence good scholarship
Applied to Eleusinian mysteries—
The Vedas—Tripitaka—Vendidad—
Might furnish weaker proof for weaker minds
That Thought was rapping in the hoary past,
And might have edified the Greeks by raps
At the greater Dionysia, if their ears
Had not been filled with Sophoclean verse.
And when all Earth is vegetarian—
When, lacking butchers, quadrupeds die out,
And less Thought-atmosphere is re-absorbed
By nerves of insects parasitical,
Those higher truths, seized now by higher minds
But not expressed (the insects hindering),
Will either flash out into eloquence,
Or, better still, be comprehensible
By rappings simply, without need of roots.

'Tis on this theme—the vegetarian world—
That good Elias willingly expands:
He loves to tell in mildly nasal tones,
And vowels stretched to suit the widest views,
The future fortunes of our infant Earth—
When it will be too full of human kind
To have the room for wilder animals.
Saith he, Sahara will be populous
With families of gentlemen retired
From commerce in more Central Africa,
Who order coolness as we order coal,
And have a lobe anterior strong enough
To think away the sand-storms. Science thus

Will leave no spot on this terraqueous globe
Unfit to be inhabited by man,
The chief of animals: all meaner brutes
Will have been smoked and elbowed out of life.
No lions then shall lap Caffrarian pools,
Or shake the Atlas with their midnight roar:
Even the slow, slime-loving crocodile,
The last of animals to take a hint,
Will then retire forever from a scene
Where public feeling strongly sets against him.
Fishes may lead carnivorous lives obscure,
But must not dream of culinary rank,
Or being dished in good society.
Imagination in that distant age,
Aiming at fiction called historical,
Will vainly try to reconstruct the times
When it was men's preposterous delight
To sit astride live horses, which consumed
Materials for incalculable cakes;
When there were milkmaids who drew milk from cows
With udders kept abnormal for that end.
Since the rude mythopœic period
Of Aryan dairymen, who did not blush
To call their milkmaid and their daughter one—
Helplessly gazing at the Milky Way,
Nor dreaming of the astrial cocoa-nuts
Quite at the service of posterity.
'Tis to be feared, though, that the duller boys,
Much given to anachronisms and nuts,
(Elias has confessed boys will be boys)
May write a jockey for a centaur, think
Europa's suitor was an Irish bull,
Æsop a journalist who wrote up Fox,
And Bruin a chief swindler upon 'Change.
Boys will be boys, but dogs will all be moral,
With longer alimentary canals
Suited to diet vegetarian.
The uglier breeds will fade from memory,
Or, being palæontological,
Live but as portraits in large learned books,
Distasteful to the feelings of an age
Nourished on purest beauty. Earth will hold

No stupid brutes, no cheerful queernesses,
 No naïve cunning, grave absurdity.
 Wart-pigs with tender and parental grunts,
 Wombats much flattened as to their contour,
 Perhaps from too much crushing in the ark,
 But taking meekly that fatality;
 The serious cranes, unstung by ridicule;
 Long-headed, short-legged, solemn-looking curs,
 (Wise, silent critics of a flippant age);
 The silly straddling foals, the weak-brained geese
 Hissing fallaciously at sound of wheels—
 All these rude products will have disappeared
 Along with every faulty human type.
 By dint of diet vegetarian
 All will be harmony of hue and line,
 Bodies and minds all perfect, limbs well-turned,
 And talk quite free from aught erroneous.

Thus far Elias in his seer's mantle:
 But at this climax in his prophecy
 My sinking spirits, fearing to be swamped,
 Urge me to speak. "High prospects these, my friend
 Setting the weak carnivorous brain astretch;
 We will resume the thread another day."
 "To-morrow," cries Elias, "at this hour?"
 "No, not to-morrow—I shall have a cold—
 At least I feel some soreness—this endemic—

Good by."

No tears are sadder than the smile
 With which I quit Elias. Bitterly
 I feel that every change upon this earth
 Is bought with sacrifice. My yearnings fail
 To reach that high apocalyptic mount
 Which shows in bird's-eye view a perfect world,
 Or enter warmly into other joys
 Than those of faulty, struggling human kind.
 That strain upon my soul's too feeble wing
 Ends in ignoble floundering: I fall
 Into short-sighted pity for the men
 Who, living in those perfect future times,
 Will not know half the dear imperfect things

That move my smiles and tears—will never know
The fine old incongruities that raise
My friendly laugh; the innocent conceits,
That like a needless eyeglass or black patch,
Give those who wear them harmless happiness;
The twists and cracks in our poor earthenware,
That touch me to more conscious fellowship
(I am not myself the finest Parian)
With my coevals. So poor Colin Clout,
To whom raw onion gives prospective zest,
Consoling hours of dampest wintry work,
Could hardly fancy any regal joys
Quite unimpregnate with the onion's scent:
Perhaps his highest hopes are not all clear
Of waftings from that energetic bulb:
'Tis well that onion is not heresy.
Speaking in parable, I am Colin Clout.
A clinging flavor penetrates my life—
My onion is imperfectness: I cleave
To nature's blunders, evanescent types
Which sages banish from Utopia.
"Not worship beauty?" say you. Patience, friend
I worship in the temple with the rest;
But by my hearth I keep a sacred nook
For gnomes and dwarfs, duck-footed waddling elves
Who stitched and hammered for the weary man
In days of old. And in that piety
I clothe ungainly forms inherited
From toiling generations, daily bent
At desk, or plough, or loom, or in the mine,
In pioneering labors for the world.
Nay, I am apt when floundering confused
From too rash flight, to grasp at paradox,
And pity future men who will not know
A keen experience with pity blent,
The pathos exquisite of lovely minds
Hid in harsh forms—not penetrating them
Like fire divine within a common bush
Which glows transfigured by the heavenly guest,
So that men put their shoes off; but encaged
Like a sweet child within some thick-walled cell.
Who leaps and fails to hold the window-bars,

But having shown a little dimpled hand
Is visited thenceforth by tender hearts
Whose eyes keep watch about the prison walls.
A foolish, nay, a wicked paradox!
For purest pity is the eye of love
Melting at sight of sorrow; and to grieve
Because it sees no sorrow, shows a love
Warped from its truer nature, turned to love
Of merest habit, like the miser's greed.
But I am Colin still: my prejudice
Is for the flavor of my daily food.
Not that I doubt the world is growing still
As once it grew from Chaos and from Night;
Or have a soul too shrunken for the hope
Which dawned in human breasts, a double morn,
With earliest watchings of the rising light
Chasing the darkness; and through many an age
Has raised the vision of a future time
That stands an Angel with a face all mild
Spearing the demon. I, too, rest in faith
That man's perfection is the crowning flower,
Toward which the urgent sap in life's great tree
Is pressing,—seen in puny blossoms now,
But in the world's great morrows to expand
With broadest petal and with deepest glow.

Yet, see the patched and plodding citizen
Waiting upon the pavement with the throng
While some victorious world hero makes
Triumphal entry, and the peal of shouts
And flash of faces 'neath uplifted hats
Run like a storm of joy along the streets!
He says, "God bless him!" almost with a sob,
As the great hero passes; he is glad
The world holds mighty men and mighty deeds
The music stirs his pulses like strong wine,
The moving splendor touches him with awe—
'Tis glory shed around the common weal,
And he will pay his tribute willingly,
Though with the pennies earned by sordid toil.
Perhaps the hero's deeds have helped to bring
A time when every honest citizen

Shall wear a coat unpatched. And yet he feels
More easy fellowship with neighbors there
Who look on too; and he will soon relapse
From noticing the banners and the steeds
To think with pleasure there is just one bun
Left in his pocket, that may serve to tempt
The wide-eyed lad, whose weight is all too much
For that young mother's arms: and then he falls
To dreamy picturing of sunny days
When he himself was a small, big-cheeked lad
In some far village where no heroes came,
And stood a listener 'twixt his father's legs
In the warm fire-light, while the old folk talked
And shook their heads and looked upon the floor;
And he was puzzled, thinking life was fine—
The bread and cheese so nice all through the year,
And Christmas sure to come. Oh, that good time!
He, could he choose, would have those days again,
And see the dear old-fashioned things once more.
But soon the wheels and drums have all passed by,
And tramping feet are heard like sudden rain.
The quiet startles our good citizen;
He feels the child upon his arms, and knows
He is with the people making holiday
Because of hopes for better days to come.
But Hope to him was like the brilliant west
Telling of sunrise in a world unknown,
And from that dazzling curtain of bright hues
He turned to the familiar face of fields
Lying all clear in the calm morning land.
Maybe 'tis wiser not to fix a lens
Too scrutinizing on the glorious times
When Barbarossa shall arise and shake
His mountain, good King Arthur come again,
And all the heroes of such giant soul
That, living once to cheer mankind with hope,
They had to sleep until the time was ripe
For greater deeds to match their greater thought,
Yet no! the earth yields nothing more Divine
Than high prophetic vision—than the Seer
Who, fasting from man's meaner joy, beholds
The paths of beauteous order, and constructs

A fairer type, to shame our low content.
But prophecy is like potential sound
Which turned to music seems a voice sublime
From out the soul of light; but turns to noise
In scrannel pipes, and makes all ears averse.

The faith that life on earth is being shaped
To glorious ends, that order, justice, love
Mean man's completeness, mean effect as sure
As roundness in the dew-drop—that great faith
Is but the rushing and expanding stream
Of thought, of feeling, fed by all the past.
Our finest hope is finest memory,
As they who love in age think youth is blest
Because it has a life to fill with love.
Full souls are double mirrors, making still
An endless vista of fair things before
Repeating things behind: so faith is strong
Only when we are strong, shrinks when we shrink.
It comes when music stirs us, and the chords
Moving on some grand climax shake our souls
With influx new that makes new energies.
It comes in swellings of the heart and tears
That rise at noble and at gentle deeds—
At labors of the master-artist's hand
Which, trembling, touches to a finer end,
Trembling before an image seen within.
It comes in moments of heroic love.
Unjealous joy in joy not made for us—
In conscious triumph of the good within
Making us worship goodness that rebukes.
Even our failures are a prophecy,
Even our yearnings and our bitter tears
After that fair and true we cannot grasp;
As patriots who seem to die in vain
Make liberty more sacred by their pangs.

Presentiment of bitter things on earth
Sweeps in with every force that stirs our souls
To admiration, self-renouncing love,
Or thoughts, like light, that bind the world in one:
Sweeps like the sense of vastness, when at night

We hear the roll and dash of waves that break
Nearer and nearer with the rushing tide,
Which rises to the level of the cliff
Because the wide Atlantic rolls behind
Throbbing respondent to the far-off orbs.

1865.

BROTHER AND SISTER.

I.

I CANNOT choose but think upon the time
When our two lives grew like two buds that kiss
At lightest thrill from the bee's swinging chime,
Because the one so near the other is.

He was the elder, and a little man
Of forty inches, bound to show no dread,
And I the girl that puppy-like now ran,
Now lagged behind my brother's larger tread.

I held him wise, and when he talked to me
Of snakes and birds, and which God loved the best,
I thought his knowledge marked the boundary
Where men grew blind, though angels knew the rest.

If he said "Hush!" I tried to hold my breath,
Wherever he said "Come!" I stepped in faith.

II.

Long years have left their writing on my brow,
But yet the freshness and the dew-fed beam
Of those young mornings are about me now,
When we two wandered toward the far-off stream

With rod and line. Our basket held a store
Baked for us only, and I thought with joy
That I should have my share, though he had more
Because he was the elder and a boy.

The firmaments of daisies since to me
Have had those mornings in their opening eyes
The bunchéd cowslip's pale transparency
Carries that sunshine of sweet memories,

And wild-rose branches take their finest scent
From those blest hours of infantine content.

III.

Our mother bade us keep the trodden ways,
Stroked down my tippet, set my brother's frill,
Then with the benediction of her gaze
Clung to us lessening, and pursued us still

Across the homestead to the rookery elms,
Whose tall old trunks had each a grassy mound,
So rich for us, we counted them as realms
With varied products: here were earth-nuts found,

And here the Lady-fingers in deep shade;
Here sloping towards the Moat the rushes grew,
The large to split for pith, the small to braid;
While over all the dark rooks cawing flew,

And made a happy strange solemnity,
A deep-toned chant from life unknown to me.

IV.

Our meadow-path had memorable spots:
One where it bridged a tiny rivulet,
Deep hid by tangled blue Forget-me-nots;
And all along the waving grasses met

My little palm, or nodded to my cheek,
When flowers with upturned faces gazing drew
My wonder downward, seeming all to speak
With eyes of souls that dumbly heard and knew.

Then came the copse, where wild things rushed unseen,
And black-scathed grass betrayed the past abode
Of mystic gypsies, who still lurked between
Me and each hidden distance of the road.

A gypsy once had startled me at play,
Blotting with her dark smile my sunny day.

V.

Thus rambling we were schooled in deepest lore,
 And learned the meanings that give words a soul, ^t
 The fear, the love, the primal passionate store,
 Whose shaping impulses make manhood whole.

Those hours were seed to all my after good ;
 My infant gladness, through eye, ear, and touch,
 Took easily as warmth a various food
 To nourish the sweet skill of loving much.

For who in age shall roam the earth and find
 Reasons for loving that will strike out love
 With sudden rod from the hard year-pressed mind ?
 Were reasons sown as thick as stars above,

'Tis love must see them, as the eyes see light :
 Day is but Number to the darkened sight.

VI.

Our brown canal was endless to my thought ;
 And on its banks I sat in dreamy peace,
 Unknowing how the good I loved was wrought,
 Untroubled by the fear that it would cease.

Slowly the barges floated into view
 Rounding a grassy hill to me sublime
 With some Unknown beyond it, whither flew
 The parting cuckoo toward a fresh spring time.

The wide-arched bridge, the scented elder-flowers,
 The wondrous watery rings that died too soon,
 The echoes of the quarry, the still hours
 With white robe sweeping on the shadeless noon,

Were but my growing self, are part of me,
 My present Past, my root of piety.

VII.

Those long days measured by my little feet
 Had chronicles which yield me many a text ;

When irony still finds an image meet
Of full-grown judgments in this world perplexed.

One day my brother left me in high charge,
To mind the rod, while he went seeking bait,
And bade me, when I saw a nearing barge,
Snatch out the line, lest he should come too late.

Proud of the task, I watched with all my might
For one whole minute, till my eyes grew wide,
Till sky and earth took on a strange, new light
And seemed a dream-world floating on some tide—

A fair pavilioned boat for me alone
Bearing me onward through the vast unknown.

VIII.

But sudden came the barge's pitch-black prow,
Nearer and angrier came my brother's cry,
And all my soul was quivering fear, when lo!
Upon the imperilled line, suspended high,

A silver perch! My guilt that won the prey,
Now turned to merit, had a guerdon rich
Of hugs and praises, and made merry play,
Until my triumph reached its highest pitch.

When all at home were told the wondrous feat,
And how the little sister had fished well.
In secret, though my fortune tasted sweet,
I wondered why this happiness befell.

"The little lass had luck," the gardener said:
And so I learned, luck was with glory wed.

IX.

We had the self-same world enlarged for each
By loving difference of girl and boy:
The fruit that hung on high beyond my reach
He plucked for me, and oft he must employ

A measuring glance to guide my tiny shoe
Where lay firm stepping-stones, or call to mind
"This thing I like my sister may not do,
For she is little, and I must be kind."

Thus boyish Will the nobler mastery learned
Where inward vision over impulse reigns,
Widening its life with separate life discerned,
A Like unlike, a Self that self restrains.

His years with others must the sweeter be
For those brief days he spent in loving me.

X.

His sorrow was my sorrow, and his joy
Sent little leaps and laughs through all my frame;
My doll seemed lifeless, and no girlish toy
Had any reason when my brother came.

I knelt with him at marbles, marked his fling,
Cut the ringed stem and make the apple drop,
Or watched him winding close the spinal string
That looped the orbits of the humming top.

Grasped by such fellowship, my vagrant thought
Ceased with dream-fruit dream-wishes to fulfil;
My æry-picturing fantasy was taught
Subjection to the harder, truer skill.

That seeks with deed to grave a thought-tracked line
And by "What is," "What will be" to define.

XI.

School parted us; we never found again
That childish world where our two spirits mingled
Like scents from varying roses that remain
One sweetness, nor can evermore be singled.

Yet the twin habit of that early time
Lingered for long about the heart and tongue:
We had been natives of one happy clime,
And its dear accent to our utterance clung.

Till the dire years whose awful name is Change
Had grasped our souls still yearning in divorce,
And pitiless shaped them in two forms that range
Two elements which sever their life's course.

But were another childhood-world my share,
I would be born a little sister there.

STRADIVARIUS.

YOUR soul was lifted by the wings to-day
Hearing the master of the violin :
You praised him, praised the great Sebastian, too,
Who made that fine Chaconne ; but did you think
Of old Antonio Stradivari ?—him
Who a good century and a half ago
Put his true work in that brown instrument,
And by the nice adjustment of its frame
Gave it responsive life, continuous
With the master's finger-tips and perfected
Like them by delicate rectitude of use.
Not Bach alone, helped by fine precedent
Of genius gone before, nor Joachim,
Who holds the strain afresh incorporate
By inward hearing and notation strict
Of nerve and muscle, made our joy to-day.
Another soul was living in the air
And swaying it to true deliverance
Of high invention and responsive skill :—
That plain, white-aproned man who stood at work
Patient and accurate, full fourscore years,
Cherished his sight and touch by temperance,
And since keen sense is love of perfectness
Made perfect violins, the needed paths
For inspiration and high mastery.

No simpler man than he : he never cried,
“ Why was I born to this monotonous task
Of making violins ? ” or flung them down
To suit with hurling act a well-hurled curse
At labor on such perishable stuff.
Hence neighbors in Cremona held him dull,
Called him a slave, a mill-horse, a machine,
Begged him to tell his motives, or to lend
A few gold pieces to a loftier mind.

Yet he had pithy words full fed by fact;
 For Fact, well-trusted, reasons and persuades,
 Is gnomic, cutting, or ironical,
 Draws tears, or is a tocsin to arouse—
 Can hold all figures of the orator
 In one plain sentence; has her pauses, too—
 Eloquent silence at the chasm abrupt
 Where knowledge ceases. Thus Antonio
 Made answers as Fact willed, and made them strong.

Naldo, a painter of eclectic school,
 Taking his dicers, candle-light and grins
 From Caravaggio, and in holier groups
 Combining Flemish flesh with martyrdom
 Knowing all tricks of style at thirty-one,
 And weary of them, while Antonio
 At sixty-nine wrought placidly his best
 Making the violin you heard to-day—
 Naldo would tease him oft to tell his aims.

“Perhaps thou hast some pleasant vice to feed—
 The love of louis d’ors in heaps of four,
 Each violin a heap—I’ve nought to blame;
 My vices waste such heaps. But then, why work
 With painful nicety? Since fame once earned
 By luck or merit—oftenest by luck—
 (Else why do I put Bonifazio’s name
 To work that ‘*pinxit Naldo*’ would not sell?)
 Is welcome index to the wealthy mob
 Where they should pay their gold, and where they pay
 There they find merit—take your tow for flax,
 And hold the flax unlabelled with your name,
 Too coarse for sufferance.”

Antonio then:

“I like the gold—well, yes—but not for meals.
 And as my stomach, so my eye and hand,
 And inward sense that works along with both,
 Have hunger that can never feed on coin
 Who draws a line and satisfies his soul,
 Making it crooked where it should be straight?
 An idiot with an oyster-shell may draw

His lines along the sand, all wavering,
 Fixing no point or pathway to a point;
 An idiot one remove may choose his line,
 Straggle and be content; but God be praised,
 Antonio Stradivari has an eye
 That winces at false work and loves the true,
 With hand and arm that play upon the tool
 As willingly as any singing bird
 Sets him to sing his morning roundelay,
 Because he likes to sing and likes the song.

Then Naldo: "'Tis a petty kind of fame
 At best, that comes of making violins;
 And saves no masses, either. Thou wilt go
 To purgatory none the less."

But he:

"'Twere purgatory here to make them ill;
 And for my fame—when any master holds
 'Twixt chin and hand a violin of mine,
 He will be glad that Stradivari lived,
 Made violins, and made them of the best.
 The masters only know whose work is good:
 They will choose mine, and while God gives them skill
 I give them instruments to play upon,
 God choosing me to help Him."

"What! were God
 At fault for violins, thou absent?"

"Yes;
 He were at fault for Stradivari's work."

"Why, many hold Giuseppe's violins
 As good as thine."

"May be: they are different.

His quality declines: he spoils his hand
 With over-drinking. But were his the best,
 He could not work for two. My work is mine
 And; heresy or not, if my hand slacked
 I should rob God—since He is fullest good—
 Leaving a blank instead of violins.
 I say, not God Himself can make man's best
 Without best men to help Him. I am one best
 Here in Cremona, using sunlight well

To fashion finest maple till it serves
 More cunningly than throats, for harmony.
 'Tis rare delight : I would not change my skill
 To be the Emperor with bungling hands,
 And lose my work, which comes as natural
 As self at waking."

"Thou art little more
 Than a deft potter's wheel, Antonio ;
 Turning out work by mere necessity
 And lack of varied function. Higher arts
 Subsist on freedom—eccentricity—
 Uncounted inspirations—influence
 That comes with drinking, gambling, talk turned wild.
 Then moody misery and lack of food—
 With every dithyrambic fine excess :
 These make at last a storm which flashes out
 In lightning revelations. Steady work
 Turns genius to a loom ; the soul must lie
 Like grapes beneath the sun till ripeness comes
 And mellow vintage. I could paint you now
 The finest Crucifixion ; yesternight
 Returning home I saw it on a sky.
 Blue-black, thick-starred. I want two louis d'ors
 To buy the canvas and the costly blues—
 Trust me a fortnight."

"Where are those last two
 I lent thee for thy Judith?—her thou saw'st
 In saffron gown, with Holofernes' head
 And beauty all complete?"

"She is but sketched ;
 I lack the proper model—and the mood.
 A great idea is an eagle's egg,
 Craves times for hatching ; while the eagle sits,
 Feed her."

"If thou wilt call thy pictures eggs,
 I call the hatching, Work. 'Tis God gives skill,
 But not without men's hands : He could not make
 Antonio Stradivari's violins
 Without Antonio. Get thee to thy easel."

A COLLEGE BREAKFAST-PARTY.

YOUNG Hamlet, not the hesitating Dane,
But one named after him, who lately strove
For honors at our English Wittenburg,—
Blond, metaphysical, and sensuous,
Questioning all things and yet half convinced,
Credulity were better; held inert
'Twixt fascinations of all opposites,
And half suspecting that the mightiest soul
(Perhaps his own?) was union of extremes,
Having no choice but choice of everything:
As, drinking deep to-day for love of wine,
To-morrow half a Brahmin, scorning life
As mere illusion, yearning for that True
Which has no qualities; another day
Finding the fount of grace in sacraments,
And purest reflex of the light divine
In gem-bossed pyx and broidered chasuble,
Resolved to wear no stockings and to fast
With arms extended, waiting ecstasy;
But getting cramps instead, and needing change,
A would-be-pagan next:—

Young Hamlet sat

A guest with five of somewhat riper age
At breakfast with Horatio, a friend
With few opinions, but of faithful heart,
Quick to detect the fibrous spreading roots
Of character that feed men's theories,
Yet cloaking weaknesses with charity,
And ready in all service save rebuke.

With ebb of breakfast and the cider-cup
Came high debate: the others seated there
Were Osric, spinner of fine sentences,
A delicate insect creeping over life,
Feeding on molecules of floral breath,

And weaving gossamer to trap the sun;
 Laertes ardent, rash, and radical;
 Discursive Rosencranz, grave Guildenstern,
 And he for whom the social meal was made,
 The polished priest, a tolerant listener,
 Disposed to give a hearing to the lost,
 And breakfast with them ere they went below.

From alpine metaphysic glaciers first
 The talk sprang copious; the themes were old,
 But so is human breath, so infant eyes,
 The daily nurslings of creative light.
 Small words held mighty meanings: Matter, Force,
 Self, Not-self, Being, Seeming, Space and Time—
 Plebeian toilers on the dusty road
 Of daily traffic, turned to Genii
 And cloudy giants darkening sun and moon.
 Creation was reversed in human talk:
 None said, "Let Darkness be," but Darkness was;
 And in it weltered with Teutonic ease,
 An argumentative Leviathan,
 Blowing cascades from out his element,
 The thunderous Rosencranz, till

"Truce, I beg

Said Osric, with nice accent. "I abhor
 That battling of the ghosts, that strife of terms
 For utmost lack of color, form, and breath,
 That tasteless squabbling called Philosophy:
 As if a blue-winged butterfly afloat
 For just three days above the Italian fields,
 Instead of sipping at the heart of flowers,
 Poising in sunshine, fluttering towards its bride,
 Should fast and speculate, considering
 What were if it were not? or what now is
 Instead of that which seems to be itself?
 Its deepest wisdom surely were to be
 A sipping, marrying, blue-winged butterfly;
 Since utmost speculation on itself
 Were but a three days living of worse sort—
 A bruising struggle all within the bounds
 Of butterfly existence."

"I protest,"

Burst in Laertes, "against arguments
That start with calling me a butterfly,
A bubble, spark, or other metaphor.
Which carries your conclusions, as a phrase
In quibbling law will carry property.
Put a thin sucker for my human lips
Fed at a mother's breast, who now needs food
What I will earn for her; put bubbles blown
From frothy thinking, for the joy, the love,
The wants, the pity, and the fellowship
(The ocean deeps I might say, were I bent
On bandying metaphors) that make a man—
Why, rhetoric brings within your easy reach
Conclusions worthy of—a butterfly.
The universe, I hold, is no charade,
No acted pun unriddled by a word,
Nor pain a decimal diminishing
With hocus-pocus of a dot or naught.
For those who know it, pain is solely pain:
Not any letters of the alphabet
Wrought syllogistically pattern-wise,
Nor any cluster of fine images,
Nor any missing of their figured dance
By blundering molecules. Analysis
May show you the right physic for the ill;
Teaching the molecules to find their dance,
But spare me your analogies, that hold
Such insight as the figure of a crow
And bar of music put to signify
A crowbar."

Said the Priest, "There I agree—
Would add that sacramental grace is grace
Which to be known must first be felt, with all
The strengthening influxes that come by prayer
I note this passingly—would not delay
The conversation's tenor, save to hint
That taking stand with Rosencranz one sees
Final equivalence of all we name
Our Good and Ill—their difference meanwhile
Being inborn prejudice that plumps you down
An Ego, brings a weight into your scale

Forcing a standard. What resistless weight,
 Obstinate, irremovable by thought,
 Persisting through disproof; an ache, a need
 That spaceless stays where sharp analysis
 Has shown a plenum filled without it—what
 If this, to use your phrase, were just that Being
 Not looking solely, grasping from the dark,
 Weighing the difference you call Ego? This
 Gives you persistence, regulates the flux
 With strict relation rooted in the All.
 Who is he of your late philosophers
 Takes the true name of Being to be Will?
 I—nay, the Church objects naught, is content:
 Reason has reached its utmost negative,
 Physic and metaphysic meet in the inane
 And backward shrink to intense prejudice,
 Making their absolute and homogene
 A loaded relative, a choice to be
 Whatever is—supposed: a What is not.
 The Church demands no more, has standing room
 And basis for her doctrine: this (no more)—
 That the strong bias which we name the Soul,
 Though fed and clad by dissoluble waves,
 Has antecedent quality, and rules
 By veto or consent the strife of thought,
 Making arbitrament that we call faith.”
 Here was brief silence, till young Hamlet spoke.
 “I crave direction, Father, how to know
 The sign of that imperative whose right
 To sway my act in face of thronging doubts
 Were an oracular gem in price beyond
 Urim and Thummim lost to Israel.
 That bias of the soul, that conquering die
 Loaded with golden emphasis of Will—
 How find it where resolve, once made, becomes
 The rash exclusion of an opposite
 Which draws the stronger as I turn aloof.”

“I think I hear a bias in your words,”
 The Priest said mildly,—“that strong natural bent
 Which we call hunger. What more positive
 Than appetite?—of spirit or of flesh,

I care not—'sense of need' were truer phrase.
 You hunger for authoritative right,
 And yet discern no difference of tones,
 No weight of rod that marks imperial rule?
 Laertes granting, I will put your case
 In analogic form: the doctors hold
 Hunger which gives no relish—save caprice
 That tasting venison fancies mellow pears—
 A symptom of disorder, and prescribe
 Strict discipline. Were I physician here
 I would prescribe that exercise of soul
 Which lies in full obedience; you ask,
 Obedience to what? The answer lies
 Within the word itself; for how obey
 What has no rule, asserts no absolute claim?
 Take inclination, taste—why, that is you,
 No rule about you. Science, reasoning
 On nature's order—they exist and move
 Solely by disputation, hold no pledge
 Of final consequence, but push the swing
 Where Epicurus and the Stoic sit
 In endless see-saw. One authority,
 And only one, says simply this, Obey:
 Place yourself in that current (test it so!)
 Of spiritual order where at least
 Lies promise of a high communion,
 A Head informing members, Life that breathes
 With gift of forces over and above
 The *plus* of arithmetic interchange.
 'The Church, too, has a body,' you object,
 'Can be dissected, put beneath the lens
 And shown the merest continuity
 Of all existence else beneath the sun.'
 I grant you; but the lens will not disprove
 A presence which eludes it. Take your wit,
 Your highest passion, widest-reaching thought:
 Show their conditions if you will or can,
 But though you saw the final atom-dance
 Making each molecule that stands for sign
 Of love being present, where is still your love?
 How measure that, how certify its weight?
 And so I say, the body of the Church

Carries a Presence, promises and gifts
Never disproved—whose argument is found
In lasting failure of the search elsewhere
For what it holds to satisfy man's need,
But I grow lengthy : my excuse must be
Your question, Hamlet, which has probed right through
To the pitch of our belief. And I have robbed
Myself of pleasure as a listener.
'Tis noon, I see; and my appointment stands
For half-past twelve with Voltimand. Good-by."

Brief parting, brief regret—sincere, but quenched
In fumes of best Havana, which consoles
For lack of other certitude. Then said,
Mildly sarcastic, quiet Guildenstern :
"I marvel how the Father gave new charm
To weak conclusions: I was half convinced
The poorest reasoner made the finest man,
And held his logic lovelier for its limp."
"I fain would hear," said Hamlet, "how you find
A stronger footing than the Father gave.
How base your self-resistance save on faith
In some invisible Order, higher Right
Than changing impulse. What does Reason bid?
To take as fullest rationality
What offers best solution: so the Church.
Science, detecting hydrogen aflame
Outside our firmament, leaves mystery
Whole and untouched beyond; nay, in our blood
And in the potent atoms of each germ
The Secret lives—envelops, penetrates
Whatever sense perceives or thought divines.
Science, whose soul is explanation, halts
With hostile front at mystery. The Church
Takes mystery as her empire, brings its wealth
Of possibility to fill the void
'Twixt contradictions—warrants to a faith
Defying sense and all its ruthless train
Of arrogant 'Therefore.' Science with her lens
Dissolves the forms that made the other half
Of all our love, which thenceforth widowed lives
To gaze with maniac stare at what is not.

The Church explains not, governs—feeds resolve
By vision fraught with heart-experience
And human yearning."

"Ay," said Guildenstern,
With friendly nod, "the Father, I can see,
Has caught you up in his air-chariot.
His thought takes rainbow-bridges, out of reach
By solid obstacles, evaporates
The coarse and common into subtilties.
Insists that what is real in the Church
Is something out of evidence, and begs
(Just in parenthesis) you'll never mind
What stares you in the face and bruises you.
Why, by his method I could justify
Each superstition and each tyranny
That ever rode upon the back of man,
Pretending fitness for his sole defence
Against life's evil. How can aught subsist
That holds no theory of gain or good?
Despots with terror in their red, right hand
Must argue good to helpers and themselves,
Must let submission hold a core of gain
To make their slaves choose life. Their theory,
Abstracting inconvenience of racks,
Whip-lashes, dragonnades and all things coarse
Inherent in the fact or concrete mass,
Presents the pure idea—utmost good
Secured by Order only to be found
In strict subordination, hierarchy
Of forces where, by nature's law, the strong
Has rightful empire, rule of weaker proved
Mere dissolution. What can you object?
The Inquisition—if you turn away
From narrow notice how the scent of gold
Has guided sense of damning heresy—
The Inquisition is sublime, is love
Hindering the spread of poison in men's souls:
The flames are nothing: only smaller pain
To hinder greater, or the pain of one
To save the many, such as throbs at heart
Of every system born into the world.
So of the Church as high communion

Of Head with members, fount of spirit force
 Beyond the calculus, and carrying proof
 In her sole power to satisfy man's need:
 That seems ideal truth as clear as lines
 That, necessary though invisible, trace
 The balance of the planets and the sun—
 Until I find a hitch in that last claim.
 'To satisfy man's need.' Sir, that depends:
 We settle first the measure of man's need
 Before we grant capacity to fill.
 John, James, or Thomas, you may satisfy:
 But since you choose ideals, I demand
 Your Church shall satisfy ideal, man,
 His utmost reason and his utmost love.
 And say these rest a-hungered—find no scheme
 Content them both, but hold the world accursed
 A Calvary where Reason mocks at Love,
 And Love forsaken sends out orphan cries
 Hopeless of answer; still the soul remains
 Larger, diviner than your half-way Church,
 Which racks your reason into false consent,
 And soothes your Love with sops of selfishness."

"There I am with you," cried Laertes. "What
 To me are any dictates, though they came
 With thunders from the Mount, if still within
 I see a higher Right, a higher Good
 Compelling love and worship? Though the earth
 Held force electric to discern and kill
 Each thinking rebel—what is martyrdom
 But death-defying utterance of belief,
 Which being mine remains my truth supreme,
 Though solitary as the throb of pain
 Lying outside the pulses of the world?
 Obedience is good: ay, but to what?
 And for what ends? For say that I rebel
 Against your rule as devilish, or as rule
 Of thunder-guiding powers that deny
 Man's highest benefit: rebellion then
 Were strict obedience to another rule
 Which bids me flout your thunder."

"Lo you now!"

Said Osric, delicately, "how you come,
 Laertes mine, with all your warring zeal,
 As Python-slayer of the present age—
 Cleansing all social swamps by darting rays
 Of dubious doctrine, hot with energy
 Of private judgment and disgust for doubt—
 To state my thesis, which you most abhor
 When sung in Daphnis-notes beneath the pines
 To gentle rush of waters. Your belief—
 In essence, what is it but simply Taste?
 I urge with you exemption from all claims
 That come from other than my proper will,
 An Ultimate within to balance yours,
 A solid meeting you, excluding you,
 Till you show fuller force by entering
 My spiritual space and crushing Me
 To a subordinate complement of You:
 Such ultimate must stand alike for all.
 Preach your crusade, then; all will join who like
 The hurly-burly of aggressive creeds;
 Still your unpleasant Ought, your itch to choose
 What grates upon the sense, is simply Taste,
 Differs, I think, from mine (permit the word,
 Discussion forces it) in being bad."

The tone was too polite to breed offence,
 Showing a tolerance of what was "bad,"
 Becoming courtiers. Louder Rosencranz
 Took up the ball with rougher movement, wont
 To show contempt for doting reasoners
 Who hugged some reasons with a preference,
 As warm Laertes did: he gave five puffs
 Intolerantly skeptical, then said,
 "Your human good, which you would make supreme,
 How do you know it? Has it shown its face
 In adamant type, with features clear.
 As this republic, or that monarchy?
 As federal grouping, or municipal?
 Equality, or finely shaded lines
 Of social difference? ecstatic whirl
 And draught intense of passionate joy and pain,
 Or sober self-control, that starves its youth

And lives to wonder what the world calls joy?
Is it in sympathy that shares men's pangs,
Or in cool brains that can explain them well?
Is it in labor, or in laziness?
In training for the tug of rivalry
To be admired, or in the admiring soul?
In risk, or certitude? In battling rage
And hardy challenges of Protean luck,
Or in a sleek and rural apathy
Full fed with sameness? Pray define your Good
Beyond rejection by majority;
Next, how it may subsist without the Ill
Which seems its only outline. Show a world
Of pleasure not resisted; or a world
Of pleasure equalized, yet various
In action formative; for that will serve
As illustration of your human good—
Which at its perfecting (your goal of hope)
Will not be straight extinct, or fall to sleep
In the deep bosom of the Unchangeable.
What will you work for, then, and call it good
With full and certain vision—good for aught
Save partial ends which happen to be yours?
How will you get your stringency to bind
Thought or desire in demonstrated tracks
Which are but waves within a balanced whole?
Is 'relative' the magic word that turns
Your flux mercurial of good to gold?
Why, that analysis at which you rage
As anti-social force that sweeps you down
The world in one cascade of molecules,
Is brother 'relative'—and grins at you
Like any convict whom you thought to send
Outside society, till this enlarged,
And meant New England and Australia too.
The Absolute is your shadow, and the space
Which you say might be real were you milled
To curves pellicular, the thinnest thin,
Equation of no thickness, is still you."

"Abstracting all that makes him clubbable,"
Horatio interposed. But Rosencranz,

Deaf as the angry turkey-cock, whose ears
 Are plugged by swollen tissues when he scolds
 At men's pretensions: "Pooh, your 'Relative'
 Shuts you in, hopeless, with your progeny
 As in a Hunger tower; your social good,
 Like other deities by turn supreme
 Is transient reflex of a prejudice,
 Anthology of causes and effects
 To suit the mood of fanatics who lead
 The mood of tribes or nations. I admit
 If you could show a sword, nay, chance of sword
 Hanging conspicuous to their inward eyes,
 With edge so constant threatening as to sway
 All greed and lust by terror; and a law
 Clear-writ and proven as the law supreme
 Which that dread sword enforces—then your Right
 Duty, or social Good, were it once brought
 To common measure with the potent law,
 Would dip the scale, would put unchanging marks
 Of wisdom or of folly on each deed,
 And warrant exhortation. Until then,
 Where is your standard or criterion?
 'What always, everywhere, by all men'—why,
 That were but Custom, and your system needs
 Ideals never yet incorporate,
 The imminent doom of Custom. Can you find
 Appeal beyond the sentience in each man?
 Frighten the blind with scarecrows? raise an awe
 Of things unseen where appetite commands
 Chambers of imagery in the soul
 At all its avenues?—You chant your hymns
 To Evolution, on your altar lay
 A sacred egg called Progress: have you proved
 A Best unique where all is relative,
 And where each change is loss as well as gain?
 The age of healthy Saurians, well supplied
 With heat and prey, will balance well enough
 A human age where maladies are strong
 And pleasures feeble; wealth a monster gorged
 Mid hungry populations; intellect
 Aproned in laboratories, bent on proof
 That *this is that*, and both are good for naught

Save feeding error through a weary life;
While Art and Poesy struggle like poor ghosts
To hinder cock-crow and the dreadful light,
Lurking in darkness and the charnel-house,
Or like two stalwart graybeards, imbecile
With limbs still active, playing at belief
That hunt the slipper, foot-ball, hide-and-seek
Are sweetly merry, donning pinafores
And lisping emulously in their speech.
O human race! Is this, then, all thy gain?—
Working at disproof, playing at belief,
Debate on causes, distate of effects,
Power to transmute all elements, and lack
Of any power to sway the fatal skill
And make thy lot aught else than rigid doom.
The Saurians were better.—Guildenstern,
Pass me the taper. Still the human curse
Has mitigation in the best cigars.”

Then swift Laertes, not without a glare
Of leonine wrath, “I thank thee for that word:
That one confession, were I Socrates,
Should force you onward till you ran your head
At your own image—flatly gave the lie
To all your blasphemy of that human good
Which bred and nourished you to sit at ease
And learnedly deny it. Say the world
Groans ever with the pangs of doubtful births:
Say, life’s a poor donation at the best—
Wisdom a yearning after nothingness—
Nature’s great vision and the thrill supreme
Of thought-fed passion but a weary play—
I argue not against you. Who can prove
Wit to be witty when the deeper ground
Dulness intuitive declares wit dull?
If life is worthless to you—why, it is.
You only know how little love you feel
To give you fellowship, how little force
Responsive to the quality of things.
Then end your life, throw off the unsought yoke.
If not—if you remain to taste cigars,
Choose racy diction, perorate at large

With tacit scorn of meaner men who win
 No wreath or tripos—then admit at least
 A possible Better in the seeds of earth;
 Acknowledge debt to that laborious life
 Which, sifting evermore the mingled seeds
 Testing the Possible with patient skill,
 And daring ill in presence of a good
 For futures to inherit, made your lot
 One you would choose rather than end it, **nay**,
 Rather than, say, some twenty million lots
 Of fellow-Britons toiling all to make
 That nation, that community, whereon
 You feed and thrive and talk philosophy.
 I am no optimist, whose faith must hang
 On hard pretence that pain is beautiful
 And agony explained for men at ease
 By virtue's exercise in pitying it.
 But this I hold : that he who takes one gift
 Made for him by the hopeful work of man,
 Who tastes sweet bread, walks where he will **unarmed**,
 His shield and warrant the invisible law,
 Who owns a hearth and household charities,
 Who clothes his body and his sentient soul
 With skill and thoughts of men, and yet denies
 A human good worth toiling for, is cursed
 With worse negation than the poet feigned
 In Mephistopheles. The Devil spins
 His wire-drawn argument against all good
 With sense of brimstone as his private lot,
 And never drew a solace from the Earth."

Laertes fuming paused, and Guildenstern
 Took up with cooler skill the fusillade :
 " I meet your deadliest challenge, Rosencranz :—
 Where get, you say, a binding law, a rule
 Enforced by sanction, an Ideal throned
 With thunder in its hand? I answer, there
 Whence every faith and rule has drawn its force
 Since human consciousness awaking owned
 An outward, whose unconquerable sway
 Resisted first and then subdued desire
 By pressure of the dire Impossible

Urging to possible ends the active soul
And shaping so its terror and its love.
Why, you have said it—threats and promises
Depend on each man's sentence for their force:
All sacred rules, imagined or revealed,
Can have no form or potency apart
From the percipient and emotive mind.
God, duty, love, submission, fellowship,
Must first be framed in man, as music is,
Before they live outside him as a law.
And still they grow and shape themselves anew,
With fuller concentration in their life
Of inward and of outward energies
Blending to make the last result called Man,
Which means, not this or that philosopher
Looking through beauty into blankness, not
The swindler who has sent his fruitful lie
By the last telegram: it means the tide
Of needs reciprocal, toil, trust, and love—
The surging multitude of human claims
Which make 'a presence not to be put by'
Above the horizon of the general soul.
Is inward Reason shrunk to subtleties,
And inward wisdom pining passion-starved?—
The outward Reason has the world in store,
Regenerates passion with the stress of want,
Regenerates knowledge with discovery,
Shows sly rapacious Self a blunderer,
Widens dependence, knits the social whole
In sensible relation more defined.
Do Boards and dirty-handed millionaires
Govern the planetary system?—sway
The pressure of the Universe?—decide
That man henceforth shall retrogress to ape,
Emptied of every sympathetic thrill
The All has wrought in him? dam up henceforth
The flood of human claims as private force
To turn their wheels and make a private hell
For fish-pond to their mercantile domain?
What are they but a parasitic growth
On the vast real and ideal world
Of man and nature blent in one divine?

Why, take your closing dirge—say evil grows
 And good is dwindling ; science mere decay,
 Mere dissolution of ideal wholes
 Which through the ages past alone have made
 The earth and firmament of human faith ;
 Say, the small arc of Being we call man
 Is near its mergence, what seems growing life
 Naught but a hurrying change towards lower types,
 The ready rankness of degeneracy.
 Well, they who mourn for the world's dying good
 May take their common sorrows for a rock,
 On it erect religion and a church,
 A worship, rites, and passionate piety—
 The worship of the Best though crucified
 And God-forsaken in its dying pangs ;
 The sacramental rites of fellowship
 In common woe ; visions that purify
 Through admiration and despairing love,
 Which keep their spiritual life intact
 Beneath the murderous clutches of disproof
 And feed a martyr-strength."

"Religion high !"

(Rosencranz here) "but with communicants
 Few as the cedars upon Lebanon—
 A child might count them. What the world demands
 Is faith coercive of the multitude."

"Tush, Guildenstern, you granted him too much,
 Burst in Laertes ; "I will never grant
 One inch of law to feeble blasphemies
 Which hold no higher ratio to life—
 Full vigorous human life that peopled earth,
 And wrought and fought and loved and bravely died—
 Than the sick morning glooms of debauchees.
 Old nations breed old children, wizened babes
 Whose youth is languid and incredulous
 Weary of life without the will to die ;
 Their passions visionary appetites
 Of bloodless spectres wailing that the world
 For lack of substance slips from out their grasp ;
 Their thoughts the withered husks of all things dead,
 Holding no force of germs instinct with life,

Which never hesitates but moves and grows.
 Yet hear them boast in screams their godlike ill,
 Excess of knowing ! Fie on you, Rosencranz !
 You lend your brains and fine-dividing tongue
 For bass-notes to this shrivelled crudity,
 This immature decrepitude that strains
 To fill our ears and claim the prize of strength
 For mere unmanliness. Out on them all !—
 Wits, puling minstrels, and philosophers,
 Who living softly prate of suicide,
 And suck the commonwealth to feed their ease
 While they vent epigrams and threnodies,
 Mocking or wailing all the eager work
 Which makes that public store whereon they feed.
 Is wisdom flattened sense and mere distaste ?
 Why, any superstition warm with love,
 Inspired with purpose, wild with energy
 That streams resistless through his ready frame,
 Has more of human truth within its life
 Than souls that look through color into naught,—
 Whose brain, too unimpassioned for delight,
 Has feeble ticklings of a vanity
 Which finds the universe beneath its mark,
 And scorning the blue heavens as merely blue
 Can only say, ‘What then ?’—pre-eminent
 In wondrous want of likeness to their kind
 Founding that worship of sterility
 Whose one supreme is vacillating Will
 Which makes the Light, then says, ‘’Twere better not.’”

Here rash Laertes brought his Handel-strain
 As of some angry Polypheme, to pause ;
 And Osric, shocked at ardors out of taste,
 Relieved the audience with a tenor voice
 And delicate delivery.

“ For me,
 I range myself in line with Rosencranz
 Against all schemes, religious or profane,
 That flaunt a Good as pretext for a lash
 To flog us all who have the better taste,
 Into conformity, requiring me
 At peril of the thong and sharp disgrace

To care how mere Philistines pass their lives;
Whether the English pauper-total grows
From one to two before the naughts; how far
Teuton will outbreed Roman; if the class
Of proletaires will make a federal band
To bind all Europe and America,
Throw, in their wrestling, every government,
Snatch the world's purse and keep the guillotine:
Or else (admitting these are casualties)
Driving my soul with scientific hail
That shuts the landscape out with particles,
Insisting that the Palingenesis
Means telegraphs and measure of the rate
At which the stars move—nobody knows where.
So far, my Rosencranz, we are at one.
But not when you blaspheme the life of Art,
The sweet perennial youth of Poesy,
Which asks no logic but its sensuous growth,
No right but loveliness; which fearless strolls
Betwixt the burning mountain and the sea,
Reckless of earthquake and the lava stream,
Filling its hour with beauty. It knows naught
Of bitter strife, denial, grim resolve.
Sour resignation, busy emphasis
Of fresh illusions named the new-born True,
Old Error's latest child; but as a lake
Images all things, yet within its depths
Dreams them all lovelier—thrills with sound
And makes a harp of plenteous liquid chords—
So Art or Poesy: we its votaries
Are the Olympians, fortunately born
From the elemental mixture; 'tis our lot
To pass more swiftly than the Delian God.
But still the earth breaks into flowers for us,
And mortal sorrows when they reach our ears
Are dying falls to melody divine.
Hatred, war, vice, crime, sin, those human storms,
Cyclones, floods, what you will—outbursts of force—
Feed art with contrast, give the grander touch
To the master's pencil and the poet's song,
Serve as Vesuvian fires or navies tossed
On yawning Waters, which when viewed afar

Deepen the calm sublime of those choice souls
Who keep the heights of poesy and turn
A fleckless mirror to the various world,
Giving its many-named and fitful flux
An imaged, harmless, spiritual life,
With pure selection, native to art's frame,
Of beauty only, save its minor scale
Of ill and pain to give the ideal joy
A keener edge. This is a mongrel globe,
All finer being wrought from its coarse earth
Is but accepted privilege : what else
Your boasted virtue, which proclaims itself
A good above the average consciousness?
Nature exists by partiality.
(Each planet's poise must carry two extremes
With verging breadths of minor wretchedness):
We are her favorites and accept our wings.
For your accusal, Rosencranz, that Art
Shares in the dread and weakness of the time,
I hold it null ; since Art or Poesy pure,
Being blameless by all standards save her own,
Takes no account of modern or antique
In morals, science, or philosophy:
No dull elenchus makes a yoke for her,
Whose law and measure are the sweet consent
Of sensibilities that move apart
From rise or fall of systems, states or creeds—
Apart from what Philistines call man's weal."

"Ay, we all know those votaries of the Muse
Ravished with singing till they quite forgot
Their manhood, sang, and gaped, and took no food,
Then died of emptiness, and for reward
Lived on as grasshoppers."—Laertes thus :
But then he checked himself as one who feels
His muscles dangerous, and Guildenstern
Filled up the pause with calmer confidence.

"You use your wings, my Osric, poise yourself
Safely outside all reach of argument,
Then dogmatize at will (a method known
To ancient women and philosophers,

Nay, to Philistines whom you most abhor);
Else, could an arrow reach you, I should ask
Whence came taste, beauty, sensibilities
Refined to preference infallible?
Doubtless, ye're gods—these odors ye inhale,
A sacrificial scent. But how, I pray,
Are odors made, if not by gradual change
Of sense or substance? Is your beautiful
A seedless, rootless flower, or has it grown
With human growth, which means the rising sum
Of human struggle, order, knowledge?—sense
Trained to a fuller record, more exact—
To truer guidance of each passionate force?
Get me your roseate flesh without the blood,
Get fine aromas without structure wrought
From simpler being into manifold:
Then and then only flaunt your Beautiful
As what can live apart from thought, creeds, states,
Which mean life's structure. Osric, I beseech—
The infallible should be more catholic—
Join in a war-dance with the cannibals,
Hear Chinese music, love a face tattooed,
Give adoration to a pointed skull,
And think the Hindu Siva looks divine
'Tis art, 'tis poesy. Say, you object:
How came you by that lofty dissidence,
If not through changes in the social man
Widening his consciousness from Here and Now
To larger wholes beyond the reach of sense;
Controlling to a fuller harmony
The thrill of passion and the rule of fact:
And paling false ideals in the light
Of full-rayed sensibilities, which blend
Truth and desire? Taste, beauty, what are they
But the soul's choice towards perfect bias wrought
By finer balance of a fuller growth—
Sense brought to subtlest metamorphosis
Through love, thought, joy—the general human store
Which grows from all life's functions? As the plant
Holds its corolla, purple, delicate,
Solely as outflush of that energy
Which moves transformingly in root and branch,

Guildenstern paused, and Hamlet quivering
 Since Osric spoke, in transit imminent
 From catholic striving into laxity,
 Ventured his word. "Seems to me, Guildenstern,
 Your argument, though shattering Osric's point
 That sensibilities can move apart
 From social order, yet has not annulled
 His thesis that the life of poesy
 (Admitting it must grow from out the whole)
 Has separate functions, a transfigured realm
 Freed from the rigors of the practical,
 Where what is hidden from the grosser world—
 Stormed down by roar of engines and the shouts
 Of eager concourse—rises beautiful
 As voice of water-drops in sapphire caves;
 A realm where finest spirits have free sway
 In exquisite selection, uncontrolled
 By hard material necessity
 Of cause and consequence. For you will grant
 The Ideal has discoveries which ask
 No test, no faith, save that we joy in them:
 A new-found continent, with spreading lands
 Where pleasure charters all, where virtue, rank,
 Use, right, and truth have but one name, Delight.
 Thus Art's creations, when etherealized
 To least admixture of the grosser fact
 Delight may stamp as highest."

"Possible !

Said Guildenstern, with touch of weariness,
 "But then we might dispute of what is gross,
 What high, what low."

"Nay," said Laertes, "ask
 The mightiest makers who have reigned, still reign
 Within the ideal realm. See if their thought
 Be drained of practice, and the thick, warm blood
 Of hearts that beat in action various
 Through the wide drama of the struggling world.
 Good-by, Horatio."

Each now said "Good-by."
 Such breakfast, such beginning of the day

Is more than half the whole. The sun was hot
 On southward branches of the meadow elms,
 The shadows slowly farther crept and veered
 Like changing memories, and Hamlet strolled
 Alone and dubious on the empurpled path
 Between the waving grasses of new June
 Close by the stream where well-compacted boats
 Were moored or moving with a lazy creak
 To the soft dip of oars. All sounds were light
 As tiny silver bells upon the robes
 Of hovering silence. Birds made twitterings
 That seemed but Silence's self o'erfull of love.
 'Twas invitation all to sweet repose;
 And Hamlet, drowsy with the mingled draughts
 Of cider and conflicting sentiments,
 Choose a green couch, and watched with half-closed eyes
 The meadow-road, the stream and dreamy lights,
 Until they merged themselves in sequence strange
 With undulating ether, time, the soul,
 The will supreme, the individual claim,
 The social Ought, the lyrist's liberty,
 Democritus, Pythagoras in talk
 With Anselm, Darwin, Comte, and Schopenhauer,
 The poets rising slow from out their tombs
 Summoned as arbiters—that border-world
 Of dozing, ere the sense is fully locked.
 And then he dreamed a dream so luminous
 He woke (he says) convinced; but what it taught
 Withholds as yet. Perhaps those graver shades
 Admonished him that visions told in haste
 Part with their virtues to the squandering lips,
 And leave the soul in wider emptiness.

April, 1874.

TWO LOVERS

Two lovers by a moss-grown spring :
They leaned soft cheeks together there,
Mingled the dark and sunny hair,
And heard the wooing thrushes sing.
O budding time!
O love's best prime!

Two wedded from the portal step:
The bells made happy carollings,
The air was soft as fanning wings,
White petals on the pathway slept.
O pure eyed bride!
O tender pride!

Two faces o'er a cradle bent:
Two hands above the head were locked;
These pressed each other while they rocked,
Those watched a life that love had sent.
O solemn hour!
O hidden power!

Two parents by the evening fire:
The red light fell about their knees,
On heads that rose by slow degrees
Like buds upon the lily spire.
O patient life!
O tender strife!

The two still sat together there,
The red light shown about their knees;
But all the heads by slow degrees
Had gone and left that lonely pair.
O voyage fast!
O vanished past!

The red light shone upon the floor
 And made the space between them wide;
 They drew their chairs up side by side,
 Their pale cheeks joined, and said "Once more!"
 O memories!
 O past that is!

1866.

SELF AND LIFE.

SELF.

CHANGEFUL comrade, Life of mine,
 Before we two must part,
 I will tell thee, thou shalt say,
 What thou hast been and art.
 Ere I lose my hold of thee,
 Justify thyself to me.

LIFE.

I was thy warmth upon thy mother's knee
 When light and love within her eyes were one;
 We laughed together by the laurel-tree,
 Culling warm daisies 'neath the sloping sun;

We heard the chickens' lazy croon,
 Where the trellised woodbines grew,
 And all the summer afternoon
 Mystic gladness o'er thee threw.
 Was it person? Was it thing?
 Was it touch or whispering?
 It was bliss and it was I:
 Bliss was what thou knew'st me by.

SELF.

Soon I knew thee more by Fear
 And sense of what was not,

Haunting all I held most dear ;
 I had a double lot :
 Ardor, cheated with alloy,
 Wept the more for dreams of joy.

LIFE.

Remember how thy ardor's magic sense
 Made poor things rich to thee and small things great ;
 How hearth and garden, field and bushy fence
 Were thy own eager love incorporate ;

And how the solemn, splendid Past
 O'er thy early widened earth
 Made grandeur, as on sunset cast
 Dark elms near take mighty girth,
 Hands and feet were tiny still
 When we knew the historic thrill,
 Breathed deep breath in heroes dead,
 Tasted the immortals' bread.

SELF.

Seeing what I might have been
 Reproved the thing I was,
 Smoke on heaven's clearest sheen,
 The speck within the rose.
 By revered ones' frailties stung
 Reverence was with anguish wrung.

LIFE.

But all thy anguish and thy discontent
 Was growth of mind, the elemental strife
 Toward feeling manifold with vision bled
 To wider thought : I was no vulgar life,

That, like the water-mirrored ape,
 Not discerns the thing it sees,
 Nor knows its own in others' shape.
 Railing, scorning, at its ease.
 Half man's truth must hidden lie
 If unlit by Sorrow's eye.
 I by Sorrow wrought in thee
 Willing pain of ministry.

SELF.

Slowly was the lesson taught
Through passion, error, care ;
Insight was with loathing fraught,
And effort with despair.
Written on the wall I saw
"Bow!" I knew, not loved, the law.

LIFE.

But then I brought a love that wrote within
The law of gratitude, and made thy heart
Beat to the heavenly tune of seraphin
Whose only joy in having is to impart:

Till thou, poor self—despite thy ire,
Wrestling 'gainst my mingled share,
Thy faults, hard falls, and vain desire
Still to be what others were—
Filled, o'erflowed with tenderness
Seeming more as thou wert less,
Knew me through that anguish past
As a fellowship more vast.

SELF.

Yea, I embrace thee, changeful Life!
Far-sent, unchosen mate!
Self and thou, no more at strife,
Shall wed in hallowed state.
Willing spousals now shall prove
Life is justified by love.

"SWEET EVENINGS COME AND GO, LOVE."

"La noche buena se viene,
La noche buena se va,
Y nosotros nos iremos
Y no volveremos mas."

—Old *Villancico*.

SWEET evenings come and go, love,
They came and went of yore :
This evening of our life, love,
Shall go and come no more.

When we have passed away, love,
All things will keep their name ;
But yet no life on earth, love,
With ours will be the same.

The daisies will be there, love,
The stars in heaven will shine :
I shall not feel thy wish, love,
Nor thou my hand in thine.

A better time will come, love,
And better souls be born :
I would not be the best, love,
To leave thee now forlorn.

THE DEATH OF MOSES.

MOSES, who spake with God as with his friend,
And ruled his people with the twofold power
Of wisdom that can dare and still be meek,
Was writing his last word, the sacred name
Unutterable of that Eternal Will
Which was and is and evermore shall be.
Yet was his task not finished, for the flock
Needed its shepherd, and the life-taught sage
Leaves no successor ; but to chosen men,
The rescuers and guides of Israel,
A death was given called the Death of Grace,
Which freed them from the burden of the flesh,
But left them rulers of the multitude,
And loved companions of the lonely. This
Was God's last gift to Moses, this the hour
When soul must part from self and be but soul.

God spake to Gabriel, the messenger
Of mildest death that draws the parting life
Gently, as when a little rosy child
Lifts up its lips from off the bowl of milk,
And so draws forth a curl that dipped its gold
In the soft white—thus Gabriel draws the soul.
“Go, bring the soul of Moses unto me!”
And the awe-stricken angel answered, “Lord,
How shall I dare to take his life who lives
Sole of his kind, not to be likened once
In all the generations of the earth?”

Then God called Michael, him of pensive brow,
Snow-vest and flaming sword, who knows and acts.
“Go bring the spirit of Moses unto me!”
But Michael, with such grief as angels feel,
Loving the mortals whom they succor, plead:

"Almighty, spare me; it was I who taught
Thy servant Moses; he is part of me
As I of thy deep secrets, knowing them."

Then God called Zamaël, the terrible,
The angel of fierce death, of agony
That comes in battle and in pestilence,
Remorseless, sudden, or with lingering throes.
And Zamaël, his raiment and broad wings
Blood-tintured, the dark lustre of his eyes
Shrouding the red, fell like the gathering night
Before the prophet. But that radiance
Won from the heavenly presence in the mount
Gleamed on the prophet's brow, and dazzling pierced
Its conscious opposite: the angel turned
His murky gaze aloof and inly said:
"An angel this, deathless to angel's stroke."

But Moses felt the subtly nearing dark:
"Who art thou? and what wilt thou?" Zamaël then:
"I am God's reaper: through the fields of life
I gather ripened and unripened souls,
Both willing and unwilling. And I come
Now to reap thee." But Moses cried,
Firm as a seer who waits the trusted sign:
"Reap thou the fruitless plant and common herb—
Not him who from the womb was sanctified
To teach the law of purity and love."
And Zamaël, baffled from his errand, fled.

But Moses, pausing, in the air serene
Heard now that mystic whisper, far yet near,
The all-penetrating Voice, that said to him,
"Moses, the hour is come and thou must die."
"Lord, I obey; but thou rememberest
How thou, Ineffable, didst take me once
Within thy orb of light untouched by death."
Then the voice answered, "Be no more afraid:
With me shall be thy death and burial."
So Moses waited, ready now to die.

And the Lord came, invisible as a thought,

Three angels gleaming on his secret track,
Prince Michael, Zamaël, Gabriel, charged to guard
The soul-forsaken body as it fell
And bear it to the hidden sepulchre
Denied for ever to the search of man.
And the Voice said to Moses: "Close thine eyes."
He closed them, "Lay thine hand upon thine heart,
And draw thy feet together." He obeyed.
And the Lord said, "O spirit! child of mine!
A hundred years and twenty thou hast dwelt
Within this tabernacle wrought of clay.
This is the end: come forth and flee to heaven."

But the grieved soul with plaintive pleading cried,
"I love this body with a clinging love:
The courage fails me, Lord, to part from it."

"O child, come forth! for thou shalt dwell with me
About the immortal throne, where seraphs joy
In growing vision and in growing love."

Yet hesitating, fluttering, like the bird
With young wing weak and dubious, the soul
Stayed. But behold! upon the death-dewed lips
A kiss descended, pure, unspeakable—
The bodiless Love without embracing Love
That lingered in the body, drew it forth
With heavenly strength and carried it to heaven.

But now beneath the sky the watchers all,
Angels that keep the homes of Israel,
Or on high purpose wander o'er the world
Leading the Gentiles, felt a dark eclipse:
The greatest ruler among men was gone.
And from the westward sea was heard a wail,
A dirge as from the isles of Javanim,
Crying, "Who now is left upon the earth
Like him to teach the right and smite the wrong!"
And from the East, far o'er the Syrian waste,
Came slower, sadlier, the answering dirge:
"No prophet like him lives or shall arise
In Israel or the world for evermore."

But Israel waited, looking toward the mount,
 Till with the deepening eve the elders came,
 Saying, "His burial is hid with God.
 He stood far off and saw the angels lift
 His corpse aloft until they seemed a star
 That burnt itself away within the sky."
 The people answered with mute orphaned gaze,
 Looking for what had vanished evermore.
 Then through the gloom without them and within
 The spirit's shaping light, mysterious speech,
 Invisible Will wrought clear in sculptured sound,
 The thought-begotten daughter of the voice,
 Thrilled on their listening sense : "He has no tomb.
 He dwells not with you dead, but lives as Law."

ARION.

(HEROD. I. 24.)

Arion, whose melodic soul
 Taught the dithyramb to roll
 Like forest fires, and sing
 Olympian suffering,

Had carried his diviner lore
 From Corinth to the sister shore
 Where Greece could largelier be,
 Branching o'er Italy.

Then weighted with his glorious name
 And bags of gold, aboard he came
 'Mid harsh, seafaring men
 To Corinth bound again.

The sailors eyed the bags and thought :
 "The gold is good, the man is naught—

And who shall track the wave
That opens for his grave?"

With brawny arms and cruel eyes
They press around him where he lies
In sleep beside his lyre,
Hearing the Muses choir.

He waked and saw this wolf-faced Death
Breaking the dream that filled his breath
With inspiration strong
Of yet unchanted song.

"Take, take my gold and let me live!"
He prayed, as kings do when they give
Their all with royal will,
Holding born kingship still.

To rob the living they refuse,
One death or others he must choose,
Either the watery pall
Or wounds and burial.

"My solemn robe then let me don,
Give me high space to stand upon,
That dying I may pour
A song unsung before."

It pleased them well to grant this prayer,
To hear for naught how it might fare
With men who paid their gold
For what a poet sold.

In flowing stole, his eyes aglow
With inward fire, he neared the prow
And took his god-like stand,
The cithara in hand.

The wolfish men all shrank aloof,
And feared this singer might be proof
Against their murderous power,
After his lyric hour.

But he, in liberty of song,
 Fearless of death or other wrong,
 With full spondaic toll
 Poured forth his mighty soul:

Poured forth the strain his dream had taught,
 A home with lofty passion fraught,
 Such as makes battles won
 On fields of Marathon.

The last long vowels trembled then
 As awe within those wolfish men:
 They said, with mutual stare,
 Some god was present there.

But lo! Arion leaped on high
 Ready, his descant done, to die;
 Not asking, "Is it well?"
 Like a pierced eagle fell.

1873.

"O MAY I JOIN THE CHOIR INVISIBLE."

Longum illud tempus, quum non ero, magis me movet, quam hoc exiguum—CICERO, ad Att., xii. 18.

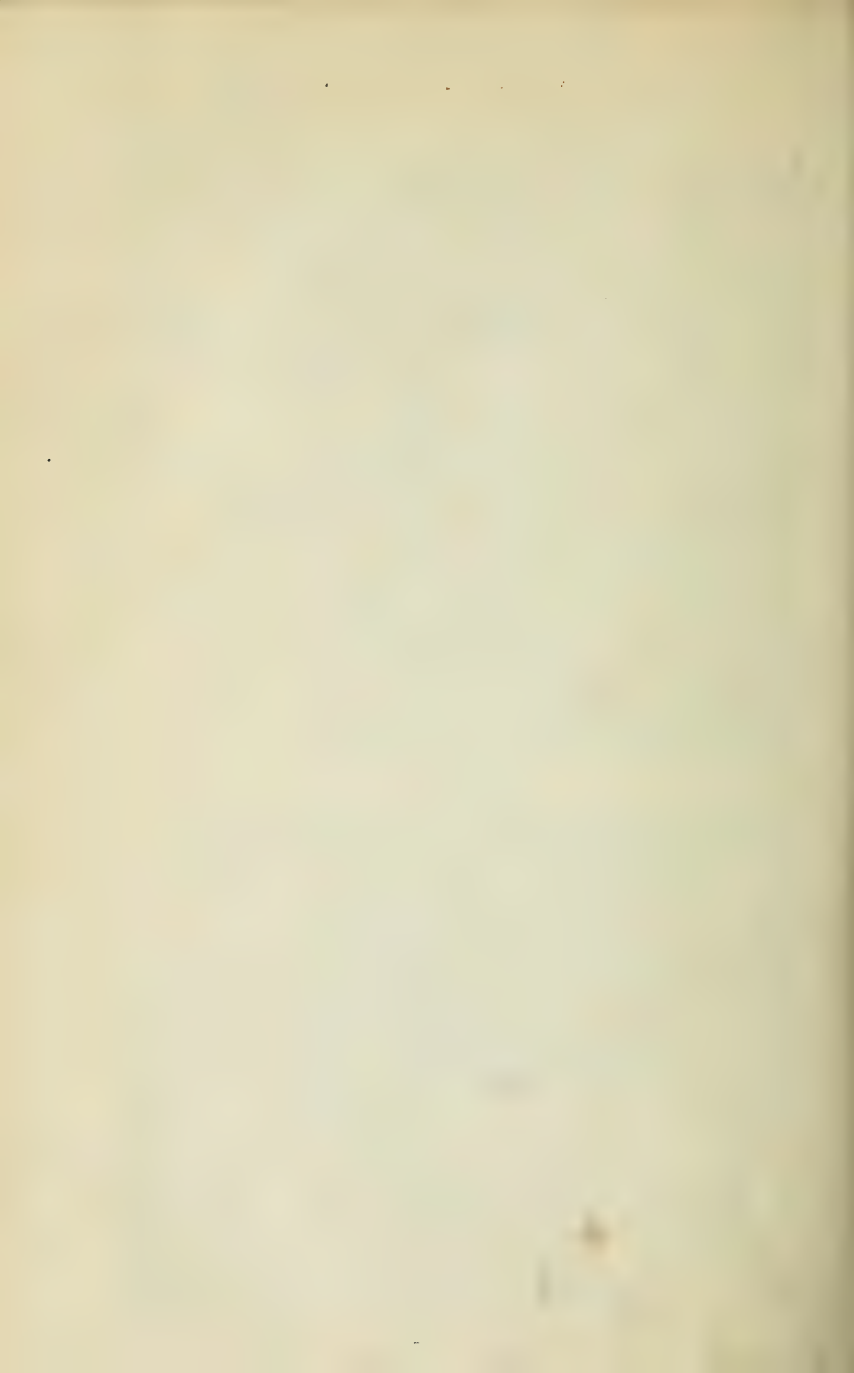
O MAY I join the choir invisible
 Of those immortal dead, who live again
 In minds made better by their presence: live
 In pulses stirred to generosity,
 In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
 For miserable aims that end with self,
 In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
 And with their mild persistence urge man's search
 To vaster issues.

So to live is heaven:
 To make undying music in the world,

Breathing as beauteous order that controls
With growing sway the growing life of man.
So we inherit that sweet purity
For which we struggled, failed, and agonized
With widening retrospect that bred despair.
Rebellious flesh that would not be subdued,
A vicious parent shaming still its child,
Poor anxious penitence, is quick dissolved;
Its discords, quenched by meeting harmonies,
Die in the large and charitable air.
And all our rarer, better, truer self,
That sobbed religiously in yearning song,
That watched to ease the burthen of the world,
Laboriously tracing what must be,
And what may yet be better—saw within
A worthier image for the sanctuary,
And shaped it forth before the multitude
Divinely human, raising worship so
To higher reverence more mixed with love—
That better self shall live till human Time
Shall fold its eyelids, and the human sky
Be gathered like a scroll within the tomb
Unread forever.

This is life to come,
Which martyred men have made more glorious
For us who strive to follow. May I reach
That purest heaven, be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty—
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion ever more intense.
So shall I join the choir invisible
Whose music is the gladness of the world.

1867.



ESSAYS

AND

LEAVES FROM A NOTE-BOOK

BY

GEORGE ELIOT

AUTHOR OF "ROMOLA," "MIDDLEMARCH," "ADAM BEDE," ETC.

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PREFACE.

WISHES have often been expressed that the articles known to have been written by George Eliot in the *Westminster Review* before she had become famous under that pseudonym, should be republished. Those wishes are now gratified—as far, at any rate, as it is possible to gratify them. For it was not George Eliot's desire that the whole of those articles should be rescued from oblivion. And in order that there might be no doubt on the subject, she made, some time before her death, a collection of such of her fugitive writings as she considered deserving of a permanent form; carefully revised them for the press; and left them, in the order in which they here appear, with written injunctions that no other pieces written by her, of date prior to 1857, should be republished.

It will thus be seen that the present collection of Essays has the weight of her sanction, and has had, moreover, the advantage of such corrections and alterations as a revision long subsequent to the period of writing may have suggested to her.

The opportunity afforded by this republication seemed a suitable one for giving to the world some "notes," as George Eliot simply called them, which belonged to a much later period, and which have not been previously published. The exact date of their writing cannot be fixed with any certainty, but it must have been some time between the appearance of "Middlemarch" and that of "Theophrastus Such." They were probably written without any distinct view to publication—some of them for the satisfaction of her own mind; others perhaps as memoranda, and with an idea of working them out more fully at some later time. It may be of interest to know that, besides the "notes" here given, the note-book contains four which appeared in "Theophrastus Such," three of them practically as they there stand; and it is not impossible that some of those in the present volume might also have been so utilized had they not happened to fall outside the general scope of the work.

I need only add that, in publishing these notes, I have the complete concurrence of my friend, Mr. Cross.

CHARLES LEE LEWES.

HIGHGATE, December, 1883.

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WORLDLINESS AND OTHER WORLDLINESS: THE POET YOUNG.

THE study of men, as they have appeared in different ages, and under various social conditions, may be considered as the natural history of the race. Let us, then, for a moment imagine ourselves, as students of this natural history, "dredging" the first half of the eighteenth century in search of specimens. About the year 1730 we have hauled up a remarkable individual of the species *divine*—a surprising name, considering the nature of the animal before us; but we are used to unsuitable names in natural history. Let us examine this individual at our leisure. He is on the verge of fifty, and has recently undergone his metamorphosis into the clerical form. Rather a paradoxical specimen, if you observe him narrowly; a sort of cross between a sycophant and a psalmist; a poet whose imagination is alternately fired by the "Last Day" and by a creation of peers, who fluctuates between rhapsodic applause of King George and rhapsodic applause of Jehovah. After spending "a foolish youth, the sport of peers and poets," after being a hanger-on of the profligate Duke of Wharton, after aiming in vain at a Parliamentary career, and angling for pensions and preferment with fulsome dedications and fustian odes, he is a little disgusted with his imperfect success, and has determined to retire from the general medicancy business to a particular branch; in other words, he has determined on that renunciation of the world implied in "taking orders," with the prospect of a good living and an advantageous matrimonial connection. And he personifies the nicest balance of temporalities and spiritualities. He is equally impressed with the momentousness of death and of burial fees; he languishes at once for immortal life and for "livings;" he has a fervid attachment to patrons in general, but, on the whole, prefers the Almighty. He will teach, with something more than official conviction,

the nothingness of earthly things; and he will feel something more than private disgust if his meritorious efforts in directing men's attention to another world are not rewarded by substantial preferment in this. His secular man believes in cambric bands and silk stockings as characteristic attire for "an ornament of religion and virtue;" hopes courtiers will never forget to copy Sir Robert Walpole; and writes begging-letters to the King's mistress. His spiritual man recognizes no motives more familiar than Golgotha and "the skies;" it walks in graveyards, or it soars among the stars. His religion exhausts itself in ejaculations and rebukes, and knows no medium between the ecstatic and the sententious. If it were not for the prospect of immortality, he considers, it would be wise and agreeable to be indecent, or to murder one's father; and, heaven apart, it would be extremely irrational in any man not to be a knave. Man, he thinks, is a compound of the angel and the brute: the brute is to be humbled by being reminded of its "relation to the stalls," and frightened into moderation by the contemplation of deathbeds and skulls; the angel is to be developed by vituperating this world and exalting the next; and by this double process you get the Christian—"the highest style of man." With all this, our new-made divine is an unmistakable poet. To a clay compounded chiefly of the worldling and the rhetorician, there is added a real spark of Promethean fire. He will one day clothe his apostrophes and oburgations, his astronomical religion and his charnel-house morality, in lasting verse, which will stand, like a Juggernaut made of gold and jewels, at once magnificent and repulsive: for this divine is Edward Young, the future author of the "Night Thoughts."

Judging from Young's works, one might imagine that the preacher had been organized in him by hereditary transmission through a long line of clerical forefathers,—that the diamonds of the "Night Thoughts" had been slowly condensed from the charcoal of ancestral sermons. Yet it was not so. His grandfather, apparently, wrote himself *gentleman*, not *clerk*; and there is no evidence that preaching had run in the family blood before it took that turn in the person of the poet's father, who was quadruply clerical, being at once rector, prebendary, court chaplain, and dean. Young was born at his father's rectory of Upham, in 1681. In due

time the boy went to Winchester College, and subsequently, though not till he was twenty-two, to Oxford, where, for his father's sake, he was befriended by the wardens of two colleges, and in 1708, three years after his father's death, nominated by Archbishop Tenison to a law fellowship at All Souls. Of Young's life at Oxford, in these years, hardly anything is known. His biographer, Croft, has nothing to tell us but the vague report that, when "Young found himself independent and his own master at All Souls, he was not the ornament to religion and morality that he afterwards became," and the perhaps apocryphal anecdote, that Tindal, the atheist, confessed himself embarrassed by the originality of Young's arguments. Both the report and the anecdote, however, are borne out by indirect evidence. As to the latter, Young has left us sufficient proof that he was fond of arguing on the theological side, and that he had his own way of treating old subjects. As to the former, we learn that Pope, after saying other things which we know to be true of Young, added, that he passed "a foolish youth, the sport of peers and poets;" and, from all the indications we possess of his career till he was nearly fifty, we are inclined to think that Pope's statement only errs by defect, and that he should rather have said, "a foolish youth and *middle age*." It is not likely that Young was a very hard student, for he impressed Johnson, who saw him in his old age, as "not a great scholar," and as surprisingly ignorant of what Johnson thought "quite common maxims" in literature: and there is no evidence that he filled either his leisure or his purse by taking pupils. His career as an author did not begin till he was nearly thirty, even dating from the publication of a portion of the "Last Day" in the *Tatler*; so that he could hardly have been absorbed in composition. But where the fully developed insect is parasitic, we believe the larva is usually parasitic also, and we shall probably not be far wrong in supposing that Young at Oxford, as elsewhere, spent a good deal of his time in hanging about possible and actual patrons, and accommodating himself to their habits with considerable flexibility of conscience and of tongue; being none the less ready, upon occasion, to present himself as the champion of theology, and to rhapsodize at convenient moments in the company of the skies or of skulls. That brilliant profligate, the Duke of Wharton, to whom Young

afterwards clung as his chief patron, was at this time a mere boy; and, though it is probable that their intimacy had already begun, since the Duke's father and mother were friends of the old Dean, that intimacy ought not to aggravate any unfavorable inference as to Young's Oxford life. It is less likely that he fell into any exceptional vice, than that he differed from the men around him chiefly in his episodes of theological advocacy and rhapsodic solemnity. He probably sowed his wild oats after the coarse fashion of his times, for he has left us sufficient evidence that his moral sense was not delicate; but his companions, who were occupied in sowing their own oats, perhaps took it as a matter of course that he should be a rake, and were only struck with the exceptional circumstance that he was a pious and moralizing rake.

There is some irony in the fact that the two first poetical productions of Young, published in the same year, were his "Epistle to Lord Lansdowne," celebrating the recent creation of peers—Lord Lansdowne's creation, in particular—and the "Last Day." Other poets, besides Young, found the device for obtaining a Tory majority by turning twelve insignificant commoners into insignificant lords, an irresistible stimulus to verse; but no other poet showed so versatile an enthusiasm, so nearly equal an ardor for the honor of the new baron and the honor of the Diety. But the two-fold nature of the sycophant and the psalmist is not more strikingly shown in the contrasted themes of the two poems, than in the transitions from bombast about monarchs to bombast about the resurrection, in the "Last Day" itself. The dedication of this poem to Queen Anne, Young afterwards suppressed, for he was always ashamed of having flattered a dead patron. In this dedication, Croft tells us, "he gives her Majesty praise indeed for her victories, but says that the author is more pleased to see her rise from this lower world, soaring above the clouds, passing the first and second heavens, and leaving the fixed stars behind her; nor will he lose her there, he says, but keep her still in view through the boundless spaces on the other side of creation, in her journey towards eternal bliss, till he behold the heaven of heavens open, and angels receiving and conveying her still onward from the stretch of his imagination, which tires in her pursuit, and falls back again to earth."

The self-criticism which prompted the suppression of the dedication did not, however, lead him to improve either the rhyme or the reason of the unfortunate couplet:

"When other Bourbons reign in other lands,
And, if men's sins forbid not, other Annes."

In the "Epistle to Lord Lansdowne" Young indicates his taste for the drama; and there is evidence that his tragedy of "Busiris" was "in the theatre" as early as this very year 1713, though it was not brought on the stage till nearly six years later; so that Young was now very decidedly bent on authorship, for which his degree of B. C. L., taken in this year, was doubtless a magical equipment. Another poem, "The Force of Religion; or, Vanquished Love," founded on the execution of Lady Jane Grey and her husband, quickly followed, showing fertility in feeble and tasteless verse; and on the Queen's death, in 1714, Young lost no time in making a poetical lament for a departed patron a vehicle for extravagant laudation of the new monarch. No further literary Production of his appeared until 1716, when a Latin oration which he delivered, on the foundation of the Codrington Library at All Souls, gave him a new opportunity for displaying his alacrity in inflated panegyric.

In 1717 it is probable that Young accompanied the Duke of Wharton to Ireland, though so slender are the materials for his biography, that the chief basis for this supposition is a passage in his "Conjectures on Original Composition," written when he was nearly eighty, in which he intimates that he had once been in that country. But there are many facts surviving to indicate that for the next eight or nine years Young was a sort of *attaché* of Wharton's. In 1719, according to legal records, the Duke granted him an annuity, in consideration of his having relinquished the office of tutor to Lord Burleigh, with a life annuity of £100 a year, on his Grace's assurances that he would provide for him in a much more ample manner. And again, from the same evidence, it appears that in 1721 Young received from Wharton a bond for £600, in compensation of expenses incurred in standing for Parliament at the Duke's desire, and as an earnest of greater services which his Grace had promised him on his refraining from the spiritual and tem-

poral advantages of taking orders with a certainty of two livings in the gift of his college. It is clear, therefore, that lay advancement as long as there was any chance of it, had more attractions for Young than clerical preferment; and that at this time he accepted the Duke of Wharton as the pilot of his career.

A more creditable relation of Young's was his friendship with Tickell, with whom he was in the habit of interchanging criticisms, and to whom, in 1719—the same year let us note, in which he took his doctor's degree—he addressed his "Lines on the Death of Addison." Close upon these followed his "Paraphrase of Part of the Book of Job," with a dedication to Parker, recently made Lord Chancellor, showing that the possession of Wharton's patronage did not prevent Young from fishing in other waters. He knew nothing of Parker, but that did not prevent him from magnifying the new Chancellor's merits; on the other hand, he *did* know Wharton, but this again did not prevent him from prefixing to his tragedy, "The Revenge," which appeared in 1721, a dedication attributing to the Duke all virtues, as well as all accomplishments. In the concluding sentence of this dedication, Young naively indicates that a considerable ingredient in his gratitude was a lively sense of anticipated favors. "My present fortune is his bounty, and my future his care; which I will venture to say will always be remembered to his honor; since he, I know, intended his generosity as an encouragement to merit, though, through his very pardonable partiality to one who bears him so sincere a duty and respect, I happened to receive the benefit of it." Young was economical with his ideas and images; he was rarely satisfied with using a clever thing once, and this bit of ingenious humility was afterwards made to do duty in the "Instalment," a poem addressed to Walpole:

"Be this thy partial smile, from censure free,
'Twas meant for merit, though it fell on me."

It was probably "The Revenge" that Young was writing when, as we learn from Spence's anecdotes, the Duke of Wharton gave him a skull with a candle fixed in it, as the

most appropriate lamp by which to write tragedy. According to Young's dedication, the Duke was "accessory" to the scenes of this tragedy in a more important way, "not only by suggesting the most beautiful incident in them, but by making all possible provision for the success of the whole." A statement which is credible, not indeed on the ground of Young's dedicatory assertion, but from the known ability of the Duke, who, as Pope tells us, possessed

"each gift of Nature and of Art,
And wanted nothing but an honest heart."

The year 1722 seems to have been the period of a visit to Mr. Dodington, at Eastbury, in Dorsetshire—the "pure Dorsetian downs" celebrated by Thomson—in which Young made the acquaintance of Voltaire; for in the subsequent dedication of his "Sea Piece" to "Mr. Voltaire," he recalls their meeting on Dorset Downs; and it was in this year that Christopher Pitt, a gentleman-poet of those days, addressed an "Epistle to Dr. Edward Young, at Eastbury, in Dorsetshire," which has at least the merit of this biographical couplet:

"While with your Dodington retired you sit
Charm'd with his flowing Burgundy and wit."

Dodington, apparently, was charmed in his turn, for he told Dr. Wharton that Young was "far superior to the French poet in the variety and novelty of his *bon-mots* and repartees." Unfortunately, the only specimen of Young's wit on this occasion that has been preserved to us is the epigram represented as an extempore retort (spoken aside, surely) to Voltaire's criticism of Milton's episode of Sin and Death:

"Thou art so witty, profligate, and thin,
At once we think thee Milton, Death, and Sin;"—

an epigram which, in the absence of "flowing Burgundy," does not strike us as remarkably brilliant. Let us give Young the benefit of the doubt thrown on the genuineness of this epigram by his own poetical dedication, in which he represents himself as having "soothed" Voltaire's "rage"

against Milton "with gentle rhymes;" though in other respects that dedication is anything but favorable to a high estimate of Young's wit. Other evidence apart, we should not be eager for the after-dinner conversation of the man who wrote,

"Thine is the Drama, how renown'd!
Thine Epic's loftier trump to sound;—
But let Arion's sea-strung harp be mine:
But where's his dolphin? Know'st thou where?
May that be found in thee, Voltaire!"

The "Satires" appeared in 1725 and 1726, each, of course, with its laudatory dedication and its compliments insinuated among the rhymes. The seventh and last is dedicated to Sir Robert Walpole, is very short, and contains nothing in particular except lunatic flattery of George I. and his prime minister, attributing that monarch's late escape from a storm at sea to the miraculous influence of his grand and virtuous soul—for George, he says, rivals the angels:

"George, who in foes can soft affections raise,
And charm envenomed satire into praise.
Nor human rage alone his pow'r perceives,
But the mad winds and the tumultuous waves.
Ev'n storms (Death's fiercest ministers!) forbear,
And in their own wild empire learn to spare.
Thus, Nature's self, supporting Man's decree,
Styles Britain's sovereign, sovereign of the sea."

As for Walpole, what *he* felt at this tremendous crisis

"No powers of language, but his own, can tell,—
His own, which Nature and the Graces form,
At will, to raise, or hush, the civil storm."

It is a coincidence worth noticing, that this seventh Satire was published in 1726, and that the warrant of George I., granting Young a pension of £200 a year from Lady-day, 1725, is dated May 3, 1726. The gratitude exhibited in this Satire may have been chiefly prospective, but the "Instalment"—a poem inspired by the thrilling event of Walpole's installation as Knight of the Garter—was clearly written with the double ardor of a man who has got a pension, and hopes for

something more. His emotion about Walpole is precisely at the same pitch as his subsequent emotion about the Second Advent. In the "Instalment" he says:

"With invocations some their hearts inflame;
I need no muse, a Walpole is my theme."

And of God coming to judgment, he says, in the "Night Thoughts:"

"I find my inspiration in my theme;
The grandeur of my subject is my muse."

Nothing can be feebler than this "Instalment," except in the strength of impudence with which the writer professes to scorn the prostitution of fair fame, the "profanation of Celestial fire."

Herbert Croft tells us that Young made more than three thousand pounds by his "Satires"—a surprising statement taken in connection with the reasonable doubt he throws on the story related in Spence's "Anecdotes," that the Duke of Wharton gave Young £2000 for this work. Young, however, seems to have been tolerably fortunate in the pecuniary results of his publications; and with his literary profits, his annuity from Wharton, his fellowship, and his pension, not to mention other bounties which may be inferred from the high merits he discovers in many men of wealth and position, we may fairly suppose that he now laid the foundation of the considerable fortune he left at his death.

It is probable that the Duke of Wharton's final departure for the Continent and disgrace at Court in 1726, and the consequent cessation of Young's reliance on his patronage, tended not only to heighten the temperature of his poetical enthusiasm for Sir Robert Walpole, but also to turn his thoughts towards the Church again, as the second-best means of rising in the world. On the accession of George II., Young found the same transcendent merits in him as in his predecessor, and celebrated them in a style of poetry previously unattempted by him—the Pindaric ode, a poetic form which helped him to surpass himself in furious bombast. "Ocean, an Ode: concluding with a wish," was the title of this piece. He afterwards pruned it, and cut off, among other things, the concluding Wish, expressing the yearning

for humble retirement, which, of course, had prompted him to the effusion; but we may judge of the rejected stanzas by the quality of those he has allowed to remain. For example, calling on Britain's dead mariners to rise and meet their "country's full-blown glory" in the person of the new King, he says:

"What powerful charm
Can death disarm?
Your long, your iron slumbers break?
By Jove, by Fame,
By George's name
Awake! awake! awake! awake!"

Soon after this notable production, which was written with the ripe folly of forty-seven, Young took orders, and was presently appointed chaplain to the King. "The Brothers," his third and last tragedy, which was already in rehearsal, he now withdrew from the stage, and sought reputation in a way more accordant with the decorum of his new profession, by turning prose-writer. But after publishing "A True Estimate of Human Life," with a dedication to the Queen, as one of the "most shining representatives" of God on earth, and a sermon, entitled "An Apology for Princes; or, the Reverence due to Government," preached before the House of Commons, his Pindaric ambition again seized him, and he matched his former ode by another, called "Imperium Pelagi; a Naval Lyric, written in Imitation of Pindar's Spirit, occasioned by his Majesty's Return from Hanover, 1729, and the succeeding Peace." Since he afterwards suppressed this second ode, we must suppose that it was rather worse than the first. Next came his two "Epistles to Pope, concerning the Authors of the Age," remarkable for nothing but the audacity of affectation with which the most servile of poets professes to despise servility.

In 1730, Young was presented by his college with the rectory of Welwyn, in Hertfordshire; and in the following year, when he was just fifty, he married Lady Elizabeth Lee, a widow with two children, who seems to have been in favor with Queen Caroline, and who probably had an income—two attractions which doubtless enhanced the power of her other charms. Pastoral duties and domesticity probably

cured Young of some bad habits; but, unhappily, they did not cure him either of flattery or of fustian. Three more odes followed, quite as bad as those of his bachelorhood, except that in the third he announced the wise resolution of never writing another. It must have been about this time, since Young was now "turned of fifty," that he wrote the letter to Mrs. Howard (afterwards Lady Suffolk), George II.'s mistress, which proves that he used other engines, besides the Pindaric, in "besieging Court favor." The letter is too characteristic to be omitted:

"Monday Morning.

"MADAM,—I know his majesty's goodness to his servants, and his love of justice in general, so well, that I am confident, if his majesty knew my case, I should not have any cause to despair of his gracious favor to me.

"Abilities.

Good Manners.

Service.

Age.

Want.

Sufferings

and

Zeal

} for his
majesty.

These, madam, are the proper points of consideration in the person that humbly hopes his majesty's favor.

"As to *Abilities*, all I can presume to say is, I have done the best I could to improve them.

"As to *Good Manners*, I desire no favor, if any just objection lies against them.

"As for *Service*, I have been near seven years in his majesty's, and never omitted any duty in it, which few can say.

"As for *Age*, I am turned of fifty.

"As for *Want*, I have no manner of preferment.

"As for *Sufferings*, I have lost £300 per ann. by being in his majesty's service; as I have shown in a *Representation* which his majesty has been so good as to read and consider.

"As for *Zeal*, I have written nothing without showing my duty to their majesties, and some pieces are dedicated to them.

"This, madam, is the short and true state of my case. They that make their court to the ministers, and not their majesties, succeed better. If my case deserves some consideration, and you can serve me in it, I humbly hope and believe you will: I shall, therefore, trouble you no farther; but beg leave to subscribe myself, with truest respect and gratitude, yours, etc.,

EDWARD YOUNG.

"P. S.—I have some hope that my Lord Townshend is my friend; if therefore soon, and before he leaves the court, you had an opportunity of mentioning me, with that favor you have been so good to show, I think it would not fail of success; and, if not, I shall owe you more than any."—*Suffolk Letters*, vol. i., p. 285.

Young's wife died in 1741, leaving him one son, born in 1733. That he had attached himself strongly to her two daughters by her former marriage, there is better evidence in the report, mentioned by Mrs. Montagu, of his practical kindness and liberality to the younger, than in his lamentations over the elder as the "Narcissa" of the the "Night Thoughts." "Narcissa" had died in 1735, shortly after marriage to Mr. Temple, the son of Lord Palmerston; and Mr. Temple himself, after a second marriage, died in 1740, a year before Lady Elizabeth Young. These, then, are the three deaths supposed to have inspired "The Complaint," which forms the three first books of the "Night Thoughts:"

"Insatiate archer, could not one suffice?
Thy shaft flew thrice; and thrice my peace was slain;
And thrice, ere thrice yon moon had filled her horn."

Since we find Young departing from the truth of dates, in order to heighten the effect of his calamity, or at least of his climax, we need not be surprised that he allowed his imagination great freedom in other matters besides chronology, and that the character of "Philander" can, by no process, be made to fit Mr. Temple. The supposition that the much-lectured "Lorenzo" of the "Night Thoughts" was Young's own son is hardly rendered more absurd by the fact that the poem was written when that son was a boy, than by the obvious artificiality of the characters Young introduces as targets for his arguments and rebukes. Among all the trivial efforts of conjectural criticism, there can hardly be one more futile than the attempt to discover the original of those pitiable lay-figures, the "Lorenzos" and "Altamonts" of Young's didactic prose and poetry. His muse never stood face to face with a genuine, living human being; she would have been as much startled by such an encounter as a stage necromancer whose incantations and blue fire had actually conjured up a demon.

The "Night Thoughts" appeared between 1741 and 1745. Although he declares in them that he has chosen God for his "patron" henceforth, this is not at all to the prejudice of some half-dozen lords, duchesses, and right honorables, who have the privilege of sharing finely turned compliments with their co-patron. The line which closed the Second Night in the earlier editions:

"Wits spare not Heaven, O Wilmington !—nor thee"—

is an intense specimen of that perilous juxtaposition of ideas by which Young, in his incessant search after point and novelty, unconsciously converts his compliments into sarcasms; and his apostrophe to the moon, as more likely to be favorable to his song if he calls her "fair Portland of the skies," is worthy even of his Pindaric ravings. His ostentatious renunciation of worldly schemes, and especially of his twenty year's siege of Court favor, are in the tone of one who retains some hope, in the midst of his querulousness.

He descended from the astronomical rhapsodies of his Ninth Night, published in 1745, to more terrestrial strains, in his "Reflections on the Public Situation of the Kingdom," dedicated to the Duke of Newcastle; but in this critical year we get a glimpse of him through a more prosaic and less refracting medium. He spent a part of the year at Tunbridge Wells; and Mrs. Montagu, who was there too, gives a very lively picture of the "divine Doctor" in her letters to the Duchess of Portland, on whom Young had bestowed the superlative bombast to which we have just referred. We shall borrow the quotations from Dr. Doran, in spite of their length, because, to our mind, they present the most agreeable portrait we possess of Young:

"I have great joy in Dr. Young, whom I disturbed in a revery. At first he started, then bowed, then fell back into a surprise; then began a speech, relapsed into his astonishment two or three times, forgot what he had been saying; began a new subject, and so went on. I told him your grace desired he would write longer letters; to which he cried "Ha!" most emphatically, and I leave you to interpret what it meant. He has made a friendship with one person here, whom I believe you would not imagine to have been made for his bosom friend. You would, perhaps, suppose it was a bishop or dean, a prebend, a pious preacher, a clergyman of exemplary life, or, if a layman, of most virtuous conversation, one that had paraphrased St. Matthew, or wrote comments on St. Paul. . . . You would not guess that this associate of the doctor's was—old Cibber! Certainly, in their religious, moral, and civil character, there is no relation; but in their dramatic capacity there is some.' Mrs. Montagu was not aware that Cibber, whom Young had named not disparagingly in his Satires, was the brother of his old schoolfellow; but to return to our hero. 'The waters,' says Mrs. Montagu, 'have raised his spirits to a fine pitch, as your grace will imagine, when I tell you how sublime an answer he made to a very vulgar question. I asked him how long he stayed at the Wells: he said, As long as my rival stayed;—as long as the sun did.' Among the visitors at the Wells were Lady Sunderland (wife of

Sir Robert Sutton) and her sister, Mrs. Tichborne. 'He did an admirable thing to Lady Sunderland: on her mentioning Sir Robert Sutton, he asked her where Sir Robert's lady was; on which we all laughed very heartily, and I brought him off, half ashamed, to my lodgings, where, during breakfast, he assured me he had asked after Lady Sunderland because he had a great honor for her; and that, having a respect for her sister, he designed to have inquired after her, if we had not put it out of his head by laughing at him. You must know, Mrs. Tichborne sat next to Lady Sunderland. It would have been admirable to have had him finish his compliment in that manner.' . . . 'His expressions all bear the stamp of novelty, and his thoughts of sterling sense. He practises a kind of philosophical abstinence. . . . He carried Mrs. Rolt and myself to Tunbridge, five miles from hence, where we were to see some fine old ruins. . . . First rode the doctor on a tall steed, decently caparisoned in dark gray; next, ambled Mrs. Rolt on a hackney horse; . . . then followed your humble servant on a milk-white palfrey. I rode on in safety, and at leisure to observe the company, especially the two figures that brought up the rear. The first was my servant, valiantly armed with two uncharged pistols; the last was the doctor's man, whose uncombed hair so resembled the name of the horse he rode, one could not help imagining they were of kin, and wishing, for the honor of the family, that they had had one comb betwixt them. On his head was a velvet cap, much resembling a black saucepan, and on his side hung a little basket. At last we arrived at the King's Head, where the loyalty of the doctor induced him to alight; and then, knight-errant-like, he took his damsels from off their palfreys, and courteously handed us into the inn.' . . . The party returned to the Wells; and 'the silver Cynthia held up her lamp in the heavens' the while. 'The night silenced all but our divine doctor, who sometimes uttered things fit to be spoken in a season when all nature seems to be hushed and hearkening. I followed, gathering wisdom as I went, till I found, by my horse's stumbling, that I was in a bad road, and that the blind was leading the blind. So I placed my servant between the doctor and myself; which he not perceiving, went on in a most philosophical strain, to the great admiration of my poor clown of a servant, who, not being wrought up to any pitch of enthusiasm, nor making any answer to all the fine things he heard, the doctor, wondering I was dumb, and grieving I was so stupid, looked round and declared his surprise.'"

Young's oddity and absence of mind are gathered from other sources besides these stories of Mrs. Montagu's, and gave rise to the report that he was the original of Fielding's "Parson Adams;" but this Croft denies, and mentions another Young, who really sat for the portrait, and who, we imagine, had both more Greek and more genuine simplicity than the poet. His love of chatting with Colley Cibber was an indication that the old predilection for the stage survived, in spite of his contempt for "all joys but joys that never can expire;" and the production of "The Brothers" at Drury

Lane in 1753, after a suppression of fifteen years, was perhaps not entirely due to the expressed desire to give the proceeds to the society for the Propagation of the Gospel. The author's profits were not more than £400—in those days a disappointing sum; and Young, as we learn from his friend Richardson, did not make this the limit of his donation, but gave a thousand guineas to the Society. "I had some talk with him," says Richardson, in one of his letters, "about this great action. 'I always,' said he, 'intended to do something handsome for the society. Had I deferred it to my demise, I should have given away my son's money. All the world are inclined to pleasure; could I have given myself a greater by disposing of the sum to a different use, I should have done it.'"

His next work was "The Centaur not Fabulous; in Six Letters to a friend, on the Life in Vogue," which reads very much like the most objurgatory parts of the "Night Thoughts" reduced to prose. It is preceded by a preface which, though addressed to a lady, is in its denunciations of vice as grossly indecent and almost as flippant as the epilogues written by "friends," which he allowed to be reprinted after his tragedies in the latest edition of his works. We like, much better than "The Centaur," "Conjectures on Original Composition," written in 1759, for the sake, he says, of communicating to the world the well-known anecdote about Addison's deathbed, and, with the exception of his poem on Resignation, the last thing he ever published.

The estrangement from his son, which must have embittered the later years of his life, appears to have begun not many years after the mother's death. On the marriage of her second daughter, who had previously presided over Young's household, a Mrs. Hallows, understood to be a woman of discreet age, and the daughter (or widow) of a clergyman who was an old friend of Young's, became house-keeper at Welwyn. Opinions about ladies are apt to differ. "Mrs. Hallows was a woman of piety, improved by reading," says one witness. "She was a very coarse woman," says Dr. Johnson; and we shall presently find some indirect evidence that her temper was perhaps not quite so much improved as her piety. Servants, it seems, were not fond of remaining long in the house with her; a satirical curate,

named Kidgell, hints at "drops of Juniper" taken as a cordial (but perhaps he was spiteful, and a teetotaler); and Young's son is said to have told his father that "an old man should not resign himself to the management of anybody." The result was, that the son was banished from home for the rest of his father's lifetime, though Young seems never to have thought of disinheriting him.

Our latest glimpses of the aged poet are derived from certain letters of Mr. Jones, his curate—letters preserved in the British Museum, and, happily, made accessible to common mortals in Nichols's "Anecdotes." Mr. Jones was a man of some literary activity and ambition—a collector of interesting documents, and one of those concerned in the "Free and Candid Disquisitions," the design of which was "to point out such things in our ecclesiastical establishment as want to be reviewed and amended." On these and kindred subjects he corresponded with Dr. Birch, occasionally troubling him with queries and manuscripts. We have a respect for Mr. Jones. Unlike most persons who trouble others with queries or manuscripts, he mitigates the infliction by such gifts as "a fat pullet," wishing he "had anything better to send; but this depauperizing vicarage (of Alconbury) too often checks the freedom and forwardness of my mind." Another day comes a "pound canister of tea;" another a "young fatted goose." Mr. Jones's first letter from Welwyn is dated June, 1759, not quite six years before Young's death. In June, 1762, he expresses a wish to go to London "this summer. But," he continues,

"My time and pains are almost continually taken up here, and . . . I have been (I now find) a considerable loser, upon the whole, by continuing here so long. The consideration of this, and the inconvenience I sustained, and do still experience, from my late illness, obliged me at last to acquaint the Doctor (Young) with my case, and to assure him that I plainly perceived the duty and confinement here to be too much for me; for which reason I must (I said) beg to be at liberty to resign my charge at Michaelmas. I began to give him these notices in February, when I was very ill; and now I perceive, by what he told me the other day, that he is in some difficulty; for which reason he is at last (he says) resolved to advertise, and even (*which is much wondered at*) to raise the salary considerably higher. (What he allowed my predecessors was £20 per annum; and now he proposes £50, as he tells me.) I never asked him to raise it for me, though I well knew it was not equal to the duty; nor did I say a word about myself when he lastly suggested to me his intentions upon this subject."

In a postscript to this letter he says :

"I may mention to you farther, as a friend that may be trusted, that, in all likelihood, the poor old gentleman will not find it a very easy matter, unless by dint of money, *and force upon himself*, to procure a man that he can like for his next curate, *nor one that will stay with him so long as I have done*. Then, his great age will recur to people's thoughts ; and if he has any foibles, either in temper or conduct, they will be sure not to be forgotten on this occasion by those who know him ; and those who do not will probably be on their guard. On these and the like considerations, it is by no means an eligible office to be seeking out for a curate for him, as he has several times wished me to do ; and would, if he knew that I am now writing to you, wish your assistance also. But my best friends here, *who well foresee the probable consequences*, and wish me well, earnestly dissuade me from complying ; and I will decline the office with as much decency as I can ; but high salary will, I suppose, fetch in somebody or other, soon."

In the following July he writes

"The old gentleman here (I may venture to tell you freely) seems to me to be in a pretty odd way of late—moping, dejected, self-willed, and as if surrounded with some perplexing circumstances. Though I visit him pretty frequently for short intervals, I say very little to his affairs, not choosing to be a party concerned, especially in cases of so critical and tender a nature. There is much mystery in almost all his temporal affairs, as well as in many of his speculative theories. Whoever lives in this neighborhood to see his exit, will probably see and hear some very strange things. Time will show ; I am afraid, not greatly to his credit. There is thought to be *an irremovable obstruction to his happiness within his walls, as well as another without them* ; but the former is the more powerful, and like to continue so. He has this day been trying anew to engage me to stay with him. No lucrative views can tempt me to sacrifice my liberty or my health to such measures as are proposed here. *Nor do I like to have to do with persons whose word and honor cannot be depended on*. So much for this very odd and unhappy topic."

In August, Mr. Jones's tone is slightly modified. Earnest entreaties, not lucrative considerations, have induced him to cheer the Doctor's dejected heart by remaining at Welwyn some time longer. The Doctor is, "In various respects, a very unhappy man," and few know so much of these "respects" as Mr. Jones. In September he recurs to the subject :

"My ancient gentleman here is still full of trouble : which moves my concern, though it moves only the secret laughter of many, and some untoward surmises in favor of him and his household. The loss of a very large sum of money (about £200) is talked of ; whereof

this vill and neighborhood is full. Some disbelieve; others say, '*It is no wonder, where about eighteen or more servants are sometimes taken and dismissed in the course of a year.*' The gentleman himself is allowed by all to be far more harmless and easy in his family than some one else who hath too much the lead in it. This, among others, was one reason for my late motion to quit."

No other mention of Young's affairs occurs until April 2, 1765, when he says that Dr. Young is very ill, attended by two physicians:

"Having mentioned this young gentleman (Dr. Young's son), I would acquaint you next, that he came hither this morning, having been sent for, as I am told, by the direction of Mrs. Hallows. Indeed, she intimated to me as much herself. And if this be so, I must say that it is one of the most prudent acts she ever did, or could have done, in such a case as this; as it may prove a means of preventing much confusion after the death of the Doctor. I have had some little discourse with the son: he seems much affected, and I believe really is so. He earnestly wishes his father might be pleased to ask after him; for you must know he has not yet done this, nor is, in my opinion, like to do it. And it has been said farther, that upon a late application made to him on the behalf of his son, he desired that no more might be said to him about it. How true this may be, I cannot as yet be certain; all I shall say is, it seems not improbable. . . . I heartily wish the ancient man's heart may prove tender towards his son; *though, knowing him so well, I can scarce hope to hear such desirable news.*"

Eleven days later, he writes:

"I have now the pleasure to acquaint you, that the late Dr. Young, though he had for many years kept his son at a distance from him, yet has now at last left him all his possessions, after the payment of certain legacies; so that the young gentleman (who bears a fair character, and behaves well, as far as I can hear or see) will, I hope, soon enjoy and make a prudent use of a handsome fortune. The father, on his death-bed, and since my return from London, was applied to in the tenderest manner, by one of his physicians, and by another person, to admit the son into his presence, to make submission, entreat forgiveness, and obtain his blessing. As to an interview with his son, he intimated that he chose to decline it, as his spirits were then low and his nerves weak. With regard to the next particular, he said, '*I heartily forgive him;*' and upon mention of this last, he gently lifted up his hand, and letting it gently fall, pronounced these words, '*God bless him!*' . . . I know it will give you pleasure to be farther informed that he was pleased to make respectful mention of me in his will; expressing his satisfaction in my care of his parish, *bequeathing to me a handsome legacy*, and appointing me to be one of his executors."

So far Mr. Jones, in his confidential correspondence with

a "friend who may be trusted." In a letter communicated, apparently by him, to the *Gentleman's Magazine* seventeen years later—namely, in 1782—on the appearance of Croft's biography of Young, we find him speaking of "the ancient gentleman" in a tone of reverential eulogy, quite at variance with the free comments we have just quoted. But the Rev. John Jones was probably of opinion, with Mrs. Montagu, whose contemporary and retrospective letters are also set in a different key, that "the interests of religion were connected with the character of a man so distinguished of piety as Dr. Young." At all events, a subsequent *quasi* official statement weighs nothing as evidence against contemporary, spontaneous, and confidential hints.

To Mrs. Hallows, Young left a legacy of £1000, with the request that she would destroy all his manuscripts. This final request, from some unknown cause, was not complied with, and among the papers he left behind him was the following letter from Archbishop Secker, which probably marks the date of his latest effort after preferment :

DEANERY OF ST. PAUL'S, July 8, 1758.

"GOOD DR. YOUNG,—I have long wondered that more suitable notice of your great merit hath not been taken by persons in power. But how to remedy the omission I see not. No encouragement hath ever been given me to mention things of this nature to his Majesty. And therefore, in all likelihood, the only consequence of doing it would be weakening the little influence which else I may possibly have on some other occasions. *Your fortune and your reputation set you above the need of advancement ; and your sentiments above that concern for it on your own account*, which on that of the public, is sincerely felt by

Your loving Brother,

"THO., CANT."

The loving brother's irony is severe !

Perhaps the least questionable testimony to the better side of Young's character is that of Bishop Hildesley, who, as the vicar of a parish near Welwyn, had been Young's neighbor for upwards of twenty years. The affection of the clergy for each other, we have observed, is, like that of the fair sex, not at all of a blind and infatuated kind ; and we may therefore the rather believe them when they give each other any extra-official praise. Bishop Hildesley, then, writing of Young to Richardson, says :

"The impertinence of my frequent visits to him was amply rewarded ;

forasmuch as, I can truly say, he never received me but with agreeable open complacency; and I never left him but with profitable pleasure and improvement. He was one or other, the most modest, the most patient of contradiction, and the most informing and entertaining I ever conversed with—at least, of any man who had so just pretensions to pertinacity and reserve.”

Mr. Langton, however, who was also a frequent visitor of Young’s informed Boswell,

“That there was an air of benevolence in his manner; but that he could obtain from him less information than he had hoped to receive from one who had lived so much in intercourse with the brightest men of what had been called the Augustan age of England; and that she showed a degree of eager curiosity concerning the common occurrences that were then passing, which appeared somewhat remarkable in a man of such intellectual stores, of such an advanced age, and who had retired from life with declared disappointment of his expectations.”

The same substance, we know, will exhibit different qualities under different tests; and, after all, imperfect reports of individual impressions, whether immediate or traditional, are a very frail basis on which to build our opinion of a man. One’s character may be very indifferently mirrored in the mind of the most intimate neighbor; it all depends on the quality of that gentleman’s reflecting surface.

But, discarding any inferences from such uncertain evidence, the outline of Young’s character is too distinctly traceable in the well-attested facts of his life, and yet more in the self-betrayal that runs through all his works, for us to fear that our general estimate of him may be false. For, while no poet seems less easy and spontaneous than Young, no poet discloses himself more completely. Men’s minds have no hiding-place out of themselves—their affectations do but betray another phase of their nature. And if, in the present view of Young, we seem to be more intent on laying bare unfavorable facts than on shrouding them in charitable speeches, it is not because we have any irreverential pleasure in turning men’s characters the seamy side without, but because we see no great advantage in considering a man as he was *not*. Young’s biographers and critics have usually set out from the position that he was a great religious teacher, and that his poetry is morally sublime; and they have toned down his failings into harmony with their conception of the divine and the poet. For our own part, we

set out from precisely the opposite conviction—namely, that the religious and moral spirit of Young's poetry is low and false; and we think it of some importance to show that the "Night Thoughts" are the reflex of a mind in which the higher human sympathies were inactive. This judgment is entirely opposed to our youthful predilections and enthusiasm. The sweet garden-breath of early enjoyment lingers about many a page of the "Night Thoughts," and even of the "Last Day," giving an extrinsic charm to passages of stilted rhetoric and false sentiment; but the sober and repeated reading of maturer years has convinced us that it would hardly be possible to find a more typical instance than Young's poetry of the mistake which substitutes interested obedience for sympathetic emotion, and baptizes egoism as religion.

Pope said of Young that he had "much of a sublime genius without common-sense." The deficiency Pope meant to indicate was, we imagine, moral rather than intellectual: it was the want of that fine sense of what is fitting in speech and action which is often eminently possessed by men and women whose intellect is of a very common order, but who have the sincerity and dignity which can never coexist with the selfish preoccupations of vanity or interest. This was the "common-sense" in which Young was conspicuously deficient; and it was partly owing to this deficiency that his genius, waiting to be determined by the highest prizes, fluttered uncertainly from effort to effort, until, when he was more than sixty, it suddenly spread its broad wing, and soared so as to arrest the gaze of other generations besides his own. For he had no versatility of faculty to mislead him. The "Night Thoughts" only differ from his previous works in the degree and not in the kind of power they manifest. Whether he writes prose or poetry, rhyme or blank verse, dramas, satires, odes, or meditations, we see everywhere the same Young—the same narrow circle of thoughts, the same love of abstractions, the same telescopic view of human things, the same appetency towards antithetic apothegm and rhapsodic climax. The passages that arrest us in his tragedies are those in which he anticipates some fine passage in the "Night Thoughts," and where his characters are only transparent shadows through which we see the

bewigged *embonpoint* of the didactic poet, excogitating epigrams or ecstatic soliloquies by the light of a candle fixed in a skull. Thus, in "The Revenge," Alonzo, in the conflict of jealousy and love that at once urges and forbids him to murder his wife, says:

" This vast and solid earth, that blazing sun,
 Those skies, through which it rolls, must all have end.
 What then is man? The smallest part of nothing.
 Day buries day; month, month; and year the year!
 Our life is but a chain of many deaths.
 Can then Death's self be feared? Our life much rather:
Life is the desert, life the solitude;
 Death joins us to the great majority:
 'Tis to be born to Plato and to Cæsar;
 'Tis to be great forever;
 'Tis pleasure, 'tis ambition, then, to die."

His prose writings all read like the "Night Thoughts," either diluted into prose, or not yet crystallized into poetry. For example, in his "Thoughts for Age," he says:

" Though we stand on its awful brink, such is our leaden bias to the world, we turn our faces the wrong way; we are still looking on our old acquaintance, *Time*; though now so wasted and reduced, that we can see little more of him than his wings and his scythe: our age enlarges his wings to our imagination: and our fear of death, his scythe; as *Time* himself grows less. His consumption is deep; his annihilation is at hand."

This is a dilution of the magnificent image:

" Time in advance behind him hides his wings,
 And seems to creep decrepit with his age.
 Behold him when past by! What then is seen
 But his proud pinions, swifter than the winds?"

Again:

" A requesting Omnipotence? What can stun and confound thy reason more? What more can ravish and exalt thy heart? It cannot but ravish and exalt; it cannot but gloriously disturb and perplex thee, to take in all *that* thought suggests. Thou child of the dust! Thou speck of misery and sin! How abject thy weakness! How great is thy power! Thou crawler on earth, and possible (I was about to say) controller of the skies! Weigh, and weigh well, the wondrous truths I have in view: which cannot be weighed too much; which the more they are weighed, amaze the more; which to have supposed, before they were revealed, would have been as great madness, and to have presumed on as great sin, as it is now madness and sin not to believe."

Even in his Pindaric odes, in which he made the most violent effort against nature, he is still neither more nor less than the Young of the "Last Day," emptied and swept of his genius, and possessed by seven demons of fustian and bad rhyme. Even here, his "Ercles' vein" alternates with his moral platitudes, and we have the perpetual text of the "Night Thoughts:"

"Gold pleasure buys;
But pleasure dies,
For soon the gross fruition cloy;
Though raptures court,
The sense is short;
But virtue kindles living joys;

Joys felt alone!
Joys asked of none!
Which Time's and Fortune's arrows miss:
Joys that subsist,
Though fates resist,
An unprecious, endless bliss!

Unhappy they!
And falsely gay!
Who bask forever in success;
A constant feast
Quite palls the taste,
And long enjoyment is distress."

In the "Last Day," again, which is the earliest thing he wrote, we have an anticipation of all his greatest faults and merits. Conspicuous among the faults is that attempt to exalt our conceptions of Deity by vulgar images and comparisons, which is so offensive in the later "Night Thoughts." In a burst of prayer and homage to God, called forth by the contemplation of Christ coming to judgment, he asks, Who brings the change of the seasons? and answers:

"Not the great Ottoman, or greater Czar;
Not Europe's arbitress of peace and war!"

Conceive the soul, in its most solemn moments, assuring God that it does not place His power below that of Louis Napoleon or Queen Victoria!

But in the midst of uneasy rhymes, inappropriate imagery, vaulting sublimity that o'erleaps itself, and vulgar emotions, we have in this poem an occasional flash of genius, a touch

of simple grandeur, which promises as much as Young ever achieved. Describing the oncoming of the dissolution of all things, he says :

“ No sun in radiant glory shines on high ;
No light but from the terrors of the sky.”

And again, speaking of great armies :

“ Whose rear lay wrapt in night, while breaking dawn
 Rous'd the broad front, and call'd the battle on.”

And this wail of the lost soul is fine :

“ And this for sin ?
 Could I offend if I had never been ?
 But still increas'd the senseless, happy mass,
 Flow'd in the stream, *or shiver'd in the grass ?*
 Father of mercies ! Why from silent earth
 Didst Thou awake and curse me into birth ?
 Tear me from quiet, ravish me from night,
 And make a thankless present of thy light ?
 Push into being a reverse of Thee,
 And *animate a clod with misery ?* ”

But it is seldom in Young's rhymed poems that the effect of felicitous thought or image is not counteracted by our sense of the constraint he suffered from the necessities of rhyme, that “ Gothic demon,” as he afterwards called it, “ Which, modern poetry tasting, became mortal.” In relation to his own power, no one will question the truth of his dictum, that “ blank verse is verse unfallen, uncurst ; verse reclaimed, reënthroned in the true language of the gods ; who never thundered nor suffered their Homer to thunder in rhyme.” His want of mastery in rhyme is especially a drawback on the effect of his Satires ; for epigrams and witticisms are peculiarly susceptible to the intrusion of a superfluous word, or to an inversion which implies constraint. Here, even more than elsewhere, the art that conceals art is an absolute requisite, and to have a witticism presented to us in limping or cumbrous rhythm is as counteractive to any electrifying effect as to see the tentative grimaces by which a comedian prepares a grotesque countenance. We discern the process, instead of being startled by the result.

This is one reason why the Satires, read *seriatim*, have a flatness to us, which, when we afterwards read picked pas-

sages, we are inclined to disbelieve in, and to attribute to some deficiency in our own mood. But there are deeper reasons for that dissatisfaction. Young is not a satirist of a high order. His satire has neither the terrible vigor, the lacerating energy, of genuine indignation, nor the humor which owns loving fellowship with the poor human nature it laughs at; nor yet the personal bitterness which, as in Pope's characters of *Sporus* and *Atticus*, insures those living touches by virtue of which the individual and particular in art becomes the universal and immortal. Young could never describe a real complex human being; but what he *could* do with eminent success was to describe with neat and finished point obvious *types* of manners rather than of character, to write cold and clever epigrams on personified vices and absurdities. There is no more emotion in his satire than if he were turning witty verses on a waxen image of Cupid, or a lady's glove. He has none of those felicitous epithets, none of those pregnant lines, by which Pope's Satires have enriched the ordinary speech of educated men. Young's wit will be found in almost every instance to consist in that antithetic combination of ideas which, of all the forms of wit, is most within reach of clever effort. In his gravest arguments, as well as in his lightest satire, one might imagine that he had set himself to work out the problem how much antithesis might be got out of a given subject. And there he completely succeeds. His neatest portraits are all wrought on this plan. *Narcissus*, for example, who—

“Omits no duty; nor can Envy say
 He miss'd, these many years, the Church or Play;
 He makes no noise in Parliament, 'tis true;
 But pays his debts and visit when 'tis due;
 His character and gloves are ever clean,
 And then he can out-bow the bowing Dean;
 A smile eternal on his lip he wears,
 Which equally the wise and worthless shares;
 In gay fatigues, this most undaunted chief,
 Patient of idleness beyond belief,
 Most charitably lends the town his face
 For ornament in every public place;
 As sure as cards he to th' assembly comes,
 And is the furniture of drawing-rooms:
 When Ombre calls, his hand and heart are free.
 And, joined to two, he fails not—to make three:
Narcissus is the glory of his race;

For who does nothing with a better grace?
 To deck my list by nature were designed
 Such shining expletives of human kind,
 Who want, while through blank life they dream along,
 Sense to be right and passion to be wrong."

It is but seldom that we find a touch of that easy slyness which gives an additional zest to surprise; but here is an instance:

"See Tityrus, with merriment possest,
 Is burst with laughter ere he hears the jest.
 What need he stay? for when the joke is o'er,
 His *teeth* will be no whiter than before."

Like Pope, whom he imitated, he sets out with a psychological mistake as the basis of his satire, attributing all forms of folly to one passion—the love of fame, or vanity—a much grosser mistake, indeed, than Pope's exaggeration of the extent to which the "ruling passion" determines conduct in the individual. Not that Young is consistent in his mistake. He sometimes implies no more than what is the truth—that the love of fame is the cause, not of all follies, but of many.

Young's satires on women are superior to Pope's, which is only saying that they are superior to Pope's greatest failure. We can more frequently pick out a couplet as successful than an entire sketch. Of the too-emphatic Syrena, he says:

"Her judgment just, her sentence is too strong;
 Because she's right, she's ever in the wrong."

Of the diplomatic Julia:

"For her own breakfast she'll project a scheme,
 Nor take her tea without a stratagem."

Of Lyce, the old painted coquette:

"In vain the cock has summoned sprites away;
 She walks at noon and blasts the bloom of day."

Of the nymph who, "gratis, clears religious mysteries:"

"'Tis hard, too, she who makes no use but chat
 Of her religion, should be barr'd in that."

The description of the literary *belle*, Daphne, well prefaces that of Stella, admired by Johnson:

“With legs toss’d high, on her sophee she sits,
Vouchsafing audience to contending wits:
Of each performance she’s the final test;
One act read o’er, she prophesies the rest;
And then, pronouncing with decisive air,
Fully convinces all the town—*she’s fair*.
Had lovely Daphne Hecatessa’s face,
How would her elegance of taste decrease!
Some ladies’ judgment in their features lies,
And all their genius sparkles in their eyes.
But hold, she cries, lampooner! have a care:
Must I want common-sense because I’m fair?
O no; see Stella: her eyes shine as bright
As if her tongue was never in the right;
And yet what real learning, judgment, fire!
She seems inspir’d, and can herself inspire.
How then if malice ruled not all the fair
Could Daphne publish, and could she forbear?”

After all, when we have gone through Young’s seven Satires, we seem to have made but an indifferent meal. They are a sort of fricassee, with little solid meat in them, and yet the flavor is not always piquant. It is curious to find him, when he pauses a moment from his satiric sketching, recurring to his old platitudes:

“Can gold calm passion, or make reason shine?
Can we dig peace or wisdom from the mine?
Wisdom to gold prefer;”—

platitudes which he seems inevitably to fall into, for the same reason that some men are constantly asserting their contempt for criticism—because he felt the opposite so keenly.

The outburst of genius in the earlier books of the “Night Thoughts” is the more remarkable, that in the interval between them and the Satires he had produced nothing but his Pindaric odes, in which he fell far below the level of his previous works. Two sources of this sudden strength were the freedom of blank verse and the presence of a genuine emotion. Most persons, in speaking of the “Night Thoughts,” have in their minds only the two or three first Nights, the majority of readers rarely getting beyond these, unless, as Wilson says, they “have but few books, are poor, and live in the country.” And in these earlier Nights there

is enough genuine sublimity and genuine sadness to bribe us into too favorable a judgment of them as a whole. Young had only a very few things to say or sing—such as that life is vain, that death is imminent, that man is immortal, that virtue is wisdom, that friendship is sweet, and that the source of virtue is the contemplation of death and immortality—and even in his two first Nights he had said almost all he had to say in his finest manner. Through these first outpourings of “complaint” we feel that the poet is really sad, that the bird is singing over a rifled nest, and we bear with his morbid picture of the world and of life, as the Joblike lament of a man whom “the hand of God hath touched.” Death has carried away his best-beloved, and that “silent land” whither they are gone has more reality for the desolate one than this world which is empty of their love:

“This is the desert, this the solitude ;
How populous, how vital is the grave !”

Joy died with the loved one :

“The disenchanted earth
Lost all her lustre. Where her glitt’ring towers?
Her golden mountains, where? All darken’d down
To naked waste ; a dreary vale of tears :
The great magician’s dead !”

Under the pang of parting, it seems to the bereaved man as if love were only a nerve to suffer with, and he sickens at the thought of every joy of which he must one day say, “*it was.*” In its unreasoning anguish, the soul rushes to the idea of perpetuity as the one element of bliss:

“O ye blest scenes of permanent delight!
Could ye, so rich in rapture, fear an end—
That ghastly thought would drink up all your joy,
And quite unparadise the realms of light.”

In a man under the immediate pressure of a great sorrow we tolerate morbid exaggerations ; we are prepared to see him turn away a weary eye from sunlight and flowers and sweet human faces, as if this rich and glorious life had no significance but as a preliminary of death ; we do not criticise his views, we compassionate his feelings. And so it is with Young in these earlier Nights. There is already some arti-

ficiality even in his grief, and feeling often slides into rhetoric, but through it all we are thrilled with the unmistakable cry of pain, which makes us tolerant of egoism and hyperbole:

"In every varied posture, place and hour,
How widow'd ev'ry thought of ev'ry joy!
Thought, busy thought! too busy for my peace!
Through the dark Postern of time long elapsed
Led softly, by the stillness of the night—
Led like a murderer (and such it proves!)
Strays, wretched rover! o'er the pleasing past—
In quest of wretchedness, perversely strays;
And finds all desert now; and meets the ghosts
Of may departed joys."

But when he becomes didactic, rather than complaining—when he ceases to sing his sorrows, and begins to insist on his opinions—when that distaste for life which we pity as a transient feeling is thrust upon us as a theory, we become perfectly cool and critical, and are not in the least inclined to be indulgent to false views and selfish sentiments.

Seeing that we are about to be severe on Young's failings and failures, we ought, if a reviewer's space were elastic, to dwell also on his merits—on the startling vigor of his imagery, on the occasional grandeur of his thought, on the piquant force of that grave satire into which his meditations continually run. But, since our "limits" are rigorous, we must content ourselves with the less agreeable half of the critic's duty; and we may the rather do so, because it would be difficult to say anything new of Young in the way of admiration, while we think there are many salutary lessons remaining to be drawn from his faults.

One of the most striking characteristics of Young is his *radical insincerity as a poetic artist*. This, added to the thin and artificial texture of his wit, is the true explanation of the paradox, that a poet who is often inopportunistly witty has the opposite vice of bombastic absurdity. The source of all grandiloquence is the want of taking for a criterion the true qualities of the object described or the emotion expressed. The grandiloquent man is never bent on saying what he feels or what he sees, but on producing a certain effect on his audience; hence he may float away into utter inanity without meeting any criterion to arrest him. Here lies the distinction between grandiloquence and genuine

fancy or bold imaginativeness. The fantastic or the boldly imaginative poet may be as sincere as the most realistic; he is true to his own sensibilities or inward vision, and in his wildest flights he never breaks loose from his criterion—the truth of his own mental state. Now, this disruption of language from genuine thought and feeling is what we are constantly detecting in Young; and his insincerity is the more likely to betray him into absurdity, because he habitually treats of abstractions, and not of concrete objects or specific emotions. He descants perpetually on virtue, religion, “the good man,” life, death, immortality, eternity—subjects which are apt to give a factitious grandeur to empty worldliness. When a poet floats in the empyrean, and only takes a bird’s-eye view of the earth, some people accept the mere fact of his soaring for sublimity, and mistake his dim vision of earth for proximity to heaven. Thus:

“His hand the good man fixes on the skies,
And bids earth roll, nor feels her idle whirl,”

may perhaps pass for sublime with some readers. But pause a moment to realize the image, and the monstrous absurdity of a man’s grasping the skies, and hanging habitually suspended there, while he contemptuously bids the earth roll, warns you that no genuine feeling could have suggested so unnatural a conception.

Examples of such vicious imagery, resulting from insincerity, may be found, perhaps, in almost every page of the “Night Thoughts.” But simple assertions or aspirations, undisguised by imagery, are often equally false. No writer whose rhetoric was checked by the slightest truthful intentions could have said:

“An eye of awe and wonder let me roll,
And roll forever.”

Abstracting the more poetical associations with the eye, this is hardly less absurd than if he had wished to stand forever with his mouth open.
Again:

“Far beneath
A soul immortal is a mortal joy.”

Happily for human nature, we are sure no man really believes

that. Which of us has the impiety not to feel that our souls are only too narrow for the joy of looking into the trusting eyes of our children, of reposing on the love of a husband or wife—nay, of listening to the divine voice of music, or watching the calm brightness of autumn afternoons? But Young could utter this falsity without detecting it, because, when he spoke of “mortal joy,” he rarely had in his mind any object to which he could attach sacredness. He was thinking of bishoprics and benefices, of smiling monarchs, patronizing prime-ministers, and a “much indebted muse.” Of any thing between these and eternal bliss he was but rarely and moderately conscious. Often, indeed, he sinks very much below even the bishopric, and seems to have no notion of earthly pleasure but such as breathes gaslight and the fumes of wine. His picture of life is precisely such as you would expect from a man who has risen from his bed at two o’clock in the afternoon with a headache, and a dim remembrance that he has added to his “debts of honor:”

“What wretched repetition cloy us here!
What periodic potions for the sick,
Distemper’d bodies, and distemper’d minds!”

And then he flies off to his usual antithesis:

“In an eternity what scenes shall strike!
Adventures thicken, novelties surprise!”

“Earth” means lords and levees, duchesses and Delilahs, South-Sea dreams and illegal percentage; and the only things distinctly preferable to these are, eternity and the stars. Deprive Young of this antithesis, and more than half his eloquence would be shrivelled up. Place him on a breezy common, where the furze is in its golden bloom, where children are playing, and horses are standing in the sunshine with fondling necks, and he would have nothing to say. Here are neither depths of guilt nor heights of glory; and we doubt whether, in such a scene, he would be able to pay his usual compliment to the Creator:

“Where’er I turn, what claim on all applause!”

It is true that he sometimes—not often—speaks of virtue as capable of sweetening life, as well as of taking the sting

from death and winning heaven; and, lest we should be guilty of any unfairness to him, we will quote the two passages which convey this sentiment the most explicitly. In the one, he gives Lorenzo this excellent recipe for obtaining cheerfulness:

"Go, fix some weighty truth;
Chain down some passion; do some generous good;
Teach Ignorance to see, or Grief to smile;
Correct thy friend; befriend thy greatest foe;
Or, with warm heart, and confidence divine,
Spring up, and lay strong hold on Him who made thee."

The other passage is vague, but beautiful, and its music has murmured in our minds for many years:

"The cuckoo seasons sing
The same dull note to such as nothing prize
But what those seasons from the teeming earth
To doting sense indulge. But nobler minds,
Which relish fruit unripen'd by the sun,
Make their days various; various as the dyes
On the dove's neck, which wanton in his rays.
On minds of dove-like innocence possess'd,
On lighten'd minds that bask in Virtue's beams,
Nothing hangs tedious, nothing old revolves
In that for which they long, for which they live.
Their glorious efforts, wing'd with heavenly hopes,
Each rising morning sees still higher rise;
Each bounteous dawn its novelty presents
To worth maturing, new strength, lustre, fame;
While Nature's circle, like a chariot wheel,
Rolling beneath their elevated aims,
Makes their fair prospect fairer every hour;
Advancing virtue in a line to bliss."

Even here, where he is in his most amiable mood, you see at what a telescopic distance he stands from mother Earth and simple human joys—"Nature's circle rolls beneath." Indeed, we remember no mind in poetic literature that seems to have absorbed less of the beauty and the healthy breath of the common landscape than Young's. His images, often grand and finely presented—witness that sublimely sudden leap of thought,

"Embryos we must be till we burst the shell,
Yon ambient azure shell, and spring to life"—

lie almost entirely within that circle of observation which would be familiar to a man who lived in town, hung about the theatres, read the newspaper, and went home often by moon and star light. There is no natural object nearer than the moon that seems to have any strong attachment for him, and even to the moon he chiefly appeals for patronage, and "pays his court" to her. It is reckoned among the many deficiencies of Lorenzo, that he "never asked the moon one question"—an omission which Young thinks eminently unbecoming a rational being. He describes nothing so well as a comet, and is tempted to linger with fond detail over nothing more familiar than the day of judgment and an imaginary journey among the stars. Once on Saturn's ring, he feels at home, and his language becomes quite easy:

"What behold I now?
A wilderness of wonders burning round,
Where larger suns inhabit higher spheres;
Perhaps *the villas of descending gods!*"

It is like a sudden relief from a strained posture when, in the "Night Thoughts," we come on any allusion that carries us to the lanes, woods, or fields. Such allusions are amazingly rare, and we could almost count them on a single hand. That we may do him no injustice, we will quote the three best:

"Like blossom'd trees o'erturned by vernal storm
Lovely in death the beauteous ruin lay."

* * * * *

"In the same brook none ever bathed him twice:
To the same life none ever twice awoke,
We call the brook the same—the same we think
Our life, though still more rapid in its flow;
Nor mark the much irrevocably lapsed,
And mingled with the sea."

* * * * *

"The crown of manhood is a winter joy;
An evergreen that stands the northern blast,"
And blossoms in the rigor of our fate."

The adherence to abstractions, or to the personification of

abstractions, is closely allied in Young to the *want of genuine emotion*. He sees Virtue sitting on a mount serene, far above the mists and storms of earth: he sees Religion coming down from the skies, with this world in her left hand and the other world in her right: but we never find him dwelling on virtue or religion as it really exists—in the emotions of a man dressed in an ordinary coat, and seated by his fireside of an evening, with his hand resting on the head of his little daughter; in courageous effort for unselfish ends, in the internal triumph of justice and pity over personal resentment, in all the sublime self-renunciation and sweet charities which are found in the details of ordinary life. Now, emotion links itself with particulars, and only in a faint and secondary manner with abstractions. An orator may discourse very eloquently on injustice in general, and leave his audience cold; but let him state a special case of oppression, and every heart will throb. The most untheoretic persons are aware of this relation between true emotion and particular facts, as opposed to general terms, and implicitly recognize it in the repulsion they feel toward any one who professes strong feeling about abstractions—in the interjectional “humbug!” which immediately rises to their lips.

If we except the passages in Philander, Narcissa, and Lucia, there is hardly a trace of human sympathy, of self-forgetfulness, in the joy or sorrow of a fellow-being, throughout this long poem, which professes to treat the various phases of man's destiny. And even in the Narcissa Night, Young repels us by the low moral tone of his exaggerated lament. This married step-daughter died at Lyons, and, being a Protestant, was denied burial, so that her friends had to bury her in secret—one of the many miserable results of superstition, but not a fact to throw an educated, still less a Christian man into a fury of hatred and vengeance in contemplating it after the lapse of five years. Young, however, takes great pains to simulate a bad feeling:

“Of grief
And indignation rival bursts I pout'd,
Half execration mingled with my pray'r;
Kindled at man, while I his God ador'd;
Sore grudg'd the savage land her sacred dust;
Stamp'd the cursed soil; *and with humanity*
(*Denied Narcissa*) *wish'd them all a grave.*”

The odiously bad taste of this last clause makes us hope that it is simply a platitude, and not intended as a witticism, until he removes the possibility of this favorable doubt by immediately asking, "Flows my resentment into guilt?"

When, by an after-thought, he attempts something like sympathy, he only betrays more clearly his want of it. Thus, in the first Night, when he turns from his private griefs to depict earth as a hideous abode of misery for all mankind, and asks,

"What then am I, who sorrow for myself?"

he falls at once into calculating the benefit of sorrowing for others:

"More generous sorrow, while it sinks, exalts;
And conscious virtue mitigates the pang.
 Nor virtue, more than prudence, bids me give
 Swollen thought a second channel."

This remarkable negation of sympathy is in perfect consistency with Young's theory of ethics:

"Virtue is a crime,
 A crime to reason, if it costs us pain
 Unpaid."

If there is no immortality for man,

"Sense! take the rein; blind Passon, drive us on
 And Ignorance! befriend us on our way. . . .
 Yes; give the pulse full empire; live the Brute,
 Since as the brute we die. The sum of man,
 Of godlike man, to revel and to rot."

* * * * *

"If this life's gain invites him to the deed,
 Why not his country sold, his father slain?"

* * * * *

"Ambition, avarice, by the wise disdain'd,
 Is perfect wisdom, while mankind are fools,
 And think a turf or tombstone covers all."

* * * * *

"Die for thy country, thou romantic fool!
Seize, the plank thyself, and let her sink."

* * * *

"As in the dying parent dies the child,
Virtue with Immortality expires.

Who tells me he denies his soul immortal,
Whate'er his boast, has told me he's a knave.
His duty 'tis to love himself alone,
Nor care though mankind perish, if he smiles.

We can imagine the man who "denies his soul immortal" replying, "It is quite possible that *you* would be a knave, and love yourself alone, if it were not for your belief in immortality; but you are not to force upon me what would result from your own utter want of moral emotion. I am just and honest, not because I expect to live in another world, but because, having felt the pain of injustice and dishonesty towards myself, I have a fellow-feeling with other men, who would suffer the same pain if I were unjust or dishonest towards them. Why should I give my neighbor short weight in this world because there is not another world in which I should have nothing to weigh out to him? I am honest, because I don't like to inflict evil on others in this life, not because I'm afraid of evil to myself in another. The fact is, I do *not* love myself alone, whatever logical necessity there may be for that conclusion in your mind. I have a tender love for my wife and children and friends, and through that love I sympathize with like affections in other men. It is a pang to me to witness the suffering of a fellow-being, and I feel his suffering the more acutely because he is *mortal*—because his life is so short, and I would have it, if possible, filled with happiness and not misery. Through my union and fellowship with the men and women I *have* seen, I feel a like, though a fainter, sympathy with those I have *not* seen; and I am able so to live in imagination with the generations to come, that their good is not alien to me, and is a stimulus to me to labor for ends which may not benefit myself, but will benefit them. It is possible that you might prefer to 'live the brute,' to sell your country, or to slay your father, if you were not afraid of some disagreeable consequences from the criminal laws of another world; but even if I could conceive no motive but

my own worldly interest or the gratification of my animal desires, I have not observed that beastliness, treachery, and parricide are the direct way to happiness and comfort on earth."

Thus far the man who "denies himself immortal" might give a warrantable reply to Young's assumption of peculiar loftiness in maintaining that "virtue with immortality expires." We may admit, indeed, that if the better part of virtue consists, as Young appears to think, in contempt for mortal joys, in "meditation of our own decease," and in "applause" of God in the style of a congratulatory address to her majesty—all which has small relation to the well-being of mankind on this earth—the motive to it must be gathered from something that lies quite outside the sphere of human sympathy. But, for certain other elements of virtue, which are of more obvious importance to plain people—a delicate sense of our neighbor's rights, an active participation in the joys and sorrows of our fellow-men, a magnanimous acceptance of privation or suffering for ourselves when it is the condition of rescue for others—in a word, the widening and strengthening of our sympathetic nature—it is surely of some moment to contend that they have no more direct dependence on the belief in a future state than the interchange of gases in the lungs on the plurality of worlds. Nay, it is conceivable that in some minds the deep pathos lying in the thought of human mortality—that we are here for a little while and then vanish away, that this earthly life is all that is given to our loved ones and to our many suffering fellow-men, lies nearer the fountains of moral emotion than the conception of extended existence. And surely it ought to be a welcome fact, if the thought of *mortality*, as well as of immortality, be favorable to virtue. We can imagine that the proprietors of a patent water-supply may have a dread of common springs; but for those who only share the general need there cannot be too great a security against a lack of fresh water, or of pure morality. It should be matter of unmixed rejoicing if this latter necessary of healthful life has its evolution insured in the interaction of human souls as certainly as the evolution of science or of art, with which, indeed, it is but a twin ray, melting into them with undefinable limits.

To return to Young. We can often detect a man's deficiencies in what he admires more clearly than in what he con-

temns, in the sentiments he presents as laudable rather than in those he decries. And in Young's notion of what is lofty he casts a shadow by which we can measure him without further trouble. For example, in arguing for human immortality, he says :

" First, what is *true ambition* ? The pursuit
Of glory *nothing less than man can share*.

* * * * *

The Visible and Present are for brutes,
A slender portion, and a narrow bound !
These Reason, with an energy divine
O'erleaps, and claims the Future and Unseen ;
The vast Unseen, the Future fathomless !
When the great soul buoys up to this high point,
Leaving gross Nature's sediments below,
Then, and then only, Adam's offspring quits
The sage and hero of the fields and woods,
Asserts his rank, and rises into man."

So, then, if it were certified that, as some benevolent minds have tried to infer, our dumb fellow-creatures would share a future existence, in which it is to be hoped we should neither beat, starve, nor maim them, our ambition for a future life would cease to be "lofty"! This is a notion of littleness which may pair off with Dr. Whewell's celebrated observation, that Bentham's moral theory is low because it includes justice and mercy to brutes.

But, for a reflection of Young's moral personality on a colossal scale, we must turn to those passages where his rhetoric is at its utmost stretch of inflation—where he addresses the Deity, discourses of the Divine operations, or describes the last judgment. As a compound of vulgar pomp, crawling adulation, and hard selfishness, presented under the guise of piety, there are few things in literature to surpass the ninth Night, entitled "Consolation," especially in the pages where he describes the last judgment—a subject to which, with naïve self-betrayal, he applies phraseology favored by the exuberant penny-a-liner. Thus, when God descends, and the groans of hell are opposed by "shouts of joy," much as cheers and groans contend at a public meeting where the resolutions are *not* passed unanimously, the poet completes his climax in this way:

"Hence, in one peal of loud, eternal praise,
The *charmed spectators* thunder their applause."

In the same taste, he sings,

"Eternity, the various sentence past,
Assigns the sever'd throng distinct abodes,
Sulphureous or ambrosial."

Exquisite delicacy of indication! He is too nice to be specific as to the interior of the "sulphureous" abode; but when once half the human race are shut up there, hear how he enjoys turning the key on them!

"What ensues?"

The deed predominant, the deed of deeds !
Which makes a hell of hell, a *heaven of heaven*,
The goddess, with determined aspect, turns
Her adamant key's enormous size
Through Destiny's inextricable wards,
Deep driving every bolt on both their fates.
Then, from the crystal battlements of heaven,
Down, down she hurls it through the dark profound,
Ten thousand, thousand fathoms; there to rust
And ne'er unlock her resolution more.
The deep resounds; and Hell, through all her glooms,
Returns, in groans, the melancholy roar."

This is one of the blessings for which Dr. Young thanks God "most":

"For all I bless Thee, most, for the severe;
Her death—my own at hand—the fiery gulf,
That flaming bound of wrath omnipotent!
It thunders; but it thunders to preserve;
. . . its wholesome dread
Averts the dreaded pain; *its hideous groans*
Join Heaven's sweet Hallelujahs in thy praise,
Great Source of good alone! How kind in all!
In vengeance kind! Pain, Death, Gehenna, save". . .

i. e., save *me*, Dr. Young, who, in return for that favor, promise to give my divine patron the monopoly of that exuberance in laudatory epithet of which specimens may be seen at any moment in a large number of dedications and odes to kings, queens, prime-ministers, and other persons of distinction. *That*, in Young's conception, is what God delights in. His crowning aim in the "drama" of the ages is to vindicate his own renown. The God of the "Night Thoughts"

is simply Young himself "writ large"—a didactic poet, who "lectures" mankind in the antithetic hyperbole of mortal and immortal joys, earth and the stars, hell and heaven; and expects the tribute of inexhaustible "applause." Young has no conception of religion as anything else than egoism turned heavenward; and he does not merely imply this, he insists on it. Religion, he tells us, in argumentative passages too long to quote, is "ambition, pleasure, and the love of gain," directed towards the joys of the future life instead of the present. And his ethics correspond to his religion. He vacillates, indeed, in his ethical theory, and shifts his position in order to suit his immediate purpose in argument; but he never changes his level so as to see beyond the horizon of mere selfishness. Sometimes he insists, as we have seen, that the belief in a future life is the only basis of morality; but elsewhere he tells us—

"In self-applause is virtue's golden prize."

Virtue, with Young, must always squint—must never look straight towards the immediate object of its emotion and effort. Thus, if a man risks perishing in the snow himself rather than forsake a weaker comrade, he must either do this because his hopes and fears are directed to another world, or because he desires to applaud himself afterwards! Young, if we may believe him, would despise the action as folly unless it had these motives. Let us hope he was not so bad as he pretended to be! The tides of the divine life in man move under the thickest ice of theory.

Another indication of Young's deficiency in moral, *i. e.*, in sympathetic emotion, is his unintermitting habit of pedagogic moralizing. On its theoretic and perceptive side, Morality touches Science; on its emotional side, poetic Art. Now, the products of poetic Art are great in proportion as they result from the immediate prompting of innate power, and not from labored obedience to a theory or rule; and the presence of genius or innate prompting is directly opposed to the perpetual consciousness of a rule. The action of faculty is imperious, and supersedes the reflection *why* it should act. In the same way, in proportion as morality is emotional it will exhibit itself in direct sympathetic feeling and action, and not as the recognition of a rule. Love does not say, "I ought to love"—it loves. Pity does not say, "It is

right to be pitiful"—it pities. Justice does not say, "I am bound to be just"—it feels justly. It is only where moral emotion is comparatively weak that the contemplation of a rule or theory habitually mingles with its action; and, in accordance with this, we think experience, both in literature and life, has shown that the minds which are predominantly didactic are deficient in sympathetic emotion. A man who is perpetually thinking in monitory apothegms, who has an unintermittent flux of rebuke, can have little energy left for simple feeling. And this is the case with Young. In his highest flights of contemplation, and his most wailing soliloquies, he interrupts himself to fling an admonitory parenthesis at Lorenzo, or to hint that "folly's creed" is the reverse of his own. Before his thoughts can flow, he must fix his eye on an imaginary miscreant, who gives unlimited scope for lecturing, and recriminates just enough to keep the spring of admonition and argument going to the extent of nine books. It is curious to see how this pedagogic habit of mind runs through Young's contemplation of Nature. As the tendency to see our own sadness reflected in the external world has been called by Mr. Ruskin the "pathetic fallacy," so we may call Young's disposition to see a rebuke or a warning in every natural object the "pedagogic fallacy." To his mind, the heavens are "forever *scolding* as they shine;" and the great function of the stars is to be a "lecture to mankind." The conception of the Deity as a didactic author is not merely an implicit point of view with him; he works it out in elaborate imagery, and at length makes it the occasion of his most extraordinary achievement in the "art of sinking," by exclaiming—*à propos*, we need hardly say, of the nocturnal heavens—

"Divine Instructor! Thy first volume this
For man's perusal! All in CAPITALS!"

It is this pedagogic tendency, this sermonizing attitude of Young's mind, which produces the wearisome monotony of his pauses. After the first two or three Nights, he is rarely singing, rarely pouring forth any continuous melody inspired by the spontaneous flow of thought or feeling. He is rather occupied with argumentative insistence, with hammering in the proofs of his propositions by disconnected verses, which

he puts down at intervals. The perpetual recurrence of the pause at the end of the line throughout long passages makes them as fatiguing to the ear as a monotonous chant, which consists of the endless repetition of one short musical phrase. For example:

"Past hours,
 If not by guilt, yet wound us by their flight,
 If folly bound our prospect by the grave,
 All feeling of futurity be numb'd,
 All godlike passion for eternals quench'd,
 All relish of realities expired;
 Renounced all correspondence with the skies;
 Our freedom chain'd ; quite wingless our desire ;
 In sense dark-prison'd all that ought to soar ;
 Prone to the center ; crawling in the dust ;
 Dismounted every great and glorious aim ;
 Enthralled every faculty divine,
 Heart-buried in the rubbish of the world."

How different from the easy, graceful melody of Cowper's blank verse! Indeed, it is hardly possible to criticise Young without being reminded at every step of the contrast presented to him by Cowper. And this contrast urges itself upon us the more from the fact that there is, to a certain extent, a parallelism between the "Night Thoughts" and the "Task." In both poems, the author achieves his greatest in virtue of the new freedom conferred by blank verse; both poems are professedly didactic, and mingle much satire with their graver meditations; both poems are the productions of men whose estimate of this life was formed by the light of a belief in immortality, and who were intensely attached to Christianity. On some grounds, we might have anticipated a more morbid view of things from Cowper than from Young. Cowper's religion was dogmatically the more gloomy, for he was a Calvinist; while Young was a "low" Arminian, believing that Christ died for all, and that the only obstacle to any man's salvation lay in his will, which he could change if he chose. There was deep and unusual sadness involved in Cowper's personal lot; while Young, apart from his ambitious and greedy discontent, seems to have had no exceptional sorrow.

Yet see how a lovely, sympathetic nature manifests itself in spite of creed and circumstance! Where is the poem that surpasses the "Task" in the genuine love it breathes, at once

towards inanimate and animate existence—in truthfulness of perception and sincerity of presentation—in the calm gladness that springs from a delight in objects for their own sake, without self-reference—in divine sympathy with the lowliest pleasures, with the most short-lived capacity for pain? Here is no railing at the earth's "melancholy map," but the happiest lingering over her simplest scenes with all the fond minuteness of attention that belongs to love; no pompous rhetoric about the inferiority of the "brutes," but a warm plea on their behalf against man's inconsiderateness and cruelty, and a sense of enlarged happiness from their companionship in enjoyment; no vague rant about human misery and human virtue, but that close and vivid presentation of particular sorrows and privations, of particular deeds and misdeeds, which is the direct road to the emotions. How Cowper's exquisite mind falls with the mild warmth of morning sunlight on the commonest objects, at once disclosing every detail and investing every detail with beauty! No object is too small to prompt his song—not the sooty film on the bars, or the spoutless teapot holding a bit of mignonette that serves to cheer the dingy town-lodging with a "hint that Nature lives;" and yet his song is never trivial, for he is alive to small objects, not because his mind is narrow, but because his glance is clear and his heart is large. Instead of trying to edify us by supercilious allusions to the "brutes" and the "stalls," he interests us in that tragedy of the hen-roost when the thief has wrenched the poor—

"Where Chanticleer amidst his harem sleeps
In unsuspecting pomp;"

in the patient cattle, that on the winter's morning

"Mourn in corners where the fence
Screens them, and seem half petrified to sleep
In unrecumbent sadness;"

in the little squirrel, that, surprised by him in his wood-land walk,

"At once, swift as a bird,
Ascends the neighboring beech; there whisks his brush,
And perks his ears, and stamps, and cries aloud,
With all the prettiness of feigned alarm
And anger insignificantly fierce."

And then he passes into reflection, not with curt apothegm and snappish reproof, but with that melodious flow of utterance which belongs to thought when it is carried in a stream of feeling:

“The heart is hard in nature, and unfit
For human fellowship, as being void
Of sympathy, and therefore dead alike
To love and friendship both, that is not pleased
With sight of animals enjoying life,
Nor feels their happiness augment his own.”

His large and tender heart embraces the most every-day forms of human life; the carter driving his team through the wintry storm; the cottager's wife who, painfully nursing the embers on her hearth, while her infants “sit cowering o'er the sparks,”

“Retires, content to quake, so they be warmed;”

or the villager, with her little ones, going out to pick

“A cheap but wholesome salad from the brook;”

and he compels our colder natures to follow his in its manifold sympathies, not by exhortations, not by telling us to meditate at midnight, to “indulge” the thought of death, or to ask ourselves how we shall “weather an eternal night,” *but by presenting to us the object of his compassion truthfully and lovingly.* And when he handles greater themes, when he takes a wider survey, and considers the men or the deeds which have a direct influence on the welfare of communities and nations, there is the same unselfish warmth of feeling, the same scrupulous truthfulness. He is never vague in his remonstrance or his satire; but puts his finger on some particular vice or folly, which excites his indignation or “dissolves his heart in pity,” because of some specific injury it does to his fellow-man or to a sacred cause. And when he is asked why he interests himself about the sorrows and wrongs of others, hear what is the reason he gives. Not, like Young, that the movements of the planets show a mutual dependence, and that

“Thus man his sovereign duty learns in this
Material picture of benevolence;”—

or that—

"More generous sorrow while it sinks, exalts,
And conscious virtue mitigates the pang."

What is Cowper's answer, when he imagines some "sage, erudite, profound," asking him, "What's the world to you?"

"Much. *I was born of woman, and drew milk
As sweet as charity from human breasts.*
I think, articulate, I laugh and weep,
And exercise all functions of a man.
How then should I and any man that lives
Be strangers to each other?"

Young is astonished that men can make war on each other—that any one can "seize his brother's throat," while

"The Planets cry, 'Forbear.'"

Cowper weeps because—

'There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart:
It does not feel for man.'

Young applauds God as a monarch with an empire and a court quite superior to the English, or as an author who produces "volumes for man's perusal." Cowper sees his Father's love in all the gentle pleasures of the home fireside, in the charms even of the wintry landscape, and thinks—

"Happy who walks with him! Whom what he finds
Of flavor or of scent in fruit or flower,
Or what he views of beautiful or grand
In nature, from the broad majestic oak
To the green blade that twinkles in the sun
Prompts with remembrance of a present God."

To conclude, for we must arrest ourselves in a contrast that would lead us beyond our bounds: Young flies for his utmost consolation to the day of judgment, when

"Final Ruin fiercely drives
Her ploughshare o'er Creation;"

when earth, stars, and suns are swept aside—

"And now, all dross removed, Heaven's own pure day
Full on the confines of our ether, flames:
While (dreadful contrast!) far (how far!) beneath,
Hell, bursting, belches forth her blazing seas,

And storms sulphureous ; her voracious jaws
Expanding wide, and roaring for her prey,"—

Dr. Young, and similar "ornaments of religion and virtue," passing, of course, with grateful "applause" into the upper region. Cowper finds his highest inspiration in the Millennium—in the restoration of this our beloved home of earth to perfect holiness and bliss, when the Supreme

"Shall visit earth in mercy ; shall descend
Propitious in His chariot paved with love ;
And what His storms have blasted and defaced
For man's revolt, shall with a smile repair."

And into what delicious melody his song flows at the thought of that blessedness to be enjoyed by future generations on earth !—

"The dwellers in the vales and on the rocks
Shout to each other, and the mountain-tops
From distant mountains catch the flying joy ;
Till, nation after nation taught the strain,
Earth rolls the rapturous Hosanna round?"

The sum of our comparison is this: In Young we have the type of that deficient human sympathy, that impiety towards the present and the visible, which flies for its motives, its sanctities, and its religion, to the remote, the vague, and the unknown; in Cowper we have the type of that genuine love which cherishes things in proportion to their nearness, and feels its reverence grow in proportion to the intimacy of its knowledge.

GERMAN WIT: HEINRICH HEINE.

"NOTHING," says Goethe, "is more significant of men's character than what they find laughable." The truth of this observation would perhaps have been more apparent if he had said *culture* instead of character. The last thing in which the cultivated man can have community with the vulgar is their jocularitv; and we can hardly exhibit more strikingly the wide gulf which separates him from them than by comparing the object which shakes the diaphragm of a coal-heaver with the highly complex pleasure derived from a real witticism. That any high order of wit is exceedingly complex, and demands a ripe and strong mental development, has one evidence in the fact that we do not find it in boys at all in proportion to their manifestation of other powers. Clever boys generally aspire to the heroic and poetic rather than the comic, and the crudest of all their efforts are their jokes. Many a witty man will remember how, in his school-days, a practical joke, more or less Rabelaisian, was for him the *ne plus ultra* of the ludicrous. It seems to have been the same with the boyhood of mankind. The fun of early races was, we fancy, of the after-dinner kind—loud-throated laughter over the wine-cup, taken too little account of in sober moments to enter as an element into their Art, and differing as much from the laughter of a Chamfort or a Sheridan as the gastronomic enjoyment of an ancient Briton, whose dinner had no other "removes" than from acorns to beech-mast and back again to acorns, differed from the subtle pleasures of the palate experienced by his turtle-eating descendant. It was their lot to live seriously through stages which to later generations were to become comedy, as those amiable-looking pre-Adamite amphibia which Professor Owen has restored for us in effigy at Sydenham doubtless took seriously the grotesque physiognomies of their kindred. Heavy experience in their case, as in every other, was the base from which the salt of future wit was to be made.

Humor is of earlier growth than Wit, and it is in accordance with this earlier growth that it has more affinity with the poetic tendencies, while Wit is more nearly allied to the ratiocinative intellect. Humor draws its materials from situations and characteristics; Wit seizes on unexpected and complex relations. Humor is chiefly representative and descriptive; it is diffuse, and flows along without any other law than its own fantastic will; or it flits about like a will-o'-the-wisp, amazing us by its whimsical transitions. Wit is brief and sudden, and sharply defined as a crystal; it does not make pictures, it is not fantastic; but it detects an unsuspected analogy, or suggests a startling or confounding inference. Every one who has had the opportunity of making the comparison will remember that the effect produced on him by some witticisms is closely akin to the effect produced on him by subtle reasoning, which lays open a fallacy or absurdity; and there are persons whose delight in such reasoning always manifests itself in laughter. This affinity of Wit with ratiocination is the more obvious in proportion as the species of wit is higher and deals less with words and with superficialities than with the essential qualities of things. Some of Johnson's most admirable witticisms consist in the suggestion of an analogy which immediately exposes the absurdity of an action or proposition; and it is only their ingenuity, condensation, and instantaneousness which lift them from reasoning into Wit—they are *reasoning raised to a higher power*. On the other hand, Humor, in its higher forms, and in proportion as it associates itself with the sympathetic emotions, continually passes into poetry: nearly all great modern humorists may be called prose poets.

Some confusion as to the nature of humor has been created by the fact that those who have written most eloquently on it have dwelt almost exclusively on its higher forms, and have defined humor in general as the *sympathetic* presentation of incongruous elements in human nature and life—a definition which only applies to its later development. A great deal of humor may coëxist with a great deal of barbarism, as we see in the middle ages; but the strongest flavor of the humor in such cases will come, not from sympathy, but more probably from triumphant egoism or intolerance; at best it will be the love of the ludicrous exhibiting itself in illustrations of successful cunning and of the *lex talionis*, as

in "Reineke Fuchs," or shaking off in a holiday mood the yoke of a too exacting faith, as in the old Mysteries. Again, it is impossible to deny a high degree of humor to many practical jokes, but no sympathetic nature can enjoy them. Strange as the genealogy may seem, the original parentage of that wonderful and delicious mixture of fun, fancy, philosophy, and feeling which constitutes modern humor was probably the cruel mockery of a savage at the writhings of a suffering enemy—such is the tendency of things towards the better and more beautiful! Probably the reason why high culture demands more complete harmony with its moral sympathies in humor than in wit is that humor is in its nature more prolix—that it has not the direct and irresistible force of wit. Wit is an electric shock, which takes us by violence quite independently of our predominant mental disposition; but humor approaches us more deliberately and leaves us masters of ourselves. Hence it is that, while coarse and cruel humor has almost disappeared from contemporary literature, coarse and cruel wit abounds. Even refined men cannot help laughing at a coarse bon-mot or a lacerating personality, if the "shock" of the witticism is a powerful one; while mere fun will have no power over them if it jar on their moral taste. Hence, too, it is that, while wit is perennial, humor is liable to become superannuated.

As is usual with definitions and classifications, however, this distinction between wit and humor does not exactly represent the actual fact. Like all other species, Wit and Humor overlap and blend with each other. There are bon-mots, like many of Charles Lamb's, which are a sort of facetious hybrids, we hardly know whether to call them witty or humorous; there are rather lengthy descriptions or narratives which, like Voltaire's "*Micromegas*," would be humorous if they were not so sparkling and antithetic, so pregnant with suggestion and satire that we are obliged to call them witty. We rarely find wit untempered by humor, or humor without a spice of wit; and sometimes we find them both united in the highest degree in the same mind, as in Shakespeare and Molière. A happy conjunction this, for wit is apt to be cold, and thin-lipped, and Mephistophelean in men who have no relish for humor, whose lungs do never crow like Chanticleer at fun and drollery; and broad-faced rollicking humor needs the refining influence of wit. Indeed,

it may be said that there is no really fine writing in which wit has not implicit, if not an explicit, action. The wit may never rise to the surface, it may never flame out into a witticism; but it helps to give brightness and transparency, it warns off from flights and exaggerations which verge on the ridiculous—in every *genre* of writing it preserves a man from sinking into the *genre ennuyeux*. And it is eminently needed for this office in humorous writing; for, as humor has no limits imposed on it by its material, no law but its own exuberance, it is apt to become preposterous and wearisome unless checked by wit, which is the enemy of all monotony, of all lengthiness, of all exaggeration.

Perhaps the nearest approach Nature has given us to a complete analysis, in which wit is as thoroughly exhausted of humor as possible, and humor as bare as possible of wit, is in the typical Frenchman and the typical German. Voltaire, the intensest example of pure wit, fails in most of his fictions from his lack of humor. "Micromegas" is a perfect tale, because, as it deals chiefly with philosophic ideas and does not touch the marrow of human feeling and life, the writer's wit and wisdom were all-sufficient for his purpose. Not so with "Candide." Here Voltaire had to give pictures of life as well as to convey philosophic truth and satire, and here we feel the want of humor. The sense of the ludicrous is continually defeated by disgust, and the scenes, instead of presenting us with an amusing or agreeable picture, are only the frame for a witticism. On the other hand, German humor generally shows no sense of measure, no instinctive tact; it is either floundering and clumsy as the antics of a leviathan, or laborious and interminable as a Lapland day, in which one loses all hope that the stars and quiet will ever come. For this reason Jean Paul, the greatest of German humorists, is unendurable to many readers, and frequently tiresome to all. Here, as elsewhere, the Germans show the absence of that delicate perception, that sensibility to gradation, which is the essence of tact and taste, and the necessary concomitant of wit. All his subtilty is reserved for the region of metaphysics. For *Identität*, in the abstract, no one can have an acuter vision; but in the concrete he is satisfied with a very loose approximation. He has the finest nose for *Empirismus*; philosophical doctrine, but the presence of more or less tobacco-smoke in the air he breathes is imperceptible to him.

To the typical German—*Vetter Michel*—it is indifferent whether his door-lock will catch ; whether his teacup be more or less than an inch thick ; whether or not his book have every other leaf unstitched ; whether his neighbor's conversation be more or less of a shout ; whether he pronounce *b* or *p*, *t* or *d* ; whether or not his adored one's teeth be few and far between. He has the same sort of insensibility to gradations in time. A German comedy is like a German sentence : you see no reason in its structure why it should ever come to an end, and you accept the conclusion as an arrangement of Providence rather than of the author. We have heard Germans use the word *Langeweile*, the equivalent for *ennui*, and we have secretly wondered *what* it can be that produces *ennui* in a German. Not the longest tragedies, for we have known him to pronounce that *höchst fesselnd* ; not the heaviest of heavy books, for he delights in that as *gründlich* ; not the slowest of journeys in a *Postwagen*, for the slower the horses the more cigars he can smoke before he reaches his journey's end. German *ennui* must be something as superlative as Barclay's treble X, which, we suppose, implies an extremely unknown quantity of stupefaction.

It is easy to see that this national deficiency in nicety of perception must have its effect on the national appreciation and exhibition of Humor. You find in Germany ardent admirers of Shakespeare, who tell you that what they think most admirable in him is his *Wortspiel*, his verbal quibbles ; and it is a remarkable fact that, among the five great races concerned in modern civilization, the German race is the only one which, up to the present century, had contributed nothing classic to the common stock of European wit and humor ; unless "Reineke Fuchs" can be fairly claimed as a peculiarly Teutonic product. Italy was the birth-place of Pantomime and the immortal Pulcinello ; Spain had produced Cervantes ; France had produced Rabelais and Molière, and classic wits innumerable ; England had yielded Shakespeare and a host of humorists. But Germany had borne no great comic dramatist, no great satirist, and she has not yet repaired the omission ; she had not even produced any humorist of a high order. Among her great writers, Lessing is the one who is the most specifically witty. We feel the implicit influence of wit—the "flavor of mind"—throughout his writings ; and it is often concentrated into pungent satire, as every reader

of the "Hamburgische Dramaturgie" remembers. Still Lessing's name has not become European through his wit, and his charming comedy, "Minna von Barnhelm," has won no place on a foreign stage. Of course, we do not pretend to an exhaustive acquaintance with German literature; we not only admit—we are sure—that it includes much comic writing of which we know nothing. We simply state the fact, that no German production of that kind, before the present century, ranked as European: a fact which does not, indeed, determine the amount of the national facetiousness, but which is quite decisive as to its quality. Whatever may be the stock of fun which Germany yields for home consumption, she has provided little for the palate of other lands. All honor to her for the still greater things she has done for us! She has fought the hardest fight for freedom of thought, has produced the grandest inventions, has made magnificent contributions to science, has given us some of the divinest poetry, and quite the divinest music, in the world. We revere and treasure the products of the German mind. To say that that mind is not fertile in wit, is only like saying that excellent wheat-land is not rich pasture; to say that we do not enjoy German facetiousness, is no more than to say that though the horse is the finest of quadrupeds we do not like him to lay his hoof playfully on our shoulder. Still, as we have noticed that the pointless puns and stupid jocularity of the boy may ultimately be developed into the epigrammatic brilliancy and polished playfulness of the man; as we believe that racy wit and chastened delicate humor are inevitably the results of invigorated and refined mental activity, we can also believe that Germany will one day yield a crop of wits and humorists.

Perhaps there is already an earnest of that future crop in the existence of Heinrich Heine, a German born with the present century, who, to Teutonic imagination, sensibility, and humor, adds an amount of *esprit* that would make him brilliant among the most brilliant of Frenchmen. True, this unique German wit is half a Hebrew; but he and his ancestors spent their youth in German air, and were reared on *Wurst* and *Sauerkraut*, so that he is as much a German as a pheasant is an English bird, or a potato an Irish vegetable. But whatever else he may be, Heine is one of the most remarkable men of this age; no echo, but a real voice, and

therefore, like all genuine things in this world, worth studying; a surpassing lyric poet, who has uttered our feelings for us in delicious song; a humorist, who touches leaden folly with the magic wand of his fancy, and transmutes it into the fine gold of art—who sheds his sunny smile on human tears, and makes them a beauteous rainbow on the cloudy background of life; a wit, who holds in his mighty hand the most scorching lightnings of satire; an artist in prose literature, who has shown even more completely than Goethe the possibilities of German prose; and—in spite of all charges against him, true as well as false—a lover of freedom, who has spoken wise and brave words on behalf of his fellow-men. He is, moreover, a suffering man, who, with all the highly wrought sensibility of genius, has to endure terrible physical ills; and as such he calls forth more than an intellectual interest. It is true, alas! that there is a heavy weight in the other scale—that Heine's magnificent powers have often served only to give electric force to the expression of debased feeling, so that his works are no Phidian statue of gold, and ivory, and gems, but have not a little brass, and iron, and miry clay mingled with the precious metal. The audacity of his occasional coarseness and personality is unparalleled in contemporary literature, and has hardly been exceeded by the license of former days. Hence, before his volumes are put within the reach of immature minds, there is need of a friendly penknife to exercise a strict censorship. Yet, when all coarseness, all scurrility, all Mephistophelean contempt for the reverent feelings of other men is removed, there will be a plenteous remainder of exquisite poetry, of wit, humor, and just thought. It is apparently too often a congenial task to write severe words about the transgressions committed by men of genius, especially when the censor has the advantage of being himself a man of no genius, so that those transgressions seem to him quite gratuitous; he, forsooth, never lacerated any one by his wit, or gave irresistible piquancy to a coarse allusion, and his indignation is not mitigated by any knowledge of the temptation that lies in transcendent power. We are also apt to measure what a gifted man has done by our arbitrary conception of what he might have done, rather than by a comparison of his actual doings with our own or those of other ordinary men. We make ourselves over-zealous agents of Heaven, and demand that our brother should

bring usurious interest for his five talents, forgetting that it is less easy to manage five talents than two. Whatever benefit there may be in denouncing the evil, it is after all more edifying, and certainly more cheering, to appreciate the good. Hence, in endeavoring to give our readers some account of Heine and his works, we shall not dwell lengthily on his failings; we shall not hold the candle up to dusty, vermin-haunted corners, but let the light fall as much as possible on the nobler and more attractive details. Our sketch of Heine's life, which has been drawn from various sources, will be free from everything like intrusive gossip, and will derive its coloring chiefly from the autobiographical hints and descriptions scattered through his own writings. Those of our readers who happen to know nothing of Heine will in this way be making their acquaintance with the writer while they are learning the outline of his career.

We have said that Heine was born with the present century; but this statement is not precise, for we learn that, according to his certificate of baptism, he was born December 12, 1799. However, as he himself says, the important point is, that he was born, and born on the banks of the Rhine, at Dusseldorf, where his father was a merchant. In his "Reisebilder" he gives us some recollections, in his wild poetic way, of the dear old town where he spent his childhood, and of his school-boy troubles there. We shall quote from these in butterfly fashion, sipping a little nectar here and there, without regard to any strict order:

"I first saw the light on the banks of that lovely stream, where Folly grows on the green hills, and in autumn is plucked, pressed, poured into casks, and sent into foreign lands. Believe me, I yesterday heard some one utter folly which, in anno 1811, lay in a bunch of grapes I then saw growing on the Johannisberg. . . . Mon Dieu! if I had only such faith in me that I could remove mountains, the Johannisberg would be the very mountain I should send for wherever I might be; but as my faith is not so strong, imagination must help me, and it transports me at once to the lovely Rhine. . . . I am again a child, and playing with other children on the Schlossplatz, at Düsseldorf on the Rhine. Yes, madam, there was I born; and I note this expressly, in case, after my death, seven cities—Schilda, Krähwinkel, Polkwitz, Bockum, Dülken, Göttingen, and Schöppenstadt—should contend for the honor of being my birthplace. Düsseldorf is a town on the Rhine; sixteen thousand men live there, and many hundred thousand men besides lie buried there. . . . Among them, many of whom my mother says that it would be better if they were still living; for example, my grandfather and my uncle, the old Herr Von Geldern

and the young Herr Von Geldern, both such celebrated doctors, who saved so many men from death, and yet must die themselves. And the pious Ursula, who carried me in her arms when I was a child, also lies buried there, and a rose-bush grows on her grave; she loved the scent of roses so well in life, and her heart was pure rose-incense and goodness. The knowing old Canon, too, lies buried there. Heavens, what an object he looked when I last saw him! *He was made up of nothing but mind and plasters*, and nevertheless studied day and night, as if he were alarmed lest the worms should find an idea too little in his head! And the little William lies there, and for this I am to blame. We were schoolfellows in the Franciscan monastery, and were playing on that side of it where the Düssel flows between stones walls, and I said, "William, fetch out the kitten that has just fallen in," and merrily he went down on to the plank which lay across the brook, and snatched the kitten out of the water, but fell in himself, and was dragged out dripping and dead. *The kitten lived to a good old age.* . . . Princes in that day were not the tormented race they are now; the crown grew firmly on their heads, and at night they drew a nightcap over it, and slept peacefully, and peacefully slept the people at their feet; and when the people waked in the morning, they said "Good-morning, father!"—and the princes answered, "Good-morning, dear children!" But it was suddenly quite otherwise; for when we awoke one morning at Düsseldorf, and were ready to say, "Good-morning, father!"—lo! the father was gone away; and in the whole town there was nothing but dumb sorrow, everywhere a sort of funeral disposition; and people glided along silently to the market, and read the long placard placed on the door of the Town Hall. It was dismal weather; yet the lean tailor, Kilian, stood in his nankeen jacket which he usually wore only in the house, and his blue worsted stockings hung down so that his naked legs peeped out mournfully, and his thin lips trembled while he muttered the announcement to himself. And an old soldier read rather louder, and at many a word a crystal tear trickled down to his brave old moustache. I stood near him and wept in company, and asked him, "*Why we wept?*" He answered, "The Elector has abdicated." And then he read again, and at the words, "for the long manifested fidelity of my subjects," and "hereby set you free from your allegiance," he wept more than ever. It is strangely touching to see an old man like that, with faded uniform and scarred face, weep so bitterly all of a sudden. While we were reading, the Electoral arms were taken down from the Town Hall; everything had such a desolate air that it was as if an eclipse of the sun were expected. . . . I went home and wept, and wailed out, "The Elector has abdicated!" In vain my mother took a world of trouble to explain the thing to me. I knew what I knew; I was not to be persuaded, but went crying to bed, and in the night dreamed that the world was at an end."

The next morning, however, the sun rises as usual, and Joachim Murat is proclaimed Grand Duke, whereupon there is a holiday at the public school, and Heinrich (or Harry, for that was his baptismal name, which he afterwards had

the good taste to change), perched on the bronze horse of the Electoral statue, sees quite a different scene from yesterday's:

"The next day the world was again all in order, and we had school as before, and things were got by heart as before—the Roman emperors, chronology, the nouns in *im* the *verba irregularia*, Greek, Hebrew, geography, mental arithmetic!—heavens! my head is still dizzy with it, all must be learned by heart! And a great deal of this came in very conveniently for me in after-life. For if I had not known the Roman kings by heart, it would subsequently have been quite indifferent to me whether Niebuhr had proved or had not proved that they never really existed. . . . But oh! the trouble I had at school with the endless dates. And with arithmetic it was still worse. What I understood best was subtraction, for that was a very practical rule: "Four can't be taken from three, therefore I must borrow one." But I advise every one in such a case to borrow a few extra pence, for no one can tell what may happen. . . . As for Latin, you have no idea, madam, what a complicated affair it is. The Romans would never have found time to conquer the world if they had first had to learn Latin. Luckily for them, they already knew in their cradles what nouns have their accusative in *im*. I, on the contrary, had to learn them by heart in the sweat of my brow; nevertheless, it is fortunate for me that I know them; . . . and the fact that I have them at my finger-ends if I should ever happen to want them suddenly, affords me much inward repose and consolation in many troubled hours of life. . . . Of Greek I will not say a word; I should get too much irritated. The monks in the middle ages were not so far wrong when they maintained that Greek was an invention of the devil. God knows the suffering I endured over it. . . . With Hebrew it went somewhat better, for I had always a great liking for the Jews, though to this very hour they crucify my good name; but I could never get on so far in Hebrew as my watch, which had much familiar intercourse with pawnbrokers, and in this way contracted many Jewish habits—for example, it wouldn't go on Saturdays."

Heine's parents were apparently not wealthy, but his education was cared for by his uncle, Solomon Heine, a great banker in Hamburg, so that he had no early pecuniary disadvantages to struggle with. He seems to have been very happy in his mother, who was not of Hebrew, but of Teutonic blood; he often mentions her with reverence and affection, and in the "*Buch der Lieder*" there are two exquisite sonnets addressed to her, which tell how his proud spirit was always subdued by the charm of her presence, and how her love was the home of his heart after restless, weary wandering:

Wie mächtig auch mein stolzer Muth sich blähe,
 In deiner selig süssen, trauten Nähe
 Ergreift mich oft ein demuthvolle Zagen.

* * * * *

Und immer irrte ich nach Leibe, immer
 Nach Leibe, doch die Leibe fand ich nimmer,
 Und kehrte um nach Hause, krank und trüpe.
 Doch da bist du entgegen mir gekommen,
 Und ach! was da in deinem Aug' geschwommen,
 Das war die süsse, langgesuchte Liebe."

He was at first destined for a mercantile life, but Nature declared too strongly against this plan. "God knows," he has lately said in conversation with his brother, "I would willingly have become a banker, but I could never bring myself to that pass. I very early discerned that bankers would one day be the rulers of the world." So commerce was at length given up for law, the study of which he began in 1819 at the University of Bonn. He had already published some poems in the corner of a newspaper, and among them was one on Napoleon, the object of his youthful enthusiasm. This poem, he says in a letter to St. René Taillandier, was written when he was only sixteen. It is still to be found in the "*Buch der Lieder*" under the title "*Die Grenadiere*," and it proves that even in its earliest efforts his genius showed a strongly specific character. It will be easily imagined that the germs of poetry sprouted too vigorously in Heine's brain for jurisprudence to find much room there. Lectures on history and literature, we are told, were more diligently attended than lectures on law. He had taken care, too, to furnish his trunk with abundant editions of the poets, and the poet he especially studied at that time was Byron. At a later period we find his taste taking another direction, for he writes: "Of all authors, Byron is precisely the one who excites in me the most intolerable emotion; whereas Scott, in every one of his works, gladdens my heart, soothes and invigorates me." Another indication of his bent in these Bonn days was a newspaper essay, in which he attacked the Romantic school; and here also he went through that chicken-pox of authorship—the Production of a tragedy. Heine's tragedy—"Almansor"—is, as might be expected, better than the majority of these youthful mistakes. The tragic collision lies in the conflict between natu-

ral affection and the deadly hatred of religion and of race—in the sacrifice of youthful lovers to the strife between Moor and Spaniard, Moslem and Christian. Some of the situations are striking, and there are passages of considerable poetic merit; but the characters are little more than shadowy vehicles for the poetry, and there is a want of clearness and probability in the structure. It was published two years later, in company with another tragedy, in one act, called “William Ratcliffe,” in which there is rather a feeble use of the Scotch second-sight after the manner of the Fate in the Greek tragedy. We smile to find Heine saying of his tragedies, in a letter to a friend soon after their publication: “I know they will be terribly cut up, but I will confess to you in confidence that they are very good—better than my collection of poems, which are not worth a shot.” Elsewhere he tells us, that when, after one of Paganini’s concerts, he was passionately complimenting the great master on his violin-playing, Paganini interrupted him thus: “But how were you pleased with my *bows*?”

In 1820, Heine left Bonn for Göttingen. He there pursued his omission of law studies; and at the end of three months he was rusticated for a breach of the laws against duelling. While there, he had attempted a negotiation with Brockhaus for the printing of a volume of poems, and had endured that first ordeal of lovers and poets—a refusal. It was not until a year after that he found a Berlin publisher for his first volume of poems, subsequently transformed, with additions, into the “*Buch der Lieder*.” He remained between two and three years at Berlin, and the society he found there seems to have made these years an important epoch in his culture. He was one of the youngest members of a circle which assembled at the house of the poetess Elisa von Hohenhausen, the translator of Byron—a circle which included Chamisso, Varnhagen, and Rachel (Varnhagen’s wife). For Rachel, Heine had a profound admiration and regard. He afterwards dedicated to her the poems included under the title “*Heimkehr*,” and he frequently refers to her or quotes her in a way that indicates how he valued her influence. According to his friend, F. Von Hohenhausen, the opinions concerning Heine’s talent were very various among his Berlin friends, and it was only a small minority that had any presentiment of his future fame. In this minority was Elise Von Hohenhausen, who

proclaimed Heine as the Byron of Germany; but her opinion was met with much head-shaking and opposition. We can imagine how precious was such a recognition as hers to the young poet, then only two or three and twenty, and with by no means an impressive personality for superficial eyes. Perhaps even the deep-sighted were far from detecting in that small, blond, pale young man, with quiet, gentle manners, the latent powers of ridicule and sarcasm—the terrible talons that were one day to be thrust out from the velvet paw of the young leopard.

It was apparently during his residence in Berlin that Heine united himself with the Lutheran Church. He would willingly, like many of his friends, he tells us, have remained free from all ecclesiastical ties if the authorities there had not forbidden residence in Prussia and especially in Berlin, to every one who did not belong to one of the positive religions recognized by the State:

"As Henry IV. once laughingly said, '*Paris vaut bien une messe*,' so I might with reason say, '*Berlin vaut bien une prédication*;' and I could afterwards, as before, accommodate myself to the very enlightened christianity, filtrated from all superstition, which could then be had in the churches of Berlin, and which was even free from the divinity of Christ, like turtle-soup without turtle."

At the same period, too, Heine became acquainted with Hegel. In his lately published "*Geständnisse*" (Confessions), he throws on Hegel's influence over him the blue light of demoniacal wit, and confounds us by the most bewildering, double-edged sarcasms; but that influence seems to have been at least more wholesome than the one which produced the mocking retractations of the "*Geständnisse*." Through his self-satire, we discern that in those days he had something like real earnestness and enthusiasm, which are certainly not apparent in his present theistic confession of faith:

"On the whole, I never felt a strong enthusiasm for this philosophy, and conviction on the subject was out of the question. I never was an abstract thinker, and I accepted the synthesis of the Hegelian doctrine without demanding any proof, since its consequences flattered my vanity. I was young and proud, and it pleased my vanity when I learned from Hegel that the true God was not, as no grandmother believed, the God who lives in heaven, but myself here upon earth. This foolish pride had not in the least a pernicious influence on my feelings; on the contrary, it heightened these to the pitch of

heroism. I was at that time so lavish in generosity and self-sacrifice that I must assuredly have eclipsed the most brilliant deeds of those good *bourgeois* of virtue who acted merely from a sense of duty, and simply obeyed the laws of morality."

His sketch of Hegel is irresistibly amusing; but we must warn the reader that Heine's anecdotes are often mere devices of style by which he conveys his satire or opinions. The reader will see that he does not neglect an opportunity of giving a sarcastic lash or two, in passing, to Meyerbeer, for whose music he has a great contempt. The sarcasm conveyed in the substitution of *reputation* for *music* and *journalists* for *musicians* might perhaps escape any one unfamiliar with the sly and unexpected turns of Heine's ridicule:

"To speak frankly, I seldom understood him, and only arrived at the meaning of his words by subsequent reflection. I believe he wished not to be understood; and hence his practice of sprinkling his discourse with modifying parentheses; hence, perhaps, his preference for persons of whom he knew that they did not understand him, and to whom he all the more willingly granted the honor of his familiar acquaintance. Thus every one in Berlin wondered at the intimate companionship of the profound Hegel with the late Heinrich Beer, a brother of Giacomo Meyerbeer, who is universally known by his reputation, and who has been celebrated by the cleverest journalists. This Beer, namely Heinrich, was a thoroughly stupid fellow, and indeed was afterwards actually declared imbecile by his family, and placed under guardianship, because instead of making a name for himself in art or in science by means of his great fortune, he squandered his money on childish trifles; and, for example, one day bought six thousand thaler's worth of walking-sticks. This poor man, who had no wish to pass either for a great tragic dramatist, or for a great star-gazer, or for a laurel crowned musical genius, a rival of Mozart and Rossini, and preferred giving his money for walking-sticks—this degenerate Beer enjoyed Hegel's most confidential society; he was the philosopher's bosom friend, his Pylades, and accompanied him everywhere like his shadow. The equally witty and gifted Felix Mendelssohn once sought to explain this phenomenon by maintaining that Hegel did not understand Heinrich Beer. I now believe, however, that the real ground of that intimacy consisted in this—Hegel was convinced that no word of what he said was understood by Heinrich Beer; and he could therefore, in his presence, give himself up to all the intellectual out pourings of the moment. In general, Hegel's conversation was a sort of monologue, sighed forth by starts in a noiseless voice; the odd roughness of his expressions often struck me, and many of them have remained in my memory. One beautiful starlight evening we stood together at the window, and I, a young man of one-and-twenty, having just had a good dinner and finished my coffee, spoke with enthusiasm of the stars, and called them the habitations of the departed. But the master muttered to himself,

'The stars! hum! hum! The stars are only a brilliant leprosy on the face of the heavens.' 'For God's sake,' I cried, 'is there, then, no happy place above, where virtue is rewarded after death?' But he, staring at me with his pale eyes, said, cuttingly, 'So you want a bonus for having taken care of your sick mother, and refrained from poisoning your worthy brother?' At these words he looked anxiously round, but appeared immediately set at rest when he observed that it was only Heinrich Beer, who had approached to invite him to a game of whist."

In 1823, Heine returned to Göttingen to complete his career as a law-student, and this time he gave evidence of advanced mental maturity, not only by producing many of the charming poems subsequently included in the "*Reisebilder*," but also by prosecuting his professional studies diligently enough to leave Göttingen in 1825 as *Doctor juris*. Hereupon he settled at Hamburg as an advocate, but his profession seems to have been the least pressing of his occupations. In those days, a small, blond young man, with the brim of his hat drawn over his nose, his coat flying open, and his hands stuck in his trouser-pockets, might be seen stumbling along the streets of Hamburg, staring from side to side, and appearing to have small regard to the figure he made in the eyes of the good citizens. Occasionally an inhabitant, more literary than usual, would point out this young man to his companion as *Heinrich Heine*; but in general the young poet had not to endure the inconveniences of being a lion. His poems were devoured, but he was not asked to devour flattery in return. Whether because the fair Hamburgers acted in the spirit of Johnson's advice to Hannah More—to "consider what her flattery was worth before she choked him with it"—or for some other reason, Heine, according to the testimony of August Lewald, to whom we owe these particulars of his Hamburg life, was left free from the persecution of teaparties. Not however, from another persecution of genius, nervous headaches which some persons, we are told, regarded as an improbable fiction, intended as a pretext for raising a delicate white hand to his forehead. It is probable that the sceptical persons alluded to were themselves untroubled with nervous headache, and that their hands were not delicate. Slight details these, but worth telling about a man of genius, because they help us to keep in mind that he is, after all, our brother, having to endure the petty every-day ills of life as we have; with this differ-

ence, that his heightened sensibility converts what are mere insect-stings for us into scorpion-stings for him.

It was, perhaps, in these Hamburg days that Heine paid the visit to Goethe, of which he gives us this charming little picture:

"When I visited him in Weimar, and stood before him, I involuntarily glanced at his side to see whether the eagle was not there with the lightning in his beak. I was nearly speaking Greek to him; but, as I observed that he understood German, I stated to him, in German, that the plums on the road between Jena and Weimar were very good. I had for so many long winter nights thought over what lofty and profound things I would say to Goethe, if ever I saw him. And when I saw him at last, I said to him that the Saxon plums were very good! And Goethe smiled."

During the next few years Heine produced the most popular of all his works—those which have won him his place as the greatest of living German poets and humorists. Between 1826 and 1829 appeared the four volumes of the "Reisebilder" (Pictures of Travel), and the "Buch der Lieder" (Book of Songs)—a volume of lyrics, of which it is hard to say whether their greatest charm is the lightness and finish of their style, their vivid and original imaginativeness, or their simple, pure sensibility. In his "Reisebilder," Heine carries us with him to the Karz, to the isle of Norderney, to his native town, Düsseldorf, to Italy, and to England, sketching scenery and character, now with the wildest, most fantastic humor, now with the finest idyllic sensibility—letting his thoughts wander from poetry to politics, from criticism to dreamy revery, and blending fun, imagination, reflection, and satire in a sort of exquisite, every-varying shimmer, like the hues of the opal.

Heine's journey to England did not at all heighten his regard for the English. He calls our language the "hiss of egoism" (*Zischlaut des Egoismus*); and his ridicule of English awkwardness is as merciless as—English ridicule of German awkwardness. His antipathy towards us seems to have grown in intensity, like many of his other antipathies; and in his "Vermischte Schriften" he is more bitter than ever. Let us quote one of his philippics, since bitters are understood to be wholesome:

"It is certainly a frightful injustice to pronounce sentence of condemnation on an entire people. But, with regard to the English, momentary disgust might betray me into this injustice; and, on look-

ing at the mass, I easily forget the many brave and noble men who distinguished themselves by intellect and love of freedom. But these, especially the British poets, were always all the more glaringly in contrast with the rest of the nation; they were isolated martyrs to their national relations; and besides, great geniuses do not belong to the particular land of their birth: they scarcely belong to this earth, the Golgotha of their sufferings. The mass—the English blockheads, God forgive me!—are hateful to me in my inmost soul; and I often regard them not at all as my fellow-men, but as miserable automata—machines, whose native-power is egoism. In these moods, it seems to me as if I heard the whizzing wheel-work by which they think, feel, reckon, digest, and pray: their praying, their mechanical Anglican church-going, with the gilt Prayer-book under their arms, their stupid, tiresome Sunday, their awkward piety, is most of all odious to me. I am firmly convinced that a blaspheming Frenchman is a more pleasing sight for the Divinity than a praying Englishman."

On his return from England, Heine was employed at Munich in editing the *Allgemeinen Politischen Annalen*; but in 1830 he was again in the north, and the news of the July Revolution surprised him on the Island of Heligoland. He has given us a graphic picture of his democratic enthusiasm in those days in some letters, apparently written from Heligoland, which he has inserted in his book on Börne. We quote some passages, not only for their biographic interest, as showing a phase of Heine's mental history, but because they are a specimen of his power in that kind of dithyrambic writing which, in less masterly hands, easily becomes ridiculous:

"The thick packet of newspapers arrived from the Continent with these warm, glowing-hot tidings. They were sunbeams wrapped up in packing-paper, and they inflamed my soul till it burst into the wildest conflagration. . . . It is all like a dream to me; especially the name Lafayette sounds to me like a legend out of my earliest childhood. Does he really sit again on horseback, commanding the National Guard? I almost fear it may not be true, for it is in print. I will myself go to Paris, to be convinced of it with my bodily eyes. . . . It must be splendid when he rides through the streets, the citizen of two worlds, the godlike old man, with his silver locks streaming down his sacred shoulders. . . . He greets, with his dear old eyes, the grandchildren of those who once fought with him for freedom and equality. . . . It is now sixty years since he returned from America with the Declaration of Human Rights—the decalogue of the world's new creed, which was revealed to him amid the thunders and lightnings of cannon. . . . And the tricolored flag waves again on the towers of Paris, and its streets resound with the Marseillaise! . . . It is all over with my yearning for repose. I know now again what I will do, what I ought to do, what I must do. . . . I am the son of the Revolution,

and seize again the hallowed weapons on which my mother pronounced her magic benediction. . . . Flowers! flowers! I will crown my head for the death-fight. And the lyre, too—reach me the lyre, that I may sing a battle-song. . . . Words like flaming stars, that shoot down from the heavens, and burn up the palaces, and illuminate the huts. . . . Words like bright javelins, that whirr up to the seventh heaven, and strike the pious hypocrites who have skulked into the Holy of Holies. . . . I am all joy and song, all sword and flame! Perhaps, too, all delirium. . . . One of those sunbeams wrapped in brown paper has flown to my brain, and set my thoughts aglow. In vain I dip my head into the sea. No water extinguishes this Greek fire. . . . Even the poor Heligolandiers shout for joy, although they have only a sort of dim instinct of what has occurred. The fisherman who yesterday took me over to the little sand-island, which is the bathing-place here, said to me, smilingly, 'The poor people have won.' Yes, instinctively the people comprehend such events; perhaps better than we, with all our means of knowledge. Thus Frau von Varnhagen once told me that, when the issue of the battle of Leipzig was not yet known, the maid-servant suddenly rushed into the room with the sorrowful cry, 'The nobles have won!' . . . This morning another packet of newspapers is come. I devour them like manna. Child that I am, affecting details touch me yet more than the momentous whole. Oh, if I could but see the dog Medor! . . . The dog Medor brought his master his gun and cartridge-box; and when his master fell, and was buried with his fellow-heroes in the Court of the Louvre, there stayed the poor dog, like a monument of faithfulness, sitting motionless on the grave, day and night, eating but little of the food that was offered him, burying the grater part of it in the earth, perhaps as nourishment for his buried master!"

The enthusiasm which was kept thus at a boiling heat by imagination cooled down rapidly when brought into contact with reality. In the same book he indicates, in his caustic way, the commencement of that change in his political *temperature*—for it cannot be called a change in opinion—which has drawn down on him immense vituperation from some of the patriotic party, but which seems to have resulted simply from the essential antagonism between keen wit and fanaticism:

"On the very first day of my arrival in Paris I observed that things wore, in reality, quite different colors from those which had been shed on them, when in perspective, by the light of my enthusiasm. The silver locks which I saw fluttering so majestically on the shoulders of Lafayette, the hero of two worlds, were metamorphosed into a brown perruque, which made a pitiable covering for a narrow skull. And even the dog Medor, which I visited in the Court of the Louvre, and which, encamped under tricolored flags and trophies, very quietly allowed himself to be fed—he was not at all the right dog, but quite an ordinary brute, who assumed to himself merits not his own, as often

happens with the French; and, like many others, he made a profit out of the glory of the Revolution. . . . He was pampered and patronized, perhaps promoted to the highest posts, while the true Medor, some days after the battle, modestly slunk out of sight, like the true people who created the Revolution."

That it was not merely interest in French politics which sent Heine to Paris in 1831, but also a perception that German air was not friendly to sympathizers in July revolutions, is humorously intimated in the "Geständnisse:"

"I had done much and suffered much, and when the sun of the July Revolution arose in France, I had become very weary, and needed some recreation. Also, my native air was every day more unhealthy for me, and it was time I should seriously think of a change of climate. I had visions: the clouds terrified me, and made all sorts of ugly faces at me. It often seemed to me as if the sun were a Prussian cockade; at night I dreamed of a hideous black eagle, which gnawed my liver; and I was very melancholy. Add to this, I had become acquainted with an old Berlin Justizrath, who had spent many years in the fortress of Spandau, and he related to me how unpleasant it is when one is obliged to wear irons in winter. For myself, I thought it very unchristian that the irons were not warmed a trifle. If the irons were warmed a little for us they would not make so unpleasant an impression, and even chilly natures might then bear them very well; it would be only proper consideration, too, if the fetters were perfumed with essence of roses and laurels, as is the case in this country (France). I asked my Justizrath whether he often got oysters to eat at Spandau? He said, 'No; Spandau was too far from the sea.' . . . Moreover, he said meat was very scarce there, and there was no kind of *volaille* except fies, which fell into one's soup. . . . Now, as I really needed some recreation, and as Spandau is too far from the sea for oysters to be got there, and the Spandau fly-soup did not seem very appetizing to me—as, besides all this, the Prussian chains are very cold in winter, and could not be conducive to my health, I resolved to visit Paris."

Since this time Paris has been Heine's home, and his best prose works have been written either to inform the Germans on French affairs or to inform the French on German philosophy and literature. He became a correspondent of the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, and his correspondence, which extends, with an interruption of several years, from 1831 to 1844, forms the volume entitled "Französische Zustände" (French Affairs), and the second and third volumes of his "Vermischte Schriften." It is a witty and often wise commentary on public men and public events. Louis Philippe, Casimir Périer, Thiers, Guizot, Rothschild, the Catholic party, the Socialist party have their turn of satire and appreciation, for Heine

deals out both with an impartiality which made his less favorable critics—Börne, for example—charge him with the rather incompatible sins of reckless caprice and venality. Literature and art alternate with politics: we have now a sketch of George Sand, or a description of one of Horace Vernet's pictures; now a criticism of Victor Hugo, or of Liszt; now an irresistible caricature of Spontini, or Kalkbrenner; and occasionally the predominant satire is relieved by a fine saying or a genial word of admiration. And all is done with that airy lightness, yet precision of touch, which distinguishes Heine beyond any living writer. The charge of venality was loudly made against Heine in Germany: first, it was said that he was paid to write; then, that he was paid to abstain from writing; and the accusations were supposed to have an irrefragable basis in the fact that he accepted a stipend from the French government. He has never attempted to conceal the reception of that stipend, and we think his statement (in the "*Vermischte Schriften*") of the circumstances under which it was offered and received is a sufficient vindication of himself and M. Guizot from any dishonor in the matter.

It may be readily imagined that Heine, with so large a share of the Gallic element as he has in his composition, was soon at ease in Parisian society, and the years here were bright with intellectual activity and social enjoyment. "His wit," wrote August Lewald, "is a perpetual gushing fountain; he throws off the most delicious descriptions with amazing facility, and sketches the most comic characters in conversation." Such a man could not be neglected in Paris, and Heine was sought on all sides—as a guest in distinguished *salons*, as a possible proselyte in the circle of the Saints-Simonians. His literary productiveness seems to have been furthered by this congenial life, which, however, was soon, to some extent, embittered by the sense of exile; for, since 1835, both his works and his person have been the object of denunciation by the German government. Between 1833 and 1845 appeared the four volumes of the "*Salon*," "*Die Romantische Schule*" (both written, in the first instance, in French); the book on Börne; "*Atta Troll*," a romantic poem; "*Deutschland*," an exquisitely humorous poem, describing his last visit to Germany, and containing some grand passages of serious writing; and the "*Neue Gedichte*," a collection of lyri-

cal poems. Among the most interesting of his prose works are the second volume of the "Salon," which contains a survey of religion and philosophy in Germany, and the "Roman-tische Schule," a delightful introduction to that phase of German literature known as the Romantic School. The book on Börne, which appeared in 1840, two or three years after the death of that writer, excited great indignation in Germany, as a wreaking of vengeance on the dead, an insult to the memory of a man who had worked and suffered in the cause of freedom—a cause which was Heine's own.

Börne, we may observe parenthetically, for the information of those who are not familiar with recent German literature, was a remarkable political writer of the ultra-Liberal party in Germany, who resided in Paris at the same time as Heine—a man of stern, uncompromising partisanship and bitter humor. Without justifying Heine's production of this book, we see excuses for him which should temper the condemnation passed on it. There was a radical opposition of nature between him and Börne: to use his own distinction, Heine is a Hellene—sensuous, realistic, exquisitely alive to the beautiful; while Börne was a Nazarene—ascetic, spiritualistic, despising the pure artist as destitute of earnestness. Heine has too keen a perception of practical absurdities and damaging exaggerations ever to become a thorough going partisan; and with a love of freedom, a faith in the ultimate triumph of democratic principles, of which we see no just reason to doubt the genuineness and consistency, he has been unable to satisfy more zealous and one-sided Liberals by giving his adhesion to their views and measures, or by adopting a denunciatory tone against those in the opposite ranks. Börne could not forgive what he regarded as Heine's epicurean indifference and artistic dalliance, and he at length gave vent to his antipathy in savage attacks on him through the press, accusing him of utterly lacking character and principle, and even of writing under the influence of venal motives. To these attacks Heine remained absolutely mute—from contempt, according to his own account: but the retort, which he resolutely refrained from making during Börne's life, comes in this volume, published after his death, with the concentrated force of long-gathering thunder. The utterly inexcusable part of the book is the caricature of Börne's friend, Madame Wohl, and the scurrilous insinuations concerning

Börne's domestic life. It is said, we know not with how much truth, that Heine had to answer for these in a duel with Madame Wohl's husband, and that, after receiving a serious wound, he promised to withdraw the offensive matter from a future edition. That edition, however, has not been called for. Whatever else we may think of the book, it is impossible to deny its transcendent talent—the dramatic vigor with which Börne is made present to us, the critical acumen with which he is characterized, and the wonderful play of wit, pathos, and thought which runs through the whole. But we will let Heine speak for himself; and, first, we will give part of his graphic description of the way in which Börne's mind and manners grated on his taste :

“To the disgust which, in intercourse with Börne, I was in danger of feeling towards those who surrounded him, was added the annoyance I felt from his perpetual talk about politics. Nothing but political argument, and again political argument, even at table, where he managed to hunt me out. At dinner, when I so gladly forget all the vexations of the world, he spoiled the best dishes for me by his patriotic gall, which he poured as a bitter sauce over everything. Calf's feet, *à la maître d'hôtel*, then my innocent *bonne bouche*, he completely spoiled me for Job's tidings from Germany, which he scraped together out of the most unreliable newspapers. And then his accursed remarks, which spoiled one's appetite! . . . This was a sort of table-talk which did not greatly exhilarate me, and I avenged myself by affecting an excessive, almost impassioned indifference for the objects of Börne's enthusiasm. For example, Borne was indignant that immediately on my arrival in Paris I had nothing better to do than to write for German papers a long account of the Exhibition of Pictures. I omit all discussion as to whether that interest in art which induced me to undertake this work was so utterly irreconcilable with the revolutionary interests of the day ; but Börne saw in it a proof of my indifference towards the sacred cause of humanity, and I could in my turn spoil the taste of his patriotic *Sauerkraut* for him by talking all dinner-time of nothing but pictures, of Robert's Reapers, Horace Vernet's Judith, and Scheffer's Faust. . . . That I never thought it worth while to discuss my political principles with him it is needless to say ; and once when he declared that he had found a contradiction in my writings, I satisfied myself with the ironical answer, ‘You are mistaken, *mon cher* ; such contradictions never occur in my works, for always before I begin to write I read over the statement of my political principles in my previous writings, that I may not contradict myself, and that no one may be able to reproach me with apostasy from my liberal principles.’”

And here is his own account of the spirit in which the book was written :

"I was never Börne's friend, nor was I ever his enemy. The displeasure which he could often excite in me was never very important, and he atoned for it sufficiently by the cold silence which I opposed to all his accusations and raillery. While he lived I wrote not a line against him, I never thought about him, I ignored him completely; and that enraged him beyond measure. If I now speak of him, I do so neither out of enthusiasm nor out of uneasiness; I am conscious of the coolest impartiality. I write here neither an apology nor a critique, and as in painting the man I go on my own observation, the image I present of him ought, perhaps, to be regarded as a real portrait. And such a monument is due to him—to the great wrestler who, in the arena of our political games, wrestled so courageously, and earned, if not the laurel, certainly the crown of oak leaves. I give an image with his true features, without idealization—the more like him the more honorable for his memory. He was neither a genius nor a hero; he was no Olympian God. He was a man, a denizen of this earth; he was a good writer and a great patriot. . . . Beautiful, delicious peace, which I feel at this moment in the depths of my soul! thou rewardest me sufficiently for everything I have done and for everything I have despised. . . . I shall defend myself neither from the reproach of indifference nor from the suspicion of venality. I have for years, during the life of the insinuator, held such self-justification unworthy of me; now even decency demands silence. That would be a frightful spectacle!—polemics between Death and Exile! Dost thou stretch out to me a beseeching hand from the grave? Without rancor I reach mine towards thee. . . . See how noble it is and pure! It was never soiled by pressing the hands of the mob, any more than by the impure gold of the people's enemy. In reality thou hast never injured me. . . . In all thy insinuations there is not a *louis d'or's* worth of truth."

In one of these years Heine was married, and, in deference to the sentiments of his wife, married according to the rites of the Catholic Church. On this fact busy rumor afterwards founded the story of his conversion to Catholicism, and could, of course, name the day and the spot on which he abjured Protestantism. In his "*Geständnisse*" Heine publishes a denial of this rumor: less, he says, for the sake of depriving the Catholics of the solace they may derive from their belief in a new convert, than in order to cut off from another party the more spiteful satisfaction of bemoaning his instability:

"That statement of time and place was entirely correct. I was actually on the specified day in the specified church, which was, moreover, a Jesuit church—namely, St. Sulpice; and I then went through a religious act. But this act was no odious abjuration, but a very innocent conjugation; that is to say, my marriage, already performed according to the civil law, there received the ecclesiastical consecra-

tion, because my wife, whose family are stanch Catholics, would not have thought her marriage sacred enough without such a ceremony. And I would on no account cause this beloved being any uneasiness or disturbance in her religious views."

For sixteen years—from 1831 to 1847—Heine lived that rapid, concentrated life which is known only in Paris; but then, alas! stole on the "days of darkness," and they were to be many. In 1847 he felt the approach of the terrible spinal disease which has for seven years chained him to his bed in acute suffering. The last time he went out of doors, he tells us, was in May, 1848:

"With difficulty I dragged myself to the Louvre, and I almost sank down as I entered the magnificent hall where the ever-blessed goddess of beauty, our beloved Lady of Milo, stands on her pedestal. At her feet I lay long, and wept so bitterly that a stone must have pitied me. The goddess looked compassionately on me, but at the same time disconsolately, as if she would say: Dost thou not see, then, that I have no arms, and thus cannot help thee?"

Since 1848, then, this poet, whom the lovely objects of Nature have always "haunted like a passion," has not descended from the second story of a Parisian house; this man of hungry intellect has been shut out from all direct observation of life, all contact with society, except such as is derived from visitors to his sick-room. The terrible nervous disease has affected his eyes; the sight of one is utterly gone, and he can only raise the lid of the other by lifting it with his finger. Opium alone is the beneficent genius that stills his pain. We hardly know whether to call it an alleviation or an intensification of the torture that Heine retains his mental vigor, his poetic imagination, and his incisive wit; for if his intellectual activity fills up a blank, it widens the sphere of suffering. His brother described him in 1851 as still, in moments when the hand of pain was not too heavy on him, the same Heinrich Heine, poet and satirist by turns. In such moments, he would narrate the strangest things in the gravest manner. But when he came to an end, he would roguishly lift up the lid of his right eye with his finger to see the impression he had produced; and if his audience had been listening with a serious face, he would break into Homeric laughter. We have other proof than personal testimony that Heine's disease allows his genius to retain much of its energy,

in the "*Romanzero*," a volume of poems published in 1831, and written chiefly during the first three years of his illness; and in the first volume of the "*Vermischte Schriften*," also the product of recent years. Very plaintive is the poet's own description of his condition, in the epilogue to the "*Romanzero*:"

"Do I really exist? My body is so shrunken that I am hardly anything but a voice; and my bed reminds me of the singing grave of the magician Merlin, which lies in the forest of Brozeliand, in Brittany, under tall oaks whose tops soar like green flames towards heaven. Alas! I envy thee those trees and the fresh breeze that moves their branches, brother Merlin! for no green leaf rustles about my mattress-grave in Paris, where early and late I hear nothing but the rolling of vehicles, hammering, quarrelling, and piano-strumming. A grave without repose, death without the privileges of the dead, who have no debts to pay, and need write neither letters nor books—that is a piteous condition. Long ago the measure has been taken for my coffin and for my necrology; but I die so slowly that the process is tedious for me as well as my friends. But patience: everything has an end. You will one day find the booth closed where the puppet-show of my humor has so often delighted you."

As early as 1850, it was rumored that since Heine's illness a change had taken place in his religious views; and as rumor seldom stops short of extremes, it was soon said that he had become a thorough pietist, Catholics and Protestants by turns claiming him as a convert. Such a change in so uncompromising an iconoclast, in a man who had been so zealous in his negations as Heine, naturally excited considerable sensation in the camp he was supposed to have quitted, as well as in that he was supposed to have joined. In the second volume of the "*Salon*," and in the "*Romantische Schule*," written in 1834 and 1835, the doctrine of Pantheism is dwelt on with a fervor and unmingled seriousness which show that Pantheism was then an animating faith to Heine, and he attacks what he considers the false spiritualism and asceticism of Christianity as the enemy of true beauty in art, and of social well-being. Now, however, it was said that Heine had recanted all his heresies; but from the fact that visitors to his sick-room brought away very various impressions as to his actual religious views, it seemed probable that his love of mystification had found a tempting opportunity for exercise on this subject, and that, as one of his friends said, he was not inclined to pour out unmingled wine to those who asked for a sample

out of mere curiosity. At length, in the epilogue to the "Romanzero," dated 1851, there appeared, amid much mystifying banter, a declaration that he had embraced Theism and the belief in a future life; and what chiefly lent an air of seriousness and reliability to this affirmation was the fact that he took care to accompany it with certain negations:

"As concerns myself, I can boast of no particular progress in politics; I adhered (after 1848) to the same democratic principles which had the homage of my youth, and for which I have ever since glowed with increasing fervor. In theology, on the contrary, I must accuse myself of retrogression, since, as I have already confessed, I returned to the old superstition—to a personal God. This fact is, once for all, not to be stifled, as many enlightened and well-meaning friends would fain have had it. But I must expressly contradict the report that my retrograde movement has carried me as far as to the threshold of a church, and that I have even been received into her lap. No: my religious convictions and views have remained free from any tincture of ecclesiasticism; no chiming of bells has allured me, no altar-candles have dazzled me. I have dallied with no dogmas, and have not utterly renounced my reason."

This sounds like a serious statement. But what shall we say to a convert who plays with his newly acquired belief in a future life as Heine does in the very next page? He says to his reader:

"Console thyself; we shall meet again in a better world, where I also mean to write thee better books. I take for granted that my health will there be improved, and that Swedenborg has not deceived me. He relates, namely, with great confidence, that we shall peacefully carry on our old occupations in the other world, just as we have done in this; that we shall there preserve our individuality unaltered, and that death will produce no particular change in our organic development. Swedenborg is a thoroughly honorable fellow, and quite worthy of credit in what he tells us about the other world, where he saw with his own eyes the persons who had played a great part on our earth. Most of them, he says, remained unchanged, and busied themselves with the same things as formerly; they remained stationary, were old-fashioned, *rococo*—which now and then produced a ludicrous effect. For example, our dear Dr. Martin Luther kept fast by his doctrine of Grace, about which he had for three hundred years daily written down the same mouldy arguments—just in the same way as the late Baron Ekstein, who during twenty years printed in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* one and the same article, perpetually chewing over again the old cud of Jesuitical doctrine. But, as we have said, all persons who once figured here below were not found by Swedenborg in such a state of fossil immutability: many had considerably developed their character, both for good and evil, in the other world; and this gave rise to some singular results. Some who had been her-

oes and saints on earth had *there* sunk into scamps and good-for-nothings; and there were examples, too, of a contrary transformation. For instance, the fumes of self-conceit mounted to St. Anthony's head when he learned what immense veneration and adoration had been paid to him by all Christendom; and he who here below withstood the most terrible temptations, was now quite an impertinent rascal and dissolute gallows-bird, who vied with his pig in rolling himself in the mud. The chaste Susanna, from having been excessively vain of her virtue, which she thought indomitable, came to a shameful fall, and she who once so gloriously resisted the two old men, was a victim to the seductions of the young Absalom, the son of David. On the contrary, Lot's daughters had in the lapse of time become very virtuous, and passed in the other world for models of propriety: the old man, alas! had stuck to the wine-flask."

In his "Geständnisse," the retraction of former opinions and profession of Theism are renewed, but in a strain of irony that repels our sympathy and baffles our psychology. Yet what strange, deep pathos is mingled with the audacity of the following passage:

"What avails it me, that enthusiastic youths and maidens crown my marble bust with laurel, when the withered hands of an aged nurse are pressing Spanish flies behind my ears? What avails it me, that all the roses of Shiraz glow and waft incense for me? Alas! Shiraz is two thousand miles from the Rue d'Amsterdam, where, in the wearisome loneliness of my sick-room, I get no scent except it be, perhaps, the perfume of warmed towels. Alas! God's satire weighs heavily on me. The great Author of the universe, the Aristophanes of Heaven, was bent on demonstrating, with crushing force, to me, the little, earthly, German Aristophanes, how my wittiest sarcasms are only pitiful attempts at jesting in comparison with his, and how miserably I am beneath him in humor, in colossal mockery."

For our own part, we regard the paradoxical irreverence with which Heine professes his theoretical reverence as pathological, as the diseased exhibition of a predominant tendency urged into anomalous action by the pressure of pain and mental privation—as the delirium of wit starved of its proper nourishment. It is not for us to condemn, who have never had the same burden laid on us, it is not for pigmies at their ease to criticise the writhings of the Titan chained to the rock.

On one other point we must touch before quitting Heine's personal history. There is a standing accusation against him in some quarters of wanting political principle, of wishing to denationalize himself, and of indulging in insults against his native country. Whatever ground may exist for

these accusations, that ground is not, so far as we see, to be found in his writings. He may not have much faith in German revolutions and revolutionists; experience, in his case as in that of others, may have thrown his millennial anticipations into more distant perspective; but we see no evidence that he has ever swerved from his attachment to the principles of freedom, or written anything which to a philosophic mind is incompatible with true patriotism. He has expressly denied the report that he wished to become naturalized in France; and his yearning towards his native land and the accents of his native language is expressed with a pathos the more reliable from the fact that he is sparing in such effusions. We do not see why Heine's satire of the blunders and foibles of his fellow-countrymen should be denounced as the crime of *lèse patrie*, any more than the political caricatures of any other satirist. The real offences of Heine are his occasional coarseness and his unscrupulous personalities, which are reprehensible, not because they are directed against his fellow-countrymen, but because they are *personalities*. That these offences have their precedents in men whose memory the world delights to honor does not remove their turpitude, but it is a fact which should modify our condemnation in a particular case—unless, indeed, we are to deliver our judgments on a principle of compensation, making up for our indulgence in one direction by our severity in another. On this ground of coarseness and personality, a true bill may be found against Heine—not, we think, on the ground that he has laughed at what is laughable in his compatriots. Here is a specimen of the satire under which we suppose German patriots wince:

“Rhenish Bavaria was to be the starting-point of the German revolution. Zweibrücken was the Bethlehem in which the infant Saviour—Freedom—lay in the cradle, and gave whimpering promise of redeeming the world. Near his cradle bellowed many an ox, who afterwards, when his horns were reckoned on, showed himself a very harmless brute. It was confidently believed that the German revolution would begin in Zweibrücken, and everything was there ripe for an outbreak. But, as has been hinted, the tender-heartedness of some persons frustrated that illegal undertaking. For example, among the Bipontine conspirators there was a tremendous braggart, who was always loudest in his rage, who boiled over with the hatred of tyranny, and this man was fixed on to strike the first blow, by cutting down a sentinel who kept an important post. . . . ‘What!’ cried the man, when this order was given him—‘what!—me! Can you expect so horrible, so bloodthirsty an

act of me? I—I, kill an innocent sentinel? I, who am father of a family! And this sentinel is perhaps also father of a family. One father of a family kill another father of a family? Yes! Kill—murder!"

In political matters, Heine, like all men whose intellect and taste predominate too far over their impulses to allow of their becoming partisans, is offensive alike to the aristocrat and the democrat. By the one he is denounced as a man who holds incendiary principles, by the other as a half-hearted "trimmer." He has no sympathy, as he says, with "that vague, barren pathos, that useless effervescence of enthusiasm, which plunges, with the spirit of a martyr, into an ocean of generalities, and which always reminds me of the American sailor, who had so fervent an enthusiasm for General Jackson that he at last sprang from the top of a mast into the sea, crying, *"I die for General Jackson!"*"

"But thou liest, Brutus, thou liest, Cassius, and thou, too, liest, Asinius, in maintaining that my ridicule attacks those ideas which are the precious acquisition of Humanity, and for which I myself have so striven and suffered. No! for the very reason that those ideas constantly hover before the poet in glorious splendor and majesty, he is the more irresistibly overcome by laughter when he sees how rudely, awkwardly, and clumsily those ideas are seized and mirrored in the contracted minds of contemporaries. . . . There are mirrors which have so rough a surface that even an Apollo reflected in them becomes a caricature, and excites our laughter. *But we laugh then only at the caricature, not at the god.*"

For the rest, why should we demand of Heine that he should be a hero, a patriot, a solemn prophet, any more than we should demand of a gazelle that it should draw well in harness? Nature has not made him of her sterner stuff, not of iron and adamant, but of pollen of flowers, the juice of the grape, and Puck's mischievous brain, plenteously mixing also the dews of kindly affection and the gold-dust of noble thoughts. It is, after all, a *tribute* which his enemies pay him when they utter their bitterest dictum; namely, that he is "*nur Dichter*"—only a poet. Let us accept this point of view for the present, and, leaving all consideration of him as a man, look at him simply as a poet and literary artist.

Heine is essentially a lyric poet. The finest products of his genius are

"Short swallow-flights of song that dip
Their wings in tears, and skim away;"

and they are so emphatically songs, that, in reading them, we feel as if each must have a twin melody born in the same moment and by the same inspiration. Heine is too impressible and mercurial for any sustained production: even in his short lyrics his tears sometimes pass into laughter, and his laughter into tears; and his longer poems, "Atta Trall" and "Deutschland," are full of Ariosto-like transitions. His song has a wide compass of notes: he can take us to the shores of the Northern Sea and thrill us by the somber sublimity of his pictures and dreamy fancies; he can draw forth our tears by the voice he gives to our own sorrows, or to the sorrows of "Poor Peter;" he can throw a cold shudder over us by a mysterious legend, a ghost-story, or a still more ghastly rendering of hard reality; he can charm us by a quiet idyl, shake us with laughter at his overflowing fun, or give us a piquant sensation of surprise by the ingenuity of his transitions from the lofty to the ludicrous. This last power is not, indeed, essentially poetical; but only a poet can use it with the same success as Heine, for only a poet can poise our emotion and expectation at such a height as to give effect to the sudden fall. Heine's greatest power as a poet lies in his simple pathos, in the ever-varied but always natural expression he has given to the tender emotions. We may, perhaps, indicate this phase of his genius by referring to Wordsworth's beautiful little poem, "She dwelt among the untrodden ways;" the conclusion—

"She dwelt alone, and few could know
 When Lucy ceased to be;
 But she is in her grave, and oh!
 The difference to me—"

is entirely in Heine's manner; and so is Tennyson's poem of a dozen lines, called "Circumstance." Both these poems have Heine's pregnant simplicity. But, lest this comparison should mislead, we must say that there is no general resemblance between either Wordsworth or Tennyson and Heine. Their greatest qualities lie quite away from the light, delicate lucidity, the easy, rippling music, of Heine's style. The distinctive charm of his lyrics may best be seen by comparing them with Goethe's. Both have the same masterly, finished simplicity and rhythmic grace; but there is more thought mingled with Goethe's feeling; his lyrical genius is a vessel

that draws more water than Heine's, and though it seems to glide along with equal ease, we have a sense of greater weight and force accompanying the grace of its movement. But, for this very reason, Heine touches our hearts more strongly; his songs are all music and feeling; they are like birds that not only enchant us with their delicious notes, but nestle against us with their soft breasts, and make us feel the agitated beating of their hearts. He indicates a whole sad history in a single quatrain: there is not an image in it, not a thought; but it is beautiful, simple, and perfect as a "big, round tear;" it is pure feeling breathed in pure music:

'Anfangs wollt' ich fast verzagen
Und ich glaubt' ich trug es nie,
Und ich hab' es doch getragen,—
Aber fragt mich nur nicht, wie." *

He excels equally in the more imaginative expression of feeling; he represents it by a brief image, like a finely cut cameo; he expands it into a mysterious dream, or dramatizes it in a little story, half ballad, half idyl; and in all these forms his art is so perfect that we never have a sense of artificiality or of unsuccessful effort; but all seems to have developed itself by the same beautiful necessity that brings forth vine-leaves and grapes and the natural curls of childhood. Of Heine's humorous poetry "Deutschland" is the most charming specimen—charming, especially, because its wit and humor grow out of a rich loam of thought. "Atta Troll" is more original, more various, more fantastic; but it is too great a strain on the imagination to be a general favorite. We have said that feeling is the element in which Heine's poetic genius habitually floats, but he can occasionally soar to a higher region, and impart deep significance to picturesque symbolism; he can flash a sublime thought over the past and into the future; he can pour forth a lofty strain of hope or indignation. Few could forget, after once hearing them, the stanzas at the close of "Deutschland," in which he warns the King of Prussia not to incur the irredeemable hell which the injured poet can create for him—the *singing flames* of a Dante's *terza rima*!

* At first I was almost in despair, and I thought I could never bear it, and yet I have borne it—only do not ask me *how*?

Kennst du die Hölle des Dante nich
 Die schrecklichen Terzetten?
 Wen da der Dichter hineingesperrt
 Den kann kein Gott mehr retten.
 Kein Gott, kein Heiland, erlöst ihn je
 Aus diesen singenden flammen!
 Nimm dich in Acht, das wir dich nicht
 Zu solcher Hölle verdammen." *

As a prosaist, Heine is, in one point of view, even more distinguished than as a poet. The German language easily lends itself to all the purposes of poetry; like the ladies of the middle ages, it is gracious and compliant to the Troubadours. But as these same ladies were often crusty and repulsive to their unmusical mates, so the German language generally appears awkward and unmanageable in the hands of prose writers. Indeed the number of really fine German prosaists before Heine would hardly have exceeded the numbering powers of a New Hollander, who can count three and no more. Persons the most familiar with German prose testify that there is an extra fatigue in reading it, just as we feel an extra fatigue from our walk when it takes us over ploughed clay. But in Heine's hands German prose, usually so heavy, so clumsy, so dull, becomes, like clay in the hands of the chemist, compact, metallic, brilliant; it is German in an *alloy* condition.

No dreary, labyrinthine sentences in which you find "no end in wandering mazes lost;" no chains of adjectives in linked harshness long drawn out; no digressions thrown in as parentheses; but crystalline definiteness and clearness, fine and varied rhythm, and all that delicate precision, all those felicities of word and cadence, which belong to the highest order of prose. And Heine has proved—what Madame de Staël seems to have doubted—that it is possible to be witty in German; indeed, in reading him, you might imagine that German was preëminently the language of wit, so flexible, so subtle, so piquant does it become under

* It is not fair to the English reader to indulge in German quotations, but in our opinion poetical translations are usually worse than valueless. For those who think differently, however, we may mention that Mr. Stores Smith has published a modest little book, containing "Selections from the poetry of Heinrich Heine," and that a meritorious (American) translation of Heine's complete works, by Charles Leland, is now appearing in shilling numbers.

his management. He is far more an artist in prose than Goethe. He has not the breadth and repose, and the calm development which belong to Goethe's style, for they are foreign to his mental character; but he excels Goethe in susceptibility to the manifold qualities of prose, and in mastery over its effects. Heine is full of variety, of light and shadow: he alternates between epigrammatic pith, imaginative grace, sly allusion, and daring piquancy; and athwart all these there runs a vein of sadness, tenderness, and grandeur which reveals the poet. He continually throws out those finely chiselled sayings which stamp themselves on the memory, and become familiar by quotation. For example: "The People have time enough, they are immortal; kings only are mortal." "Wherever a great soul utters its thoughts, there is Golgotha." "Nature wanted to see how she looked, and she created Goethe." "Only the man who has known bodily suffering is truly a *man*; his limbs have their Passion-history, they are spiritualized." He calls Rubens "this Flemish Titan, the wings of whose genius were so strong that he soared as high as the sun, in spite of the hundred-weight of Dutch cheeses that hung on his legs." Speaking of Börne's dislike to the calm creations of the true artist, he says, "He was like a child which, insensible to the glowing significance of a Greek statue, only touches the marble and complains of cold."

The most poetic and specifically humorous of Heine's prose writings are the "Reisebilder." The comparison with Sterne is inevitable here; but Heine does not suffer from it, for if he falls below Sterne in raciness of humor, he is far above him in poetic sensibility and in reach and variety of thought. Heine's humor is never persistent, it never flows on long in easy gayety and drollery; where it is not swelled by the tide of poetic feeling, it is continually dashing down the precipice of a witticism. It is not broad and unctuous; it is ærial and sprite-like, a momentary resting-place between his poetry and his wit. In the "Reisebilder" he runs through the whole gamut of his powers, and gives us every hue of thought, from the wildly droll and fantastic to the sombre and the terrible. Here is a passage almost Dantesque in its conception:

"Alas! one ought in truth to write against no one in this world. Each of us is sick enough in this great lazaretto, and many a polemi-

cal writing reminds me involuntarily of a revolting quarrel, in a little hospital at Cracow, of which I chanced to be a witness, and where it was horrible to hear how the patients mockingly reproached each other with their infirmities: how one who was wasted by consumption jeered at another who was bloated by dropsy; how one laughed at another's cancer in the nose, and this one again at his neighbor's locked-jaw or squint, until at last the delirious fever-patient sprang out of bed and tore away the coverings from the wounded bodies of his companions, and nothing was to be seen but hideous misery and mutilation."

And how fine is the transition in the very next chapter, where, after quoting the Homeric description of the feasting gods, he says:

"Then suddenly approached, panting, a pale Jew, with drops of blood on his brow, with a crown of thorns on his head, and a great cross laid on his shoulders; and he threw the cross on the high table of the gods, so that the golden cups tottered, and the gods became dumb and pale, and grew even paler, till they at last melted away into vapor."

The richest specimens of Heine's wit are perhaps to be found in the works which have appeared since the "*Reisebilder*." The years, if they have intensified his satirical bitterness, have also given his wit a finer edge and polish. His sarcasms are so subtilely prepared and so slyly allusive, that they may often escape readers whose sense of wit is not very acute; but for those who delight in the subtile and delicate flavors of style, there can hardly be any wit more irresistible than Heine's. We may measure its force by the degree in which it has subdued the German language to its purposes, and made that language brilliant in spite of a long hereditary transmission of dullness. As one of the most harmless examples of his satire, take this on a man who has certainly had his share of adulation:

"Assuredly it is far from my purpose to depreciate M. Victor Cousin. The titles of this celebrated philosopher even lay me under an obligation to praise him. He belongs to that living pantheon of France which we call the peerage, and his intelligent legs rest on the velvet benches of the Luxembourg. I must indeed sternly repress all private feelings which might seduce me into an excessive enthusiasm. Otherwise I might be suspected of servility; for M. Cousin is very influential in the state by means of his position and his tongue. This consideration might even move me to speak of his faults as frankly as of his virtues. Will he himself disapprove of this? Assuredly not. I know that we cannot do higher honor to great minds than when we

throw as strong a light on their demerits as on their merits. When we sing the praises of a Hercules, we must also mention that he once laid aside the lion's skin and sat down to the distaff: what then? he remains notwithstanding a Hercules! So when we relate similar circumstances concerning M. Cousin, we must nevertheless add, with discriminating eulogy: *M. Cousin, if he has sometimes sat twaddling at the distaff, has never laid aside the lion's skin.* . . . It is true that, having been suspected of demagogy, he spent some time in a German prison, just as Lafayette and Richard Cœur de Lion. But that M. Cousin there in his leisure hours studied Kant's 'Critique of Pure Reason' is to be doubted on three grounds: First, this book is written in German. Secondly, in order to read this book, a man must understand German. Thirdly, M. Cousin does not understand German. . . . I fear I am passing unawares from the sweet waters of praise into the bitter ocean of blame. Yes, on one account I cannot refrain from bitterly blaming M. Cousin; namely, that he who loves truth far more than he loves Plato and Tenneman, is unjust to himself when he wants to persuade us that he has borrowed something from the philosophy of Schelling and Hegel. Against this self-accusation, I must take M. Cousin under my protection. On my word and conscience! this honorable man has not stolen a jot from Schelling and Hegel, and if he brought home anything of theirs, it was merely their friendship. That does honor to his heart. But there are many instances of such self-accusation in psychology. I knew a man who declared that he had stolen silver spoons at the king's table; and yet we all knew that the poor devil had never been presented at court, and accused himself of stealing these spoons to make us believe that he had been a guest at the palace. No! In German philosophy M. Cousin has always kept the sixth commandment; here he has never pocketed a single idea, not so much as a salt-spoon of an idea. All witnesses agree in attesting that in this respect M. Cousin is honor itself. . . . I prophesy to you that the renown of M. Cousin, like the French Revolution, will go round the world! I hear some one wickedly add: Undeniably the renown of M. Cousin is going round the world, and *it has already taken its departure from France.*"

The following "symbolical myth" about Louis Philippe is very characteristic of Heine's manner:

"I remember very well that immediately on my arrival (in Paris) I hastened to the Palais Royal to see Louis Philippe. The friend who conducted me told me that the king now appeared on the terrace only at stated hours, but that formerly he was to be seen at any time for five francs. 'For five francs!' I cried, with amazement; 'does he then show himself for money?' No; but he is shown for money, and it happens in this way: There is a society of *claqueurs, marchands de contre-marches*, and such riff-raff, who offered every foreigner to show him the king for five francs: if he would give ten francs, he might see the king raise his eyes to heaven, and lay his hand protestingly on his heart; if he would give twenty francs, the king would sing the Marseillaise. If the foreigner gave five francs, they raised a loud cheering under the king's windows, and his majesty appeared on

the terrace, bowed, and retired. If ten francs, they shouted still louder, and gesticulated as if they had been possessed, when the king appeared, who then, as a sign of silent emotion, raised his eyes to heaven, and laid his hand on his heart. English visitors, however, would sometimes spend as much as twenty francs, and then the enthusiasm mounted to the highest pitch; no sooner did the king appear on the terrace, than the Marseillaise was struck up and roared out frightfully, until Louis Philippe, perhaps only for the sake of putting an end to the singing, bowed, laid his hand on his heart, and joined in the Marseillaise. Whether, as is asserted, he beat time with his foot, I cannot say."

EVANGELICAL TEACHING: DR. CUMMING.

GIVEN, a man with moderate intellect, a moral standard not higher than the average, some rhetorical affluence and great glibness of speech, what is the career in which, without the aid of birth or money, he may most easily attain power and reputation in English society? Where is that Goshen of mediocrity in which a smattering of science and learning will pass for profound instruction, where platitudes will be accepted as wisdom, bigoted narrowness as holy zeal, unctuous egoism as God-given piety? Let such a man become an evangelical preacher; he will then find it possible to reconcile small ability with great ambition, superficial knowledge with the prestige of erudition, a middling *morale* with a high reputation for sanctity. Let him shun practical extremes and be ultra only in what is purely theoretic; let him be stringent on predestination, but latitudinarian on fasting; unflinching in insisting on the eternity of punishment, but diffident of curtailing the substantial comforts of time; ardent and imaginative on the pre-millennial advent of Christ, but cold and cautious towards every other infringement of the *status quo*. Let him fish for souls not with the bait of inconvenient singularity, but with the drag-net of comfortable conformity. Let him be hard and literal in his interpretation only when he wants to hurl texts at the heads of unbelievers and adversaries, but when the letter of the Scriptures presses too closely on the genteel

Christianity of the nineteenth century, let him use his spiritualizing alembic and disperse it into impalpable ether. Let him preach less of Christ than of Antichrist; let him be less definite in showing what sin is than in showing who is the Man of Sin, less expansive on the blessedness of faith than on the accursedness of infidelity. Above all, let him set up as an interpreter of prophecy, and rival "Moore's Almanack" in the prediction of political events, tickling the interest of hearers who are but moderately spiritual by showing how the Holy Spirit has dictated problems and charades for their benefit, and how, if they are ingenious enough to solve these, they may have their Christian graces nourished by learning precisely to whom they may point as the "horn that had eyes," "the lying prophet," and the "unclean spirits." In this way he will draw men to him by the strong cords of their passions, made reason-proof by being baptized with the name of piety. In this way he may gain a metropolitan pulpit; the avenues to his church will be as crowded as the passages to the opera; he has but to print his prophetic sermons and bind them in lilac and gold, and they will adorn the drawing-room table of all evangelical ladies, who will regard as a sort of pious "light reading" the demonstration that the prophecy of the locusts whose sting is in their tail, is fulfilled in the fact of the Turkish commander's having taken a horse's tail for his standard, and, that the French are the very frogs predicted in the Revelation.

Pleasant to the clerical flesh under such circumstances is the arrival of Sunday! Somewhat at a disadvantage during the week, in the presence of working-day interests and lay splendors, on Sunday the preacher becomes the cynosure of a thousand eyes, and predominates at once over the Amphitryon with whom he dines, and the most captious member of his church or vestry. He has an immense advantage over all other public speakers. The platform orator is subject to the criticism of hisses and groans. Counsel for the plaintiff expects the retort of counsel for the defendant. The honorable gentleman on one side of the House is liable to have his facts and figures shown up by his honorable friend on the opposite side. Even the scientific or literary lecturer, if he is dull or incompetent, may see the best part of his audience slip quietly out one by one. But the preacher is completely master of the situation: no one may hiss, no one

may depart. Like the writer of imaginary conversations, he may put what imbecilities he pleases into the mouths of his antagonists, and swell with triumph when he has refuted them. He may riot in gratuitous assertions, confident that no man will contradict him; he may exercise perfect free-will in logic, and invent illustrative experience; he may give an evangelical edition of history with the inconvenient facts omitted—all this he may do with impunity, certain that those of his hearers who are not sympathizing are not listening. For the Press has no band of critics who go the round of the churches and chapels, and are on the watch for a slip or defect in the preacher to make a "feature" in their article: the clergy are, practically, the most irresponsible of all talkers. For this reason, at least, it is well that they do not always allow their discourses to be merely fugitive, but are often induced to fix them in that black and white in which they are open to the criticism of any man who has the courage and patience to treat them with thorough freedom of speech and pen.

It is because we think this criticism of clerical teaching desirable for the public good that we devote some pages to Dr. Cumming. He is, as every one knows, a preacher of immense popularity, and of the numerous publications in which he perpetuates his pulpit labors, all circulate widely, and some, according to their title-page, have reached the sixteenth thousand. Now our opinion of these publications is the very opposite of that given by a newspaper eulogist: we do *not* "believe that the repeated issues of Dr. Cumming's thoughts are having a beneficial effect on society," but the reverse; and hence, little inclined as we are to dwell on his pages, we think it worth while to do so, for the sake of pointing out in them what we believe to be profoundly mistaken and pernicious. Of Dr. Cumming personally we know absolutely nothing: our acquaintance with him is confined to a perusal of his works, our judgment of him is founded solely on the manner in which he has written himself down on his pages. We know neither how he looks nor how he lives. We are ignorant whether, like St. Paul, he has a bodily presence that is weak and contemptible, or whether his person is as florid and as prone to amplification as his style. For aught we know, he may not only have the gift of prophecy, but may bestow the profits of all his works to feed the poor, and be

ready to give his own body to be burned with as much alacrity as he infers the everlasting burning of Roman Catholics and Puseyites. Out of the pulpit he may be a model of justice, truthfulness, and the love that thinketh no evil; but we are obliged to judge of his charity by the spirit we find in his sermons, and shall only be glad to learn that his practice is, in many respects, an amiable *non sequitur* from his teaching.

Dr. Cumming's mind is evidently not of the pietistic order. There is not the slightest leaning towards mysticism in his Christianity—no indication of religious raptures, of delight in God, of spiritual communion with the Father. He is most at home in the forensic view of Justification, and dwells on salvation as a scheme rather than as an experience. He insists on good works as a sign of justifying faith, as labors to be achieved to the glory of God, but he rarely represents them as the spontaneous, necessary outflow of a soul filled with divine love. He is at home in the external, the polemical, the historical, the circumstantial, and is only episodically devout and practical. The great majority of his published sermons are occupied with argument or philippic against Romanists and unbelievers, with "vindications" of the Bible, with the political interpretation of prophecy, or the criticism of public events; and the devout aspiration, or the spiritual and practical exhortation, is tacked to them as a sort of fringe in a hurried sentence or two at the end. He revels in the demonstration that the Pope is the Man of Sin; he is copious on the downfall of the Ottoman empire; he appears to glow with satisfaction in turning a story which tends to show how he abashed an "infidel;" it is a favorite exercise with him to form conjectures of the process by which the earth is to be burned up, to picture Dr. Chalmers and Mr. Wilberforce being caught up to meet Christ in the air, while Romanists, Puseyites, and infidels are given over to gnashing of teeth. But of really spiritual joys and sorrows, of the life and death of Christ as a manifestation of love that constrains the soul, of sympathy with that yearning over the lost and erring which made Jesus weep over Jerusalem, and prompted the sublime prayer, "Father, forgive them," of the gentler fruits of the Spirit, and the peace of God which passeth understanding—of all this we find little trace in Dr. Cumming's discourses.

His style is in perfect correspondence with this habit of

mind. Though diffuse, as that of all preachers must be, it has rapidity of movement, perfect clearness, and some aptness of illustration. He has much of that literary talent which makes a good journalist—the power of beating out an idea over a large space, and of introducing far-fetched *à propos*. His writings have, indeed, no high merit: they have no originality or force of thought, no striking felicity of presentation, no depth of emotion. Throughout nine volumes we have alighted on no passage which impressed us as worth extracting and placing among the “beauties” of evangelical writers, such as Robert Hall, Foster the Essayist, or Isaac Taylor. Everywhere there is common-place cleverness, nowhere a spark of rare thought, of lofty sentiment, or pathetic tenderness. We feel ourselves in company with a voluble retail talker, whose language is exuberant but not exact, and to whom we should never think of referring for precise information, or for well-digested thought and experience. His argument continually slides into wholesale assertion and vague declamation, and in his love of ornament he frequently becomes tawdry. For example, he tells us (“Apoc. Sketches,” p. 265) that “Botany weaves around the cross her amaranthine garlands; and Newton comes from his starry home, Linnæus from his flowery resting place, and Werner and Hutton from their subterranean graves at the voice of Chalmers, to acknowledge that all they learned and elicited in their respective provinces has only served to show more clearly that Jesus of Nazareth is enthroned on the riches of the universe.” And so prosaic an injunction to his hearers as that they should choose a residence within an easy distance of church, is magnificently draped by him as an exhortation to prefer a house “that basks in the sunshine of the countenance of God.” Like all preachers of his class, he is more fertile in imaginative paraphrase than in close exposition, and in this way he gives us some remarkable fragments of what we may call the romance of Scripture, filling up the outline of the record with an elaborate coloring quite undreamed of by more literal minds. The serpent, he informs us, said to Eve, “Can it be so? Surely you are mistaken, that God hath said you shall die, a creature so fair, so lovely, so beautiful. It is impossible. *The laws of nature and physical science tell you that my interpretation is correct; you shall not die.* I can tell you by my own experience as an

angel that you shall be as gods, knowing good and evil" ("Apoc. Sketches," p. 294). Again, according to Dr. Cumming, Abel had so clear an idea of the Incarnation and Atonement that when he offered his sacrifice "he must have said, 'I feel myself a guilty sinner, and that in myself I cannot meet Thee alive; I lay on Thine altar this victim, and I shed its blood as my testimony that mine should be shed; and I look for forgiveness and undeserved mercy through Him who is to bruise the serpent's head, and whose atonement this typifies'" ("Occas. Disc.," vol. i. p. 23). Indeed, his productions are essentially ephemeral; he is essentially a journalist, who writes sermons instead of leading articles; who, instead of venting diatribes against her majesty's ministers, directs his power of invective against Cardinal Wiseman and the Puseyites; instead of declaiming on public spirit, perorates on the "glory of God." We fancy he is called, in the more refined evangelical circles, an "intellectual preacher;" by the plainer sort of Christians, a "flowery preacher;" and we are inclined to think that the more spiritually minded class of believers, who look with greater anxiety for the kingdom of God within them than for the visible advent of Christ in 1864, will be likely to find Dr. Cumming's declamatory flights and historico-prophetical exercitations as little better than "clout's o' cauld parritch."

Such is our general impression from his writings after an attentive perusal. There are some particular characteristics which we shall consider more closely, but in doing so we must be understood as altogether declining any doctrinal discussion. We have no intention to consider the grounds of Dr. Cumming's dogmatic system, to examine the principles of his prophetic exegesis, or to question his opinion concerning the little horn, the river Euphrates, or the seven vials. We identify ourselves with no one of the bodies whom he regards it as his special mission to attack: not giving adhesion either to Romanism, to Puseyism, or to that anomalous combination of opinions which he introduces to us under the name of infidelity. It is simply as spectators that we criticise Dr. Cumming's mode of warfare: as spectators concerned less with what he holds to be Christian truth than with his manner of enforcing that truth; less with the doctrines he teaches than with the moral spirit and tendencies of his teaching.

One of the most striking characteristics of Dr. Cumming's writings is *unscrupulosity of statement*. His motto apparently is, *Christianitatem, quocunque modo, Christianitatem*; and the only system he includes under the term Christianity is Calvinistic Protestantism. Experience has so long shown that the human brain is a congenial nidus for inconsistent beliefs, that we do not pause to inquire how Dr. Cumming, who attributes the conversion of the unbelieving to the Divine Spirit, can think it necessary to coöperate with that Spirit by argumentative white lies. Nor do we for a moment impugn the genuineness of his zeal for Christianity, or the sincerity of his conviction that the doctrines he preaches are necessary to salvation; on the contrary, we regard the flagrant unveracity found on his pages as an indirect result of that conviction—as a result, namely, of the intellectual and moral distortion of view which is inevitably produced by assigning to dogmas, based on a very complex structure of evidence, the place and authority of first truths. A distinct appreciation of the value of evidence—in other words, the intellectual perception of truth—is more closely allied to truthfulness of statement, or the moral quality of veracity, than is generally admitted. That highest moral habit, the constant preference of truth, both theoretically and practically, preëminently demands the coöperation of the intellect with the impulses—as is indicated by the fact that it is only found in anything like completeness in the highest class of minds. And it is commonly seen that, in proportion as religious sects believe themselves to be guided by direct inspiration rather than by a spontaneous exertion of their faculties, their sense of truthfulness is misty and confused. No one can have talked to the more enthusiastic Methodists and listened to their stories of miracles, without perceiving that they require no other passport to a statement than that it accords with their wishes and their general conception of God's dealings; nay, they regard as a symptom of sinful scepticism an inquiry into the evidence for a story which they think unquestionably tends to the glory of God, and in retailing such stories, new particulars, further tending to his glory, are "borne in" upon their minds. Now, Dr. Cumming, as we have said, is no enthusiastic pietist: within a certain circle—within the mill of evangelical orthodoxy—his intellect is perpetually at work; but that principle of sop-

histication which our friends the Methodists derive from the predominance of their pietistic feelings, is involved for him in the doctrine of verbal inspiration; what is for them a state of emotion submerging the intellect, is with him a formula imprisoning the intellect, depriving it of its proper function—the free search for truth—and making it the mere servant-of-all-work to a foregone conclusion. Minds fettered by this doctrine no longer inquire concerning a proposition whether it is attested by sufficient evidence, but whether it accords with Scripture; they do not search for facts, as such, but for facts that will bear out their doctrine. They become accustomed to reject the more direct evidence in favor of the less direct, and where adverse evidence reaches demonstration they must resort to devices and expedients in order to explain away contradiction. It is easy to see that this mental habit blunts not only the perception of truth, but the sense of truthfulness, and that the man whose faith drives him into fallacies treads close upon the precipice of falsehood.

We have entered into this digression for the sake of mitigating the inference that is likely to be drawn from that characteristic of Dr. Cumming's works to which we have pointed. He is much in the same intellectual condition as that professor of Padua, who, in order to disprove Galileo's discovery of Jupiter's satellites, urged that as there were only seven metals there could not be more than seven planets—a mental condition scarcely compatible with candor. And we may well suppose that if the professor had held the belief in seven planets, and no more, to be a necessary condition of salvation, his mental vision would have been so dazed that even if he had consented to look through Galileo's telescope, his eyes would have reported in accordance with his inward alarms rather than with the external fact. So long as a belief in propositions is regarded as indispensable to salvation, the pursuit of truth *as such* is not possible, any more than it is possible for a man who is swimming for his life to make meteorological observations on the storm which threatens to overwhelm him. The sense of alarm and haste, the anxiety for personal safety, which Dr. Cumming insists upon as the proper religious attitude, unmans the nature, and allows no thorough, calm thinking, no truly noble, disinterested feeling. Hence, we by no means suspect that the unscrupulosity of

statement with which we charge Dr. Cumming extends beyond the sphere of his theological prejudices; religion apart, he probably appreciates and practises veracity.

A grave general accusation must be supported by details, and in adducing these, we purposely select the most obvious cases of misrepresentation—such as require no argument to expose them, but can be perceived at a glance. Among Dr. Cumming's numerous books, one of the most notable for unscrupulosity of statement is the "Manual of Christian Evidences," written, as he tells us in his Preface, not to give the deepest solutions of the difficulties in question, but to furnish Scripture-readers, city missionaries, and Sunday-school teachers with a "ready reply" to sceptical arguments. This announcement that *readiness* was the chief quality sought for in the solutions here given, modifies our inference from the other qualities which those solutions present; and it is but fair to presume, that when the Christian disputant is not in a hurry, Dr. Cumming would recommend replies less ready and more veracious. Here is an example of what in another place* he tells his readers is "change in their pocket, . . . a little ready argument which they can employ, and therewith answer a fool according to his folly." From the nature of this argumentative small-coin, we are inclined to think Dr. Cumming understands answering a fool according to his folly to mean, giving him a foolish answer. We quote from the "Manual of Christian Evidences," p. 62:

"Some of the gods which the heathen worshipped were among the greatest monsters that ever walked the earth. Mercury was a thief; and because he was an expert thief he was enrolled among the gods. Bacchus was a mere sensualist and drunkard; and therefore he was enrolled among the gods. Venus was a dissipated and abandoned courtesan; and therefore she was enrolled among the goddesses. Mars was a savage, that gloried in battle and in blood; and therefore he was deified and enrolled among the gods."

Does Dr. Cumming believe the purport of these sentences? If so, this passage is worth handing down as his theory of the Greek myth—as a specimen of the astounding ignorance which was possible in a metropolitan preacher A. D. 1854. And if he does not believe them. . . . The inference must then be, that he thinks delicate veracity about the ancient Greeks is not a Christian virtue, but only a "splendid sin."

* "Lect. on Daniel," p. 6.

of the unregenerate. This inference is rendered the more probable by our finding, a little further on, that he is not more scrupulous about the moderns, if they come under his definition of "Infidels." But the passage we are about to quote in proof of this has a worse quality than its discrepancy with fact. Who that has a spark of generous feeling, that rejoices in the presence of good in a fellow-being, has not dwelt with pleasure on the thought that Lord Byron's unhappy career was ennobled and purified towards its close by a high and sympathetic purpose, by honest and energetic efforts for his fellow-men? Who has not read with deep emotion those last pathetic lines, beautiful as the after-glow of sunset, in which love and resignation are mingled with something of a melancholy heroism? Who has not lingered with compassion over the dying scene at Missolonghi—the sufferer's inability to make his farewell messages of love intelligible, and the last long hours of silent pain? Yet for the sake of furnishing his disciples with a "ready reply," Dr. Cumming can prevail on himself to inoculate them with a bad-spirited falsity like the following:

"We have one striking exhibition of *an infidel's brightest thoughts*, in some lines *written in his dying moments* by a man, gifted with great genius, capable of prodigious intellectual prowess, but of worthless principle, and yet more worthless practices—I mean the celebrated Lord Byron. He says—

" 'Though gay companions o'er the bowl
Dispel awhile the sense of ill,
Though pleasure fills the maddening so
The heart—the heart is lonely still.

Ay, but to die, and go, alas!
Where all have gone and all must go;
To be the *Nothing* that I was,
Ere born to life and living woe!

Count o'er the joys thine hours have seen,
Count o'er thy days from anguish free,
And know, whatever thou hast been,
'Tis *something better* not to be.

Nay, for myself, so dark my fate
Through every turn of life hath been
Man and the world so much I hate,
I cannot rest when I quit the scene.' "

It is difficult to suppose that Dr. Cumming can have been so grossly imposed upon—that he can be so ill-informed as really to believe that these lines were "written" by Lord

Byron in his dying moments; but, allowing him the full benefit of that possibility, how shall we explain his introduction of this feebly rabid doggerel as "an infidel's brightest thoughts?"

In marshalling the evidences of Christianity, Dr. Cumming directs most of his arguments against opinions that are either totally imaginary, or that belong to the past rather than to the present; while he entirely fails to meet the difficulties actually felt and urged by those who are unable to accept Revelation. There can hardly be a stronger proof of misconception as to the character of free-thinking in the present day than the recommendation of Leland's "Short and Easy Method with the Deists"—a method which is unquestionably short and easy for preachers disinclined to consider their stereotyped modes of thinking and arguing, but which has quite ceased to realize those epithets in the conversion of Deists. Yet Dr. Cumming not only recommends this book, but takes the trouble himself to write a feebler version of its arguments. For example, on the question of the genuineness and authenticity of the New Testament writings, he says:

"If, therefore, at a period long subsequent to the death of Christ, a number of men had appeared in the world, drawn up a book which they christened by the name of Holy Scripture, and recorded these things which appear in it as facts when they were only the fancies of their own imagination, surely the *Jews* would have instantly reclaimed that no such events transpired, that no such person as Jesus Christ appeared in their capital, and that *their* crucifixion of him, and their alleged evil treatment of his apostles, were mere fictions."—"Manual of Christian Evidences," p. 81.

It is scarcely necessary to say that, in such argument as this, Dr. Cumming is beating the air. He is meeting an hypothesis which no one holds, and totally missing the real question. The only type of "infidel" whose existence Dr. Cumming recognizes is that fossil personage who "calls the Bible a lie and a forgery." He seems to be ignorant—or he chooses to ignore the fact—that there is a large body of eminently instructed and earnest men who regard the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures as a series of historical documents, to be dealt with according to the rules of historical criticism; and that an equally large number of men, who are not historical critics, find the dogmatic scheme built on the letter of the Scriptures opposed to their profoundest moral convictions. Dr. Cumming's infidel is a man who, because

his life is vicious, tries to convince himself that there is no God, and that Christianity is an imposture, but who is all the while secretly conscious that he is opposing the truth, and cannot help "letting out" admissions "that the Bible is the Book of God." We are favored with the following "Creed of the Infidel:"

"I believe that there is no God, but that matter is God, and God is matter; and that it is no matter whether there is any God or not. I believe also that the world was not made, but that the world made itself, or that it had no beginning, and that it will last forever. I believe that man is a beast; that the soul is the body, and that the body is the soul; and that after death there is neither body nor soul. I believe that there is no religion, that *natural religion is the only religion, and all religion unnatural*. I believe not in Moses; I believe in the first philosophers. I believe not in the evangelists; I believe in Chubb, Collins, Toland, Tindal, and Hobbes. I believe in Lord Bolingbroke, and I believe not in St. Paul. I believe not in revelation; *I believe in tradition; I believe in the Talmud; I believe in the Koran*; I believe not in the Bible; I believe in Socrates; I believe in Confucius; I believe in Mahomet; I believe not in Christ. And lastly, *I believe in all unbelief.*"

The intellectual and moral monster whose creed is this complex web of contradictions is, moreover, according to Dr. Cumming, a being who unites much simplicity and imbecility with his Satanic hardihood, much tenderness of conscience with his obdurate vice. Hear the "proof:"

"I once met with an acute and enlightened infidel, with whom I reasoned day after day, and for hours together; I submitted to him the internal, the external, and the experimental evidences, but made no impression on his scorn and unbelief. At length I entertained a suspicion that there was something morally, rather than intellectually wrong, and that the bias was not in the intellect, but in the heart; one day, therefore, I said to him, 'I must now state my conviction, and you may call me uncharitable, but duty compels me: you are living in some known and gross sin.' *The man's countenance became pale; he bowed and left me.*"—"Manual of Christian Evidences," p. 254.

Here we have the remarkable psychological phenomenon of an "acute and enlightened" man who, deliberately purposing to indulge in a favorite sin, and regarding the Gospel with scorn and unbelief, is nevertheless so much more scrupulous than the majority of Christians that he cannot "embrace sin and the Gospel simultaneously;" who is so alarmed at the Gospel in which he does not believe, that he cannot be easy without trying to crush it; whose acuteness and enlightenment suggest to him, as a means of crushing

the Gospel, to argue from day to day with Dr. Cumming; and who is withal so naive that he is taken by surprise when Dr. Cumming, failing in argument, resorts to accusation, and so tender in conscience that, at the mention of his sin, he turns pale and leaves the spot. If there be any human mind in existence capable of holding Dr. Cumming's "Creed of the Infidel," of at the same time believing in tradition and "believing in all unbelief," it must be the mind of the infidel just described, for whose existence we have Dr. Cumming's *ex officio* word as a theologian; and to theologians we may apply what Sancho Panza says of the bachelors of Salamanca, that they never tell lies—except when it suits their purpose.

The total absence from Dr. Cumming's theological mind of any demarcation between fact and rhetoric is exhibited in another passage, where he adopts the dramatic form;

"Ask the peasant on the hills—and I have asked amid the mountains of Braemar and Deeside—'How do you know that this book is divine, and that the religion you profess is true? You never read Paley?' 'No, I never heard of him.' 'You have never read Butler?' 'No, I have never heard of him.' 'Nor Chalmers?' 'No, I do not know him.' 'You have never read any books on evidence?' 'No, I have read no such books.' 'Then, how do you know this book is true?' 'Know it! Tell me that the Dee, the Clunie, and the Garrawalt, the streams at my feet, do not run; that the winds do not sigh amid the gorges of these blue hills; that the sun does not kindle the peaks of Loch-na-Gar—tell me my heart does not beat, and I will believe you; but do not tell me the Bible is not divine. I have found its truth illuminating my footsteps; its consolations sustaining my heart. May my tongue cleave to my mouth's roof, and my right hand forget its cunning, if I ever deny what is my deepest inner experience, that this blessed book is the Book of God.'"—"Church Before the Flood," p. 35.

Dr. Cumming is so slippery and lax in his mode of presentation that we find it impossible to gather whether he means to assert that this is what a peasant on the mountains of Braemar *did* say, or that it is what such a peasant *would* say: in the one case, the passage may be taken as a measure of his truthfulness; in the other, of his judgment.

His own faith, apparently, has not been altogether intuitive, like that of his rhetorical peasant, for he tells us ("Apoc. Sketches," p. 405) that he has himself experienced what it is to have religious doubts. "I was tainted while at the University by this spirit of scepticism. I thought Christianity might not be true. The very possibility of its being true was the thought I felt I must meet and settle. Con-

science could give me no peace till I had settled it. I read, and I have read from that day, for fourteen or fifteen years, till this, and now I am as convinced, upon the clearest evidence, that this book is the Book of God as that I now address you." This experience, however, instead of impressing on him the fact that doubt may be the stamp of a truth-loving mind—that *sunt quibus non credidisse honor est, et fidei futuræ pignus*—seems to have produced precisely the contrary effect. It has not enabled him even to conceive the condition of a mind "perplexed in faith but pure in deed," craving light, yearning for a faith that will harmonize and cherish its highest powers and aspirations, but unable to find that faith in dogmatic Christianity. His own doubts apparently were of a different kind. Nowhere in his pages have we found a humble, candid, sympathetic attempt to meet the difficulties that may be felt by an ingenuous mind. Everywhere he supposes that the doubter is hardened, conceited, consciously shutting his eyes to the light—a fool who is to be answered according to his folly—that is, with ready replies made up of reckless assertions, of apocryphal anecdotes, and, where other resources fail, of vituperative imputations. As to the reading which he has prosecuted for fifteen years—*either* it has left him totally ignorant of the relation which his own religious creed bears to the criticism and philosophy of the nineteenth century, *or* he systematically blinks that criticism and that philosophy; and instead of honestly and seriously endeavoring to meet and solve what he knows to be the real difficulties, contents himself with setting up popinjays to shoot at, for the sake of confirming the ignorance and winning the cheap admiration of his evangelical hearers and readers. Like the Catholic preacher who, after throwing down his cap and apostrophizing it as Luther, turned to his audience and said, "You see this heretical fellow has not a word to say for himself," Dr. Cumming, having drawn his ugly portrait of the infidel, and put arguments of a convenient quality into his mouth, finds a "short and easy method" of confounding this "croaking frog."

In his treatment of infidels, we imagine he is guided by a mental process which may be expressed in the following syllogism: Whatever tends to the glory of God is true; it is for the glory of God that infidels should be as bad as possi-

ble ; therefore, whatever tends to show that infidels are as bad as possible is true. All infidels, he tells us, have been men of "gross and licentious lives." Is there not some well-known unbeliever—David Hume, for example—of whom even Dr. Cumming's readers may have heard as an exception? No matter. Some one suspected that he was *not* an exception ; and as that suspicion tends to the glory of God, it is one for a Christian to entertain. (See "Man. of Ev.," p. 73.) If we were unable to imagine this kind of self-sophistication, we should be obliged to suppose that, relying on the ignorance of his evangelical disciples, he fed them with direct and conscious falsehoods. "Voltaire," he informs them, "declares there is no God ;" he was "an antitheist—that is, one who deliberately and avowedly opposed and hated God ; who swore in his blasphemy that he would dethrone him ;" and "advocated the very depths of the lowest sensuality." With regard to many statements of a similar kind, equally at variance with truth, in Dr. Cumming's volumes, we presume that he has been misled by hearsay or by the second-hand character of his acquaintance with free-thinking literature. An evangelical preacher is not obliged to be well read. Here, however, is a case which the extremest supposition of educated ignorance will not reach. Even books of "evidences" quote from Voltaire the line—

"Si Dieu n'existait pas, il faudrait l'inventer ;"

even persons fed on the mere whey and buttermilk of literature must know that in philosophy Voltaire was nothing if not a theist—must know that he wrote not against God, but against Jehovah, the God of the Jews, whom he believed to be the false God—must know that to say Voltaire was an atheist on this ground is as absurd as to say that a Jacobite opposed hereditary monarchy because he declared the Brunswick family had no title to the throne. That Dr. Cumming should repeat the vulgar fables about Voltaire's death is merely what we might expect from the specimens we have seen of his illustrative stories. A man whose accounts of his own experience are apocryphal is not likely to put borrowed narratives to any severe test.

The alliance between intellectual and moral perversion is strikingly typified by the way in which he alternates from the unvarnished to the absurd, from misrepresentation to contradiction. Side by side with the adduction of "facts" such

as those we have quoted, we find him arguing on one page that the doctrine of the Trinity was too grand to have been conceived by man, and was *therefore* divine; and on another page, that the Incarnation *had* been preconceived by man, and is *therefore* to be accepted as divine. But we are less concerned with the fallacy of his "ready replies" than with their falsity; and even of this we can only afford space for a very few specimens. Here is one: "There is a *thousand times* more proof that the Gospel of John was written by him than there is that the '*Avà Bavis*' was written by Xenophon, or the '*Ars Poetica*' by Horace." If Dr. Cumming had chosen Plato's Epistles or Anacreon's Poem's, instead of the "Anabasis" or the "Ars Poetica," he would have reduced the extent of the falsehood, and would have furnished a ready reply, which would have been equally effective with his Sunday-school teachers and their disputants. Hence we conclude this prodigality of misstatement, this exuberance of mendacity, is an effervescence of zeal in *majorem gloriam Dei*. Elsewhere he tells us that "the idea of the author of the '*Vestiges*' is, that man is the development of a monkey, that the monkey is the embryo man; so that *if you keep a baboon long enough it will develop itself into a man.*" How well Dr. Cumming has qualified himself to judge of the ideas in "that very unphilosophical book," as he pronounces it, may be inferred from the fact that he implies the author of the "*Vestiges*" to have *originated* the nebular hypothesis.

In the volume from which the last extract is taken, even the hardihood of assertion is surpassed by the suicidal character of the argument. It is called "The Church Before the Flood," and is devoted chiefly to the adjustment of the question between the Bible and Geology. Keeping within the limits we have prescribed to ourselves, we do not enter into the matter of this discussion; we merely pause a little over the volume in order to point out Dr. Cumming's mode of treating the question. He first tells us that "the Bible has not a single scientific error in it;" that "*its slightest intimations of scientific principles or natural phenomena have in every instance been demonstrated to be exactly and strictly true;*" and he asks:

"How is it that Moses, with no greater education than the Hindoo or the ancient philosopher, has written his book, touching science at a thousand points, so accurately that scientific research has discovered

no flaws in it; and yet in those investigations which have taken place in more recent centuries it has not been shown that he has committed one single error, or made one solitary assertion which can be proved by the maturest science, or by the most eagle-eyed philosopher, to be incorrect, scientifically or historically?"

According to this, the relation of the Bible to science should be one of the strong points of apologists for revelation: the scientific accuracy of Moses should stand at the head of their evidences; and they might urge with some cogency that since Aristotle, who devoted himself to science, and lived many ages after Moses, does little else than err ingeniously, this fact, that the Jewish lawgiver, though touching science at a thousand points, has written nothing that has not been "demonstrated to be exactly and strictly true," is an irrefragable proof of his having derived his knowledge from a supernatural source. How does it happen, then, that Dr. Cumming forsakes this strong position? How is it that we find him, some pages further on, engaged in reconciling Genesis with the discoveries of science, by means of imaginative hypotheses and feats of "interpretation"? Surely that which has been demonstrated to be exactly and strictly true does not require hypothesis and critical argument, in order to show that it may *possibly* agree with those very discoveries by means of which its exact and strict truth has been demonstrated. And why should Dr. Cumming suppose, as we shall presently find him supposing, that men of science hesitate to accept the Bible because it appears to contradict their discoveries? By his own statement, that appearance of contradiction does not exist; on the contrary, it has been demonstrated that the Bible precisely agrees with their discoveries. Perhaps, however, in saying of the Bible that its "slightest intimations of scientific principles or natural phenomena have in every instance been demonstrated to be exactly and strictly true," Dr. Cumming merely means to imply that theologians have found out a way of explaining the Biblical text so that it no longer, in their opinion, appears to be in contradiction with the discoveries of science. One of two things, therefore: either, he uses language without the slightest appreciation of its real meaning; or, the assertions he makes on one page are directly contradicted by the arguments he urges on another.

Dr. Cumming's principles—or, we should rather say, confused notions—of Biblical interpretation, as exhibited in this

volume, are particularly significant of his mental calibre. He says ("Church before the Flood," p. 93):

"Men of science, who are full of scientific investigation, and enamoured of scientific discovery, will hesitate before they accept a book which, they think, contradicts the plainest and the most unequivocal disclosures they have made in the bowels of the earth, or among the stars of the sky. To all these we answer, as we have already indicated, there is not the least dissonance between God's written book and the most mature discoveries of geological science. One thing, however, there may be: *there may be a contradiction between the discoveries of geology and our preconceived interpretations of the Bible.* But this is not because the Bible is wrong, but because our interpretation is wrong." (The italics in all cases are our own.)

Elsewhere he says:

"It seems to me plainly evident that the record of Genesis, when read fairly, and not in the light of our prejudices—and, *mind you, the essence of Popery is to read the Bible in the light of our opinions, instead of viewing our opinions in the light of the Bible, in its plain and obvious sense*—falls in perfectly with the assertion of geologists."

On comparing these two passages, we gather that when Dr. Cumming, under stress of geological discovery, assigns to the Biblical text a meaning entirely different from that which, on his own showing, was universally ascribed to it for more than three thousand years, he regards himself as "viewing his opinions in the light of the Bible in its plain and obvious sense!" Now he is reduced to one of two alternatives: either he must hold that the "plain and obvious meaning" lies in the sum of knowledge possessed by each successive age—the Bible being an elastic garment for the growing thought of mankind; or he must hold that some portions are amenable to this criterion, and others not so. In the former case, he accepts the principle of interpretation adopted by the early German rationalists; in the latter case, he has to show a further criterion by which we can judge what parts of the Bible are elastic and what rigid. If he says that the interpretation of the text is rigid wherever it treats of doctrines necessary to salvation, we answer, that for doctrines to be necessary to salvation they must first be true; and in order to be true, according to his own principle, they must be founded on a correct interpretation of the Biblical text. Thus he makes the necessity of doctrines to salvation the criterion of infallible interpretation and infallible interpretation the criterion of doctrines being necessary to salvation. He is whirled round in a circle, having, by admitting the princi-

ple of novelty in interpretation, completely deprived himself of a basis. That he should seize the very moment in which he is most palpably betraying that he has no test of Biblical truth beyond his own opinion, as an appropriate occasion for flinging the rather novel reproach against Popery that its essence is to "read the Bible in the light of our opinions," would be an almost pathetic self-exposure, if it were not disgusting. Imbecility that is not even meek, ceases to be pitiable and becomes simply odious.

Parenthetic lashes of this kind against Popery are very frequent with Dr. Cumming, and occur even in his more devout passages, where their introduction must surely disturb the spiritual exercises of his hearers. Indeed, Roman Catholics fare worse with him even than infidels. Infidels are the small vermin—the mice to be bagged *en passant*. The main object of his chase—the rats which are to be nailed up as trophies—are the Roman Catholics. Romanism is the masterpiece of Satan. But reassure yourselves! Dr. Cumming has been created. Antichrist is enthroned in the Vatican; but he is stoutly withstood by the Boanerges of Crown Court. The personality of Satan, as might be expected, is a very prominent tenet in Dr. Cumming's discourses; those who doubt it are, he thinks, "generally specimens of the victims of Satan as a triumphant seducer;" and it is through the medium of this doctrine that he habitually contemplates Roman Catholics. They are the puppets of which the devil holds the strings. It is only exceptionally that he speaks of them as fellow-men, acted on by the same desires, fears, and hopes as himself, his *rule* is to hold them up to his hearers as foredoomed instruments of Satan, and vessels of wrath. If he is obliged to admit that they are "no shams," that they are "thoroughly in earnest"—that is because they are inspired by hell, because they are under an "infra-natural" influence. If their missionaries are found wherever Protestant missionaries go, this zeal in propagating their faith is not in them a consistent virtue, as it is in Protestants, but a "melancholy fact," affording additional evidence that they are instigated and assisted by the devil. And Dr. Cumming is inclined to think that they work miracles, because that is no more than might be expected from the known ability of Satan, who inspires them.* He

* "Signs of the times," p. 30.

admits, indeed, that "there is a fragment of the Church of Christ in the very bosom of that awful apostasy," * and that there are members of the Church of Rome in glory; but this admission is rare and episodal—is a declaration, *pro formâ*, about as influential on the general disposition and habits as an aristocrat's profession of democracy.

This leads us to mention another conspicuous characteristic of Dr. Cumming's teaching—the *absence of genuine charity*. It is true that he makes large profession of tolerance and liberality within a certain circle; he exhorts Christians to unity; he would have Churchmen fraternize with Dissenters, and exhorts these two branches of God's family to defer the settlement of their differences till the millennium. But the love thus taught is the love of the *clan*, which is the correlative of antagonism to the rest of mankind. It is not sympathy and helpfulness towards men as men, but towards men as Christians, and as Christians in the sense of a small minority. Dr. Cumming's religion may demand a tribute of love, but it gives a charter to hatred; it may enjoin charity, but it fosters all uncharitableness. If I believe that God tells me to love my enemies, but at the same time hates his own enemies and requires me to have one will with him, which has the larger scope, love or hatred? And we refer to those pages of Dr. Cumming's in which he opposes Roman Catholics, Puseyites, and infidels—pages which form the larger proportion of what he has published—for proof that the idea of God which both the logic and spirit of his discourses keep present to his hearers is that of a God who hates his enemies, a God who teaches love by fierce denunciations of wrath, a God who encourages obedience to his precepts by elaborately revealing to us that his own government is in precise opposition to those precepts. We know the usual evasions on this subject. We know Dr. Cumming would say that even Roman Catholics are to be loved and succored as men; that he would help even that "unclean spirit," Cardinal Wiseman, out of a ditch. But who that is in the slightest degree acquainted with the action of the human mind, will believe that any genuine and large charity can grow out of an exercise of love which is always to have an *arrière-pensée* of hatred? Of what quality would be the conjugal love of a

* "Apoc Sketches," p. 243.

husband who loved his spouse as a wife, but hated her as a woman? It is reserved for the regenerate mind, according to Dr. Cumming's conception of it, to be "wise, amazed, temperate and furious, loyal and neutral, in a moment." Precepts of charity uttered with faint breath at the end of a sermon are perfectly futile, when all the force of the lungs has been spent in keeping the hearer's mind fixed on the conception of his fellow-men, not as fellow-sinners and fellow-sufferers, but as agents of hell, as automata through whom Satan plays his game on earth; not on objects which call forth their reverence, their love, their hope of good even in the most strayed and perverted, but on a minute identification of human things with such symbols as the scarlet whore, the beast out of the abyss, scorpions whose sting is in their tails, men who have the mark of the beast, and unclean spirits like frogs. You might as well attempt to educate a child's sense of beauty by hanging its nursery with the horrible and grotesque pictures in which the early painters represented the last judgment, as expect Christian graces to flourish on that prophetic interpretation which Dr. Cumming offers as the principal nutriment of his flock. Quite apart from the critical basis of that interpretation, quite apart from the degree of truth there may be in Dr. Cumming's prognostications—questions into which we do not choose to enter—his use of prophecy must be *a priori* condemned in the judgment of right-minded persons, by its results as testified in the net moral effect of his sermons. The best minds that accept Christianity as a divinely inspired system believe that the great end of the Gospel is not merely the saving but the educating of men's souls, the creating within them of holy dispositions, the subduing of egoistical pretensions, and the perpetual enhancing of the desire that the will of God—a will synonymous with goodness and truth—may be done on earth. But what relation to all this has a system of interpretation which keeps the mind of the Christian in the position of a spectator at a gladiatorial show, of which Satan is the wild beast in the shape of the great red dragon, and two thirds of mankind the victims—the whole provided and got up by God for the edification of the saints! The demonstration that the Second Advent is at hand, if true, can have no really holy, spiritual effect; the highest state of mind inculcated by the Gospel is resignation

to the disposal of God's providence—"Whether we live, we live unto the Lord; whether we die, we die unto the Lord"

-not an eagerness to see a temporal manifestation which shall confound the enemies of God and give exaltation to the saints; it is to dwell in Christ by spiritual communion with his nature, not to fix the date when he shall appear in the sky. Dr. Cumming's delight in shadowing forth the downfall of the Man of Sin, in prognosticating the battle of Gog and Magog, and in advertising the pre-millennial Advent, is simply the transportation of political passions on to a so-called religious platform; it is the anticipation of the triumph of "our party," accomplished by our principal men being "sent for" into the clouds. Let us be understood to speak in all seriousness. If we were in search of amusement, we should not seek for it by examining Dr. Cumming's works in order to ridicule them. We are even simply discharging a disagreeable duty in delivering our opinion that, judged by the highest standard of orthodox Christianity, they are little calculated to produce

"A closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;"

but are more likely to nourish egoistic complacency and pretension, a hard and condemnatory spirit towards one's fellow-men, and a busy occupation with the minutiae of events, instead of a reverent contemplation of great facts and a wise application of great principles. It would be idle to consider Dr. Cumming's theory of prophecy in any other light; as a philosophy of history, or a specimen of Biblical interpretation, it bears about the same relation to the extension of genuine knowledge as the astrological "house" in the heavens bears to the true structure and relations of the universe.

The slight degree in which Dr. Cumming's faith is imbued with truly human sympathies is exhibited in the way he treats the doctrine of eternal punishment. *Here* a little of that readiness to strain the letter of the Scriptures which he so often manifests when his object is to prove a point against Romanism, would have been an amiable frailty if it had been applied on the side of mercy. When he is bent on proving that the prophecy concerning the Man of Sin, in the Second Epistle to the Thessalonians, refers to the Pope, he can extort from the innocent word *καθολοι* the meaning *catholicize*; though why we are to translate "He as God *cathol-*

drizes in the temple of God," any more than we are to translate "cathedrize here, while I go and pray yonder," it is for Dr. Cumming to show more clearly than he has yet done. But when rigorous literality will favor the conclusion that the greater proportion of the human race will be eternally miserable, *then* he is rigorously literal. He says :

"The Greek words, *eis tous aionous fieri aieiwnon*, here translated 'everlasting,' signify literally 'unto the ages of ages;' *aieiwnon*, 'always being,' that is, everlasting, ceaseless existence. Plato uses the word in this sense when he says, 'The gods that live forever.' But I *must also admit* that this word is used several times in a limited extent—as for instance, 'The everlasting hills.' Of course, this does not mean that there never will be a time when the hills will cease to stand; the expression here is evidently figurative, but it implies eternity. The hills shall remain as long as the earth lasts, and no hand has power to remove them but that Eternal One which first called them into being; *so the state of the soul* remains the same after death as long as the soul exists, and no one has power to alter it. The same word is often applied to denote the existence of God—the Eternal God.' Can we limit the word when applied to him? Because occasionally used in a limited sense, we must not infer it is always so. 'Everlasting' plainly means in Scripture 'without end;' it is only to be explained figuratively when it is evident it cannot be interpreted in any other way."

We do not discuss whether Dr. Cumming's interpretation accords with the meaning of the New Testament writers: we simply point to the fact that the text becomes elastic for him when he wants freer play for his prejudices; while he makes it an adamant barrier against the admission that mercy will ultimately triumph, that God—*i. e.*, Love—will be all in all. He assures us that he does not "delight to dwell on the misery of the lost;" and we believe him. That misery does not seem to be a question of feeling with him, either one way or the other. He does not merely resign himself to the awful mystery of eternal punishment; he contends for it. Do we object, he asks,* to everlasting happiness? then why object to everlasting misery?—reasoning which is perhaps felt to be cogent by theologians who anticipate the everlasting happiness for themselves, and the everlasting misery for their neighbors.

The compassion of some Christians has been glad to take refuge in the opinion that the Bible allows the supposition of annihilation for the impenitent; but the rigid sequence of Dr. Cumming's reasoning will not admit of this idea. He sees that flax is made into linen, and linen into paper; that

* "Manual of Christian Evidence," p. 184.

paper, when burned, partly ascends as smoke, and then again descends in rain, or in dust and carbon. "Not one particle of the original flax is lost, although there may be not one particle that has not undergone an entire change; annihilation is not, but change of form is. *It will be thus with our bodies at the resurrection.* The death of the body means not annihilation. *Not one feature of the face will be annihilated.*" Having established the perpetuity of the body by this close and clear analogy—namely, that *as* there is a total change in the particles of flax in consequence of which they no longer appear as flax, *so* there will *not* be a total change in the particles of the human body, but they will reappear as the human body—he does not seem to consider that the perpetuity of the body involves the perpetuity of the soul, but requires separate evidence for this, and finds such evidence by begging the very question at issue: namely, by asserting that the text of the Scriptures implies "the perpetuity of the punishment of the lost, and the consciousness of the punishment which they endure." Yet it is drivelling like this which is listened to and lauded as eloquence by hundreds, and which a doctor of divinity can believe that he has his "reward as a saint" for preaching and publishing!

One more characteristic of Dr. Cumming's writings, and we have done. This is the *perverted moral judgment* that everywhere reigns in them. Not that this perversion is peculiar to Dr. Cumming; it belongs to the dogmatic system which he shares with all evangelical believers. But the abstract tendencies of systems are represented in very different degrees, according to the different characters of those who embrace them; just as the same food tells differently on different constitutions: and there are certain qualities in Dr. Cumming that cause the perversion of which we speak to exhibit itself with peculiar prominence in his teaching. A single extract will enable us to explain what we mean:

"The 'thoughts' are evil. If it were possible for human eye to discern and to detect the thoughts that flutter round the heart of an unregenerate man—to mark their hue and their multitude—it would be found that they are indeed 'evil.' We speak not of the thief, and the murderer, and the adulterer, and suchlike, whose crimes draw down the cognizance of earthly tribunals, and whose execrable character it is to take the lead in the paths of sin; but we refer to the men who are marked out by their practice of many of the meanest moralities of life—by the exercise of the basest affections, and the inter-

change of the sweetest reciprocities—and of these men, if unrenewed and unchanged, we pronounce that their thoughts are evil. To ascertain this, we must refer to the object around which our thought ought continually to circulate. The Scriptures assert that this object is *the glory of God*; that for this we ought to think, to act, and to speak; and that in thus thinking, acting and speaking, there is involved the purest and most endearing bliss. Now it will be found true of the most amiable men, that with all their good society and kindness of heart, and all their strict and unbending integrity, they never, or rarely, think of the glory of God. The question never occurs to them—Will this redound to the glory of God? Will this make his name more known, his being more loved, his praise more sung? And just inasmuch as their every thought comes short of this lofty aim, in so much does it come short of good, and entitle itself to the character of evil. If the glory of God is not the absorbing and the influential aim of their thoughts, then they are evil; but God's glory never enters into their minds. They are amiable because it chances to be one of the constitutional tendencies of their individual character, left uneffaced by the Fall; and *they are just and upright, because they have perhaps no occasions to be otherwise, or find it subservient to their interests to maintain such a character.*—"Occ. Disc.," vol. i. p. 8.

Again we read (*ibid.*, p. 236):

"There are traits in the Christian character which the mere worldly man cannot understand. He can understand the outward morality, but he cannot understand the inner spring of it; he can understand Dorcas's liberality to the poor, but he cannot penetrate the ground of Dorcas's liberality. *Some men give to the poor because they are ostentatious, or because they think the poor will ultimately avenge their neglect; but the Christian gives to the poor, not only because he has sensibilities like other men, but because inasmuch as ye did it to the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me.*"

Before entering on the more general question involved in these quotations, we must point to the clauses we have marked with italics, where Dr. Cumming appears to express sentiments which, we are happy to think, are not shared by the majority of his brethren in the faith. Dr. Cumming, it seems, is unable to conceive that the natural man can have any other motive for being just and upright than that it is useless to be otherwise, or that a character for honesty is profitable; according to his experience, between the feelings of ostentation and selfish alarm and the feeling of love to Christ, there lie no sensibilities which can lead a man to relieve want. Granting, as we should prefer to think, that it is Dr. Cumming's exposition of his sentiments which is deficient rather than his sentiments themselves still, the fact that the deficiency lies precisely here, and that he can ever

look it not only in the haste of oral delivery but in the examination of proof-sheets, is stongly significant of his mental bias—of the faint degree in which he sympathizes with the disinterested elements of human feeling, and of the fact, which we are about to dwell upon, that those feelings are totally absent from his religious theory. Now, Dr. Cumming invariably assumes that, in fulminating against those who differ from him, he is standing on a moral elevation to which they are compelled reluctantly to look up; that his theory of motives and conduct is in its loftiness and purity a perpetual rebuke to their low and vicious desires and practice. It is time he should be told that the reverse is the fact; that there are men who do not merely cast a superficial glance at his doctrine, and fail to see its beauty or justice, but who, after a close consideration of that doctrine, pronounce it to be subversive of true moral development, and therefore positively noxious. Dr. Cumming is fond of showing up the teaching of Romanism, and accusing it of undermining true morality: it is time he should be told that there is a large body, both of thinkers and practical men, who hold precisely the same opinion of his own teaching—with this difference, that they do not regard it as the inspiration of Satan, but as the natural crop of a human mind where the soil is chiefly made up of egoistic passions and dogmatic beliefs.

Dr. Cumming's theory, as we have seen, is that actions are good or evil according as they are prompted or not prompted by an exclusive reference to the "glory of God." God, then, in Dr. Cumming's conception, is a being who has no pleasure in the exercise of love and truthfulness and justice, considered as affecting the well-being of his creatures; he has satisfaction in us only in so far as we exhaust our motives and dispositions of all relation to our fellow-beings, and replace sympathy with men by anxiety for the "glory of God." The deed of Grace Darling, when she took a boat in the storm to rescue drowning men and women, was not good if it was only compassion that nerved her arm and impelled her to brave death for the chance of saving others; it was only good if she asked herself—Will this redound to the glory of God? The man who endures tortures rather than betray a trust, the man who spends years in toil in order to discharge an obligation from which the law declares him free, must be

animated not by the spirit of fidelity to his fellow-man, but by a desire to make "the name of God more known." The sweet charities of domestic life—the ready hand and the soothing word in sickness, the forbearance towards frailties—the prompt helpfulness in all efforts and sympathy in all joys—are simply evil if they result from a "constitutional tendency," or from dispositions disciplined by the experience of suffering and the perception of moral loveliness. A wife is not to devote herself to her husband out of love to him and a sense of the duties implied by a close relation—she is to be a faithful wife for the glory of God; if she feels her natural affections welling up too strongly, she is to repress them: it will not do to act from natural affection—she must think of the glory of God. A man is to guide his affairs with energy and discretion, not from an honest desire to fulfil his responsibilities as a member of society and a father, but that "God's praise may be sung." Dr. Cumming's Christian pays his debts for the glory of God: were it not for the coercion of that supreme motive, it would be evil to pay them. A man is not to be just from a feeling of justice; he is not to help his fellow-men out of good-will to his fellow-men; he is not to be a tender husband and father out of affection: all these natural muscles and fibres are to be torn away and replaced by a patent steel-spring-anxiety for the "glory of God."

Happily, the constitution of human nature forbids the complete prevalence of such a theory. Fatally powerful as religious systems have been, human nature is stronger and wider than religious systems, and though dogmas may hamper, they cannot absolutely repress its growth: build walls round a living tree as you will, the bricks and mortar have by-and-by to give way before the slow and sure operation of the sap. But next to that hatred of the enemies of God which is the principle of persecution, there perhaps has been no perversion more obstructive of true moral development than this substitution of a reference to the glory of God for the direct promptings of the sympathetic feelings. Benevolence and justice are strong only in proportion as they are directly and inevitably called into activity by their proper objects: pity is strong only because we are strongly impressed by suffering: and only in proportion as it is compassion that speaks through the eyes when we soothe, and moves the arm

when we succor, is a deed strictly benevolent. If the soothing or the succor be given because another being wishes or approves it, the deed ceases to be one of benevolence, and becomes one of deference, of obedience, of self-interest, or vanity. Accessory motives may aid in producing an action, but they presuppose the weakness of the direct motive; and conversely, when the direct motive is strong, the action of accessory motives will be excluded. If then, as Dr. Cumming inculcates, the glory of God is to be "the absorbing and the influential aim" in our thoughts and actions, this must tend to neutralize the human sympathies; the stream of feeling will be diverted from its natural current in order to feed an artificial canal. The idea of God is really moral in its influence, it really cherishes all that is best and loveliest in man, only when God is contemplated as sympathizing with the pure elements of human feeling, as possessing infinitely all those attributes which we recognize to be moral in humanity. In this light, the idea of God and the sense of his presence intensify all noble feeling, and encourage all noble effort, on the same principle that human sympathy is found a source of strength: the brave man feels braver when he knows that another stout heart is beating time with his; the devoted woman who is wearing out her years in patient effort to alleviate suffering or save vice from the last stages of degradation finds aid in the pressure of a friendly hand which tells her that there is one who understands her deeds, and in her place would do the like. The idea of a God who not only sympathizes with all we feel and endure for our fellow-men, but who will pour new life into our too languid love, and give firmness to our vacillating purpose, is an extension of multiplication of the effects produced by human sympathy; and it has been intensified for the better spirits who have been under the influence of orthodox Christianity, by the contemplation of Jesus as "God manifest in the flesh." But Dr. Cumming's God is the very opposite of all this: he is a God who, instead of sharing and aiding our human sympathies, is directly in collision with them; who, instead of strengthening the bond between man and man, by encouraging the sense that they are both alike the objects of his love and care, thrusts himself between them and forbids them to feel for each other except as they have relation to him. He is a God who, instead of adding his solar force

to swell the tide of those impulses that tend to give humanity a common life in which the good of one is the good of all, commands us to check those impulses, lest they should prevent us from thinking of his glory. It is in vain for Dr. Cumming to say that we are to love man for God's sake: with the conception of God which his teaching presents, the love of God for man's sake involves, as his writings abundantly show, a strong principle of hatred. We can only love one being for the sake of another when there is an habitual delight in associating the idea of those two beings—that is, when the object of our indirect love is a source of joy and honor to the object of our direct love. But, according to Dr. Cumming's theory, the majority of mankind—the majority of his neighbors—are in precisely the opposite relation to God. His soul has no pleasure in them: they belong more to Satan than to him; and if they contribute to his glory, it is against their will. Dr. Cumming, then, can only love *some* men for God's sake; the rest he must in consistency *hate* for God's sake.

There must be many, even in the circle of Dr. Cumming's admirers, who would be revolted by the doctrine we have just exposed, if their natural good sense and healthy feeling were not early stifled by dogmatic beliefs, and their reverence misled by pious phrases. But as it is, many a rational question, many a generous instinct, is repelled as the suggestion of a supernatural enemy, or as the ebullition of human pride and corruption. This state of inward contradiction can be put an end to only by the conviction that the free and diligent exertion of the intellect, instead of being a sin, is a part of their responsibility—that Right and Reason are synonymous. The fundamental faith for man is faith in the result of a brave, honest, and steady use of all his faculties:

"Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell;
That mind and soul according well
May make one music as before,
But vaster."

Before taking leave of Dr. Cumming, let us express a hope that we have in no case exaggerated the unfavorable character of the inferences to be drawn from his pages. His creed often obliges him to hope the worst of men, and to exert himself in proving that the worst is true; but thus far we are happier than he. We have no theory which requires

us to attribute unworthy motives to Dr. Cumming, no opinions, religious or irreligious, which can make it a gratification to us to detect him in delinquencies. On the contrary, the better we are able to think of him as a man, while we are obliged to disapprove of him as a theologian, the stronger will be the evidence for our conviction that the tendency towards good in human nature has a force which no creed can utterly counteract, and which insures the ultimate triumph of that tendency over all dogmatic perversions.

THE INFLUENCE OF RATIONALISM: LECKY'S HISTORY.

THERE is a valuable class of books on great subjects which have something of the character and functions of good popular lecturing. They are not original, not subtle, not of close logical texture, not exquisite either in thought or style; but by virtue of these negatives they are all the more fit to act on the average intelligence. They have enough of organizing purpose in them to make their facts illustrative, and to leave a distinct result in the mind, even when most of the facts are forgotten; and they have enough of vagueness and vacillation in their theory to win them ready acceptance from a mixed audience. The vagueness and vacillation are not devices of timidity; they are the honest result of the writer's own mental character, which adapts him to be the instructor and the favorite of "the general reader." For the most part, the general reader of the present day does not exactly know what distance he goes; he only knows that he does not go "too far." Of any remarkable thinker whose writings have excited controversy, he likes to have it said that "his errors are to be deplored," leaving it not too certain what those errors are; he is fond of what may be called disencumbered opinions, that float in vapory phrases above all systems of thought or action; he likes an undefined Christianity which opposes itself to nothing in particular, an undefined education of the people, an undefined amelioration of all things:

in fact, he likes sound views—nothing extreme, but something between the excesses of the past and the excesses of the present. This modern type of the general reader may be known in conversation by the cordiality with which he assents to indistinct, blurred statements; say that black is black, he will shake his head and hardly think it; say that black is not so very black, he will reply, "Exactly." He has no hesitation, if you wish it, even to get up at a public meeting and express his conviction that at times, and within certain limits, the radii of a circle have a tendency to be equal; but, on the other hand, he would urge that the spirit of geometry may be carried a little too far. His only bigotry is a bigotry against any clearly defined opinion; not in the least based on a scientific scepticism, but belonging to a lack of coherent thought—a spongy texture of mind, that gravitates strongly to nothing. The one thing he is staunch for is the utmost liberty of private laziness.

But precisely these characteristics of the general reader, rendering him incapable of assimilating ideas unless they are administered in a highly diluted form, make it a matter of rejoicing that there are clever, fair minded men, who will write books for him—men very much above him in knowledge and ability, but not too remote from him in their habits of thinking, and who can thus prepare for him infusions of history and science that will leave some solidifying deposit, and save him from a fatal softening of the intellectual skeleton. Among such serviceable writers, Mr. Lecky's "*History of the Rise and Influence of the Spirit of Rationalism in Europe*" entitles him to a high place. He has prepared himself for its production by an unusual amount of well-directed reading; he has chosen his facts and quotations with much judgment; and he gives proof of those important moral qualifications—impartiality, seriousness, and modesty. This praise is chiefly applicable to the long chapter on the history of magic and witchcraft, which opens the work, and to the two chapters on the antecedents and history of persecution, which occur, the one at the end of the first volume, the other at the beginning of the second. In these chapters Mr. Lecky has a narrow and better-traced path before him than in other portions of his work; he is more occupied with presenting a particular class of facts in their historical sequence, and in their relation to certain grand tide-marks

of opinion, than with disquisition; and his writing is freer than elsewhere from an apparent confusedness of thought and an exuberance of approximative phrases, which can be serviceable in no other way than as dilutents needful for the sort of reader we have just described.

The history of magic and witchcraft has been judiciously chosen by Mr. Lecky as the subject of his first section on the Declining Sense of the Miraculous, because it is strikingly illustrative of a position with the truth of which he is strongly impressed, though he may not always treat of it with desirable clearness and precision: namely, that certain beliefs become obsolete, not in consequence of direct arguments against them, but because of their incongruity with prevalent habits of thought. Here is his statement of the two "classes of influences" by which the mass of men, in what is called civilized society, get their beliefs gradually modified:

"If we ask why it is that the world has rejected what was once so universally and so intensely believed, why a narrative of an old woman who had been seen riding on a broomstick, or who was proved to have transformed herself into a wolf, and to have devoured the flocks of her neighbors, is deemed so entirely incredible, most persons would probably be unable to give a very definite answer to the question. It is not because we have examined the evidence and found it insufficient, for the disbelief always precedes, when it does not prevent, examination. It is rather because the idea of absurdity is so strongly attached to such narratives, that it is difficult even to consider them with gravity. Yet at one time no such improbability was felt, and hundreds of persons have been burned simply on the two grounds I have mentioned.

"When so complete a change takes place in public opinion, it may be ascribed to one or other of two causes. It may be the result of a controversy which has conclusively settled the question, establishing to the satisfaction of all parties a clear preponderance of argument or fact in favor of one opinion, and making that opinion a truism which is accepted by all enlightened men, even though they have not themselves examined the evidence on which it rests. Thus, if any one, in a company of ordinarily educated persons were to deny the motion of the earth, or the circulation of the blood, his statement would be received with derision, though it is probable that some of his audience would be unable to demonstrate the first truth, and that very few of them could give sufficient reasons for the second. They may not themselves be able to defend their position; but they are aware that, at certain known periods of history, controversies on those subjects took place, and that known writers then brought forward some definite arguments or experiments, which were ultimately accepted by the whole learned world as rigid and conclusive demonstrations. It is possible, also, for as complete a change to be effected by what is called the spirit of the age. The general intellectual tendencies pervading the literature of a century profoundly modify the character of the public mind. They

form a new tone and habit of thought. They alter the measure of probability. They create new attractions and new antipathies, and they eventually cause as absolute a rejection of certain old opinions as could be produced by the most cogent and definite arguments."

Mr. Lecky proceeds to some questionable views concerning the evidence of witchcraft, which seem to be irreconcilable even with his own remarks later on; but they lead him to the statement, thoroughly made out by his historical survey, that "the movement was mainly silent, unargumentative, and insensible; that men came gradually to disbelieve in witchcraft, because they came gradually to look upon it as absurd; and that this new tone of thought appeared, first of all, in those who were least subject to theological influences, and soon spread through the educated laity, and, last of all, took possession of the clergy."

We have rather painful proof that this "second class of influences" with a vast number go hardly deeper than fashion, and that witchcraft to many of us is absurd only on the same ground that our grandfathers' gigs are absurd. It is felt preposterous to think of spiritual agencies in connection with ragged beldames soaring on broomsticks, in an age when it is known that mediums of communications with the invisible world are usually unctuous personages dressed in excellent broadcloth, who soar above the curtain-poles without any broomstick, and who are not given to unprofitable intrigues. The enlightened imagination rejects the figure of a witch with her profile in dark relief against the moon and her broomstick cutting a constellation. No undiscovered natural laws, no names of "respectable" witnesses, are invoked to make us feel our presumption in questioning the diabolic intimacies of that obsolete old woman, for it is known now that the undiscovered laws, and the witnesses qualified by the payment of income-tax, are all in favor of a different conception—the image of a heavy gentleman in boots and black coat-tails fore-shortened against the cornice. Yet no less a person than Sir Thomas Browne once wrote that those who denied there were witches, inasmuch as they thereby denied spirits also, were "obliquely and upon consequence a sort, not of infidels, but of atheists." At present, doubtless, in certain circles, unbelievers in heavy gentlemen who float in the air by means of undiscovered laws are also taxed with atheism; illiberal as it is not to admit that mere weakness of understanding may prevent one from seeing

how that phenomenon is necessarily involved in the divine origin of things. With still more remarkable parallelism, Sir Thomas Browne goes on: "Those that, to refute their incredulity, desire to see apparitions, shall questionless never behold any, nor have the power to be so much as witches. The devil hath made them already in a heresy as capital as witchcraft, *and to appear to them were but to convert them.*" It would be difficult to see what has been changed here but the mere drapery of circumstance, if it were not for this prominent difference between our own days and the days of witchcraft, that instead of torturing, drowning, or burning the innocent, we give hospitality and large pay to—the highly distinguished medium. At least we are safely rid of certain horrors; but if the multitude—that "farraginous concurrence of all conditions, tempers, sexes, and ages"—do not roll back even to a superstition that carries cruelty in its train, it is not because they possess a cultivated reason, but because they are pressed upon and held up by what we may call an external reason—the sum of conditions resulting from the laws of material growth, from changes produced by great historical collisions shattering the structures of ages and making new highways for events and ideas, and from the activities of higher minds no longer existing merely as opinions and teaching, but as institutions and organizations with which the interests, the affections, and the habits of the multitude are inextricably interwoven. No undiscovered laws accounting for small phenomena going forward under drawing-room tables are likely to affect the tremendous facts of the increase of population, the rejection of convicts by our colonies, the exhaustion of the soil by cotton plantations, which urge even upon the foolish certain questions, certain claims, certain views concerning the scheme of the world, that can never again be silenced. If right reason is the right representation of the coexistences and sequences of things, here are coexistences and sequences that do not wait to be discovered, but press themselves upon us like bars of iron. No *séances* at a guinea a head for the sake of being pinched by "Mary Jane" can annihilate railways, steamships, and electric telegraphs, which are demonstrating the interdependence of all human interests, and making self-interest a duct for sympathy. These things are part of the external reason to which internal silliness has inevitably to accommodate itself.

Three points in the history of magic and witchcraft are well brought out by Mr. Lecky. First, that the cruelties connected with it did not begin until men's minds had ceased to repose implicitly in a sacramental system which made them feel well armed against evil spirits—that is, until the eleventh century, when there came a sort of morning dream of doubt and heresy, bringing on the one side the terror of timid consciences, and on the other the terrorism of authority or zeal bent on checking the rising struggle. In that time of comparative mental repose, says Mr. Lecky—

“All those conceptions of diabolical presence; all that predisposition towards the miraculous, which acted so fearfully upon the imaginations of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, existed; but the implicit faith, the boundless and triumphant credulity with which the virtue of ecclesiastical rites was accepted, rendered them comparatively innocuous. If men had been a little less superstitious, the effects of their superstition would have been much more terrible. It was firmly believed that any one who deviated from the strict line of orthodoxy must soon succumb beneath the power of Satan; but as there was no spirit of rebellion or doubt, this persuasion did not produce any extraordinary terrorism.”

The Church was disposed to confound heretical opinion with sorcery; false doctrine was especially the devil's work, and it was a ready conclusion that a denier or innovator had held consultation with the father of lies. It is a saying of a zealous Catholic in the sixteenth century, quoted by Maury in his excellent work, “*De la Magie*”—“*Crescit cum magia hæresis, cum hæresi magia.*” Even those who doubted were terrified at their doubts, for trust is more easily undermined than terror. Fear is earlier born than hope, lays a stronger grasp on man's system than any other passion, and remains master of a larger group of involuntary actions. A chief aspect of man's moral development is the slow subduing of fear by the gradual growth of intelligence, and its suppression as a motive by the presence of impulses less animally selfish: so that in relation to invisible Power, fear at last ceases to exist, save in that interfusion with higher faculties which we call awe.

Secondly, Mr. Lecky shows clearly that dogmatic Protestantism, holding the vivid belief in Satanic agency to be an essential of piety, would have felt it shame to be a whit behind Catholicism in severity against the devil's servants. Luther's sentiment was that he would not suffer a witch to live (he

was not much more merciful to Jews); and, in spite of his fondness for children, believing a certain child to have been begotten by the devil, he recommended the parents to throw it into the river. The torch must be turned on the worst errors of heroic minds—not in irreverent ingratitude, but for the sake of measuring our vast and various debt to all the influences which have concurred, in the intervening ages, to make us recognize as detestable errors the honest convictions of men who, in mere individual capacity and moral force, were very much above us. Again, the Scotch Puritans, during the comparatively short period of their ascendancy, surpassed all Christians before them in the elaborate ingenuity of the tortures they applied for the discovery of witchcraft and sorcery, and did their utmost to prove that if Scotch Calvinism was the true religion, the chief “note” of the true religion was cruelty. It is hardly an endurable task to read the story of their doings; thoroughly to imagine them as a past reality is already a sort of torture. One detail is enough, and it is a comparatively mild one. It was the regular profession of men called “prickers” to thrust long pins into the body of a suspected witch in order to detect the insensible spot which was the infallible sign of her guilt. On a superficial view one would be in danger of saying that the main difference between the teachers who sanctioned these things and the much-despised ancestors who offered human victims inside a huge wicker idol was that they arrived at a more elaborate barbarity by a longer series of dependent propositions. I do not share Mr. Buckle’s opinion that a Scotch minister’s groans were a part of his deliberate plan for keeping the people in a state of terrified subjection; the ministers themselves held the belief they taught, and might well groan over it. What a blessing has a little false logic been to the world! Seeing that men are so slow to question their premises, they must have made each other much more miserable, if pity had not sometimes drawn tender conclusions not warranted by Major and Minor; if there had not been people with an amiable imbecility of reasoning which enabled them at once to cling to hideous beliefs, and to be conscientiously inconsistent with them in their conduct. There is nothing like acute deductive reasoning for keeping a man in the dark: it might be called the

technique of the intellect, and the concentration of the mind upon it corresponds to that predominance of technical skill in art which ends in degradation of the artist's function, unless new inspiration and invention come to guide it.

And of this there is some good illustration furnished by that third node in the history of witchcraft, the beginning of its end, which is treated in an interesting manner by Mr. Lecky. It is worth noticing, that the most important defences of the belief in witchcraft, against the growing scepticism in the latter part of the sixteenth century and in the seventeenth, were the productions of men who in some departments were among the foremost thinkers of their time. One of them was Jean Bodin, the famous writer on government and jurisprudence, whose "Republic," Hallam thinks, had an important influence in England, and furnished "a store of arguments and examples that were not lost on the thoughtful minds of our countrymen." In some of his views he was original and bold; for example, he anticipated Montesquieu in attempting to appreciate the relations of government and climate. Hallam inclines to the opinion that he was a Jew, and attached divine authority only to the Old Testament. But this was enough to furnish him with his chief data for the existence of witches and for their capital punishment; and in the account of his "Republic" given by Hallam, there is enough evidence that the sagacity which often enabled him to make fine use of his learning was also often entangled in it, to temper our surprise at finding a writer on political science of whom it could be said that, along with Montesquieu, he was "the most philosophical of those who had read so deeply, the most learned of those who had thought so much," in the van of the forlorn hope to maintain the reality of witchcraft. It should be said that he was equally confident of the unreality of the Copernican hypothesis, on the ground that it was contrary to the tenets of the theologians and philosophers and to common sense, and therefore subversive of the foundations of every science. Of his work on witchcraft, Mr. Lecky says:

"The 'Démonomanie des Sorciers' is chiefly an appeal to authority, which the author deemed on this subject so unanimous and so conclusive that it was scarcely possible for any sane man to resist it. He appealed to the popular belief in all countries, in all ages, and in all religions. He cited the opinions of an immense multitude of the greatest writers of pagan antiquity, and of the most illustrious of the Fathers.

He showed how the laws of all nations recognized the existence of witchcraft; and he collected hundreds of cases which had been investigated before the tribunals of his own or of other countries. He relates with the most minute and circumstantial detail, and with the most unflinching confidence, all the proceedings at the witches' Sabbath, the methods which the witches employed in transporting themselves through the air, their transformations, their carnal intercourse with the Devil, their various means of injuring their enemies, the signs that lead to their detection, their confessions when condemned, and their demeanor at the stake."

Something must be allowed for a lawyer's affection towards a belief which had furnished so many "cases." Bodin's work had been immediately prompted by the treatise "*De Prestigiis Dæmonum*," written by John Wier, a German physician—a treatise which is worth notice as an example of a transitional form of opinion for which many analogies may be found in the history both of religion and science. Wier believed in demons, and in possession by demons, but his practice as a physician had convinced him that the so-called witches were patients and victims, that the devil took advantage of their diseased condition to delude them, and that there was no consent of an evil will on the part of the women. He argued that the word in Leviticus translated "witch" meant "poisoner," and besought the princes of Europe to hinder the further spilling of innocent blood. These heresies of Wier threw Bodin into such a state of amazed indignation, that if he had been an ancient Jew instead of a modern economical one, he would have rent his garment. "No one had ever heard of pardon being accorded to sorcerers;" and probably the reason why Charles IX. died young was because he had pardoned the sorcerer *Trois Echelles*! We must remember that this was in 1581, when the great scientific movement of the Renaissance had hardly begun—when Galileo was a youth of seventeen, and Kepler a boy of ten.

But directly afterwards, on the other side, came Montaigne, whose sceptical acuteness could arrive at negatives without any apparatus of method. A certain keen narrowness of nature will secure a man from many absurd beliefs which the larger soul, vibrating to more manifold influences, would have a long struggle to part with. And so we find the charming, chatty Montaigne—in one of the brightest of his essays, "*Des Boiteux*," where he declares that, from his own observation

of witches and sorcerers, he should have recommended them to be treated with curative hellebore—stating in his own way a pregnant doctrine, since taught more gravely. It seems to him much less of a prodigy that men should lie, or that their imaginations should deceive them, than that a human body should be carried through the air on a broomstick, or up a chimney by some unknown spirit. He thinks it a sad business to persuade one's self that the test of truth lies in the multitude of believers—"en une presse où les fols surpassent de tant les sages en nombre." Ordinarily, he has observed, when men have something stated to them as a fact, they are more ready to explain it than to inquire whether it is real: "Ils passent par-dessus les propositions, mais ils examinent les conséquences; *ils laissent les choses, et courent aux causes.*" There is a sort of strong and generous ignorance which is as honorable and courageous as science—"ignorance pour laquelle concevoir il n'y a pas moins de science qu'à concevoir la science." And *à propos* of the immense traditional evidence which weighed with such men as Bodin, he says: "As for the proofs and arguments founded on experience and facts, I do not pretend to unravel these. What end of a thread is there to lay hold of? I often cut them as Alexander did his knot. *Après tout, c'est mettre ses conjectures à bien haut prix, que d'en faire cuire un homme tout vivant.*"

Writing like this, when it finds eager readers, is a sign that the weather is changing; yet much later, namely, after 1665, when the Royal Society had been founded, our own Glanvil, the author of the "Sceptis Scientifica," a work that was a remarkable advance towards a true definition of the limits of inquiry, and that won him his election as fellow of the society, published an energetic vindication of the belief in witchcraft, of which Mr. Lecky gives the following sketch:

"The 'Sadducismus Triumphatus,' which is probably the ablest book ever published in defence of the superstition, opens with a striking picture of the rapid progress of the scepticism in England. Everywhere, a disbelief in witchcraft was becoming fashionable in the upper classes; but it was a disbelief that arose entirely from a strong sense of its antecedent improbability. All who were opposed to the orthodox faith united in discrediting witchcraft. They laughed at it, as palpably absurd, as involving the most grotesque and ludicrous conceptions, as so essentially incredible that it would be a waste of time to examine it. This spirit had arisen since the Restoration, although the laws were still in force, and although little or no direct reasoning had been brought to bear upon the subject. In order to combat it,

Glanvil proceeded to examine the general question of the credibility of the miraculous. He saw that the reason why witchcraft was ridiculed was, because it was a phase of the miraculous and the work of the Devil; that the scepticism was chiefly due to those who disbelieved in miracles and the Devil; and that the instances of witchcraft, or possession, in the Bible were invariably placed on a level with those that were tried in the law courts of England. That the evidence of the belief was overwhelming, he firmly believed--and this, indeed, was scarcely disputed; but, until the sense of *à priori* improbability was removed, no possible accumulation of facts would cause men to believe it. To that task he accordingly addressed himself. Anticipating the idea and almost the words of modern controversialists, he urged that there was such a thing as a credulity of unbelief; and that those who believed so strange a concurrence of delusions, as was necessary on the supposition of the unreality of witchcraft, were far more credulous than those who accepted the belief. He made his very scepticism his principal weapon; and, analyzing with much acuteness the *à priori* objections, he showed that they rested upon an unwarrantable confidence in our knowledge of the laws of the spirit worlds; that they implied the existence of some strict analogy between the faculties of men and of spirits; and that, as such analogy most probably did not exist, no reasoning based on the supposition could dispense men from examining the evidence. He concluded with a large collection of cases, the evidence of which was, as he thought, incontestable."

We have quoted this sketch because Glanvil's argument against the *à priori* objection of absurdity is fatiguingly urged in relation to other alleged marvels which, to busy people seriously occupied with the difficulties of affairs, of science, or of art, seem as little worthy of examination as aëronautic broomsticks. And also because we here see Glanvil, in combating an incredulity that does not happen to be his own, wielding that very argument of traditional evidence which he had made the subject of vigorous attack in his "Scepsis Scientifica." But perhaps large minds have been peculiarly liable to this fluctuation concerning the sphere of tradition, because, while they have attacked its misapplications, they have been the more solicited by the vague sense that tradition is really the basis of our best life. Our sentiments may be called organized traditions; and a large part of our actions gather all their justification, all their attraction and aroma, from the memory of the life lived, of the actions done, before we were born. In the absence of any profound research into psychological functions or into the mysteries of inheritance, in the absence of any comprehensive view of man's historical development and the depen-

dence of one age on another, a mind at all rich in sensibilities must always have had an indefinite uneasiness in an undistinguishing attack on the coercive influence of tradition. And this may be the apology for the apparent inconsistency of Glanvil's acute criticism on the one side, and his indignation at the "looser gentry," who laughed at the evidences for witchcraft, on the other. We have already taken up too much space with this subject of witchcraft, else we should be tempted to dwell on Sir Thomas Browne, who far surpassed Glanvil in magnificent incongruity of opinion, and whose works are the most remarkable combination existing of witty sarcasm against ancient nonsense and modern obsequiousness, with indications of a capacious credulity. After all, we may be sharing what seems to us the hardness of these men, who sat in their studies and argued at their ease about a belief that would be reckoned to have caused more misery and bloodshed than any other superstition, if there had been no such thing as persecution on the ground of religious opinion.

On this subject of Persecution, Mr. Lecky writes his best: with clearness of conception, with calm justice, bent on appreciating the necessary tendency of ideas, and with an appropriateness of illustration that could be supplied only by extensive and intelligent reading. Persecution, he shows, is not in any sense peculiar to the Catholic Church; it is a direct sequence of the doctrines that salvation is to be had only within the Church, and that erroneous belief is damnable—doctrines held as fully by Protestant sects as by the Catholics; and, in proportion to its power, Protestantism has been as persecuting as Catholicism. He maintains, in opposition to the favorite modern notion of persecution defeating its own object, that the Church, holding the dogma of exclusive salvation, was perfectly consequent, and really achieved its end of spreading one belief and quenching another by calling in the aid of the civil arm. Who will say that governments, by their power over institutions and patronage, as well as over punishment, have not power also over the interests and inclinations of men, and over most of those external conditions into which subjects are born, and which make them adopt the prevalent belief as a second nature? Hence, to a sincere believer in the doctrine of exclusive salvation, governments had it in their power to

save men from perdition ; and wherever the clergy were at the elbow of the civil arm, no matter whether they were Catholic or Protestant, persecution was the result. "Compel them to come in" was a rule that seemed sanctioned by mercy, and the horrible sufferings it led men to inflict seemed small to minds accustomed to contemplate, as a perpetual source of motive, the eternal unmitigated miseries of a hell that was the inevitable destination of a majority among mankind.

It is a significant fact, noted by Mr. Lecky, that the only two leaders of the Reformation who advocated tolerance, were Zuinglius and Socinus, both of them disbelievers in exclusive salvation. And in corroboration of other evidence that the chief triumphs of the Reformation were due to coërcion, he commends to the special attention of his readers the following quotation from a work attributed without question to the famous Protestant theologian, Jurieu, who had himself been hindered, as a Protestant, from exercising his professional functions in France, and was settled as pastor at Rotterdam. It should be remembered that Jurieu's labors fell in the latter part of the seventeenth century and in the beginning of the eighteenth, and that he was the contemporary of Bayle, with whom he was in bitter controversial hostility. He wrote, then, at the time when there was a warm debate on the question of Toleration ; and it was his great object to vindicate himself and his French fellow-Protestants from all laxity on this point ;

"Peut-on nier que le paganisme est tombé dans le monde par l'autorité des empereurs Romains ? On peut assurer sans temerité que le paganisme seroit encore debout, et que les trois quarts de l'Europe seroient encore payens si Constantin et ses successeurs n'avaient employé leur autorité pour l'abolir. Mais, je vous prie, de quelles voies Dieu s'est-il servi dans ces derniers siècles pour rétablir la véritable religion dans l'Occident ? *Les rois de Suède, ceux de Danemarck, ceux d'Angleterre, les magistrats souverains de Suisse, des Pais Bas, des villes libres d'Allemagne, les princes électeurs, et autres princes souverains de l'empire, n'ont-ils pas employé leur autorité pour abattre le Papisme ?*"

Indeed, wherever the tremendous alternative of everlasting torments is believed in—believed in so that it becomes a motive determining the life—not only persecution, but every other form of severity and gloom are the legitimate consequences. There is much ready declamation in these days

against the spirit of asceticism and against the zeal of doctrinal conversion; but surely the macerated form of a Saint Francis, the fierce denunciations of a Saint Dominic, the groans and prayerful wrestlings of the Puritan who seasoned his bread with tears and made all pleasurable sensation sin, are more in keeping with the contemplation of unending anguish as the destiny of a vast multitude whose nature we share, than the rubicund cheerfulness of some modern divines, who profess to unite a smiling liberalism with a well-bred and tacit but unshaken confidence in the reality of the bottomless pit. But in fact, as Mr. Lecky maintains, that awful image, with its group of associated dogmas concerning the inherited curse, and the damnation of unbaptized infants, of heathens, and of heretics, has passed away from what he is fond of calling "the realizations" of Christendom. These things are no longer the objects of practical belief. They may be mourned for in encyclical letters; bishops may regret them; doctors of divinity may sign testimonials to the excellent character of these decayed beliefs; but for the mass of Christians they are no more influential than unrepealed but forgotten statutes. And with these dogmas has melted away the strong basis for the defence of persecution. No man now writes eager vindications of himself and his colleagues from the suspicion of adhering to the principle of toleration. And this momentous change, it is Mr. Lecky's object to show, is due to that concurrence of conditions which he has chosen to call "the advance of the Spirit of Rationalism."

In other parts of his work, where he attempts to trace the action of the same conditions on the acceptance of miracles and on other chief phases of our historical development, Mr. Lecky has laid himself open to considerable criticism. The chapters on the Miracles of the Church, the æsthetic, scientific, and moral Development of Rationalism, the Secularization of Politics, and the Industrial History of Rationalism, embrace a wide range of diligently gathered facts; but they are nowhere illuminated by a sufficiently clear conception and statement of the agencies at work, or the mode of their action, in the gradual modification of opinion and of life. The writer frequently impresses us as being in a state of hesitation concerning his own standing-point, which may form a desirable stage in private meditation, but not in published exposition. Certain epochs in theoretic

conception, certain considerations, which should be fundamental to his survey, are introduced quite incidentally in a sentence or two, or in a note which seems to be an afterthought. Great writers and their ideas are touched upon too slightly and with too little discrimination, and important theories are sometimes characterized with a rashness which conscientious revision will correct. There is a fatiguing use of vague or shifting phrases, such as "modern civilization," "spirit of the age," "tone of thought," "intellectual type of the age," "bias of the imagination," "habits of religious thought," unbalanced by any precise definition; and the spirit of rationalism is sometimes treated of as if it lay outside the specific mental activities of which it is a generalized expression. Mr. Curdle's famous definition of the dramatic unities as "a sort of a general oneness" is not totally false; but such luminousness as it has could only be perceived by those who already knew what the unities were. Mr. Lecky has the advantage of being strongly impressed with the great part played by the emotions in the formation of opinion, and with the high complexity of the causes at work in social evolution; but he frequently writes as if he had never yet distinguished between the complexity of the conditions that produce prevalent states of mind, and the inability of particular minds to give distinct reasons for the preferences or persuasions produced by those states. In brief, he does not discriminate, or does not help his reader to discriminate, between objective complexity and subjective confusion. But the most muddle-headed gentleman who represents the spirit of the age by observing, as he settled his collar, that the development theory is quite "the thing," is a result of definite processes, if we could only trace them. "Mental attitudes" and "predispositions," however vague in consciousness, have not vague causes, any more than the "blind motions of the spring" in plants and animals.

The word "Rationalism" has the misfortune, shared by most words in this gray world, of being somewhat equivocal. This evil may be nearly overcome by careful preliminary definition; but Mr. Lecky does not supply this, and the original specific application of the word to a particular phrase of Biblical interpretation seems to have clung about his use of it with a misleading effect. Through some parts of his book he appears to regard the grand characteristic of modern

thought and civilization, compared with ancient, as a radiation in the first instance from a change in religious conceptions. The supremely important fact, that the gradual reduction of all phenomena within the sphere of established law, which carries as a consequence the rejection of the miraculous, has its determining current in the development of physical science, seems to have engaged comparatively little of his attention; at least, he gives it no prominence. The great conception of universal regular sequence, without partiality and without caprice—the conception which is the most potent force at work in the modification of our faith, and of the practical form given to our sentiments—could only grow out of that patient watching of external fact, and that silencing of preconceived notions, which are urged upon the mind by the problems of physical science.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF GERMAN LIFE: RIEHL.

It is an interesting branch of psychological observation to note the images that are habitually associated with abstract or collective terms—what may be called the picture-writing of the mind, which it carries on concurrently with the more subtle symbolism of language. Perhaps the fixity or variety of these associated images would furnish a tolerably fair test of the amount of concrete knowledge and experience which a given word represents, in the minds of two persons who use it with equal familiarity. The word *railways*, for example, will probably call up, in the mind of a man who is not highly locomotive, the image either of a "Bradshaw," or of the station with which he is most familiar, or of an indefinite length of tram-road; he will alternate between these three images, which represent his stock of concrete acquaintance with railways. But suppose a man to have had successively the experience of a "navy," an engineer, a traveller, a railway director and shareholder, and a landed

proprietor in treaty with a railway company, and it is probable that the range of images which would by turns present themselves to his mind at the mention of the word "railways" would include all the essential facts in the existence and relations of the *thing*. Now it is possible for the first-mentioned personage to entertain very expanded views as to the multiplication of railways in the abstract, and their ultimate function in civilization. He may talk of a vast network of railways stretching over the globe, of future "lines" in Madagascar, and elegant refreshment-rooms in the Sandwich Islands, with none the less glibness because his distinct conceptions on the subject do not extend beyond his one station and his indefinite length of tram-road. But it is evident that if we want a railway to be made, or its affairs to be managed, this man of wide views and narrow observation will not serve our purpose.

Probably, if we could ascertain the images called up by the terms "the people," "the masses," "the proletariat," "the peasantry," by many who theorize on those bodies with eloquence, or who legislate for them without eloquence, we should find that they indicate almost as small an amount of concrete knowledge—that they are as far from completely representing the complex facts summed up in the collective term, as the railway images of our non-locomotive gentleman. How little the real characteristics of the working classes are known to those who are outside them, how little their natural history has been studied, is sufficiently disclosed by our art as well as by our political and social theories. Where, in our picture exhibitions, shall we find a group of true peasantry? What English artist even attempts to rival in truthfulness such studies of popular life as the pictures of Teniers or the ragged boys of Murillo? Even one of the greatest painters of the pre-eminent realistic school, while, in his picture of "The Hireling Shepherd," he gave us a landscape of marvellous truthfulness, placed a pair of peasants in the foreground who were not much more real than the idyllic swains and damsels of our chimney ornaments. Only a total absence of acquaintance and sympathy with our peasantry could give a moment's popularity to such a picture as "Cross Purposes," where we have a peasant girl who looks as if she knew L. E. L.'s poems by heart, and English rustics, whose costume

seems to indicate that they are meant for ploughmen, with exotic features that remind us of a handsome *primo tenore*. Rather than such Cockney sentimentality as this, as an education for the taste and sympathies, we prefer the most crapulous group of boors that Teniers ever painted. But even those among our painters who aim at giving the rustic type of features, who are far above the effeminate feebleness of the "Keepsake" style, treat their subjects under the influence of traditions and prepossessions rather than of direct observation. The notion that peasants are joyous, that the typical moment to represent a man in a smock-frock is when he is cracking a joke and showing a row of sound teeth, that cottage matrons are usually buxom, and village children necessarily rosy and merry, are prejudices difficult to dislodge from the artistic mind, which looks for its subjects into literature instead of life. The painter is still under the influence of idyllic literature, which has always expressed the imagination of the cultivated and townbred, rather than the truth of rustic life. Idyllic ploughmen are jocund when they drive their team afield; idyllic shepherds make bashful love under hawthorn-bushes; idyllic villagers dance in the chequered shade and refresh themselves, not immoderately, with spicy nut-brown ale. But no one who has seen much of actual ploughmen thinks them jocund; no one who is well acquainted with the English peasantry can pronounce them merry. The slow gaze, in which no sense of beauty beams, no humor twinkles, the slow utterance, and the heavy, slouching walk, remind one rather of that melancholy animal the camel, than of the sturdy countryman, with striped stockings, red waistcoat, and hat aside, who represents the traditional English peasant. Observe a company of haymakers. When you see them at a distance, tossing up the forkfuls of hay in the golden light, while the wagon creeps slowly with its increasing burden over the meadow, and the bright green space which tells of work done gets larger and larger, you pronounce the scene "smiling," and you think these companions in labor must be as bright and cheerful as the picture to which they give animation. Approach nearer, and you will certainly find that haymaking-time is a time for joking, especially if there are women among the laborers; but the coarse laugh that bursts out every now and then, and expresses the triumphant taunt, is

as far as possible from your conception of idyllic merriment. That delicious effervescence of the mind which we call fun, has no equivalent for the northern peasant, except tipsy revelry; the only realm of fancy and imagination for the English clown exists at the bottom of the third quart-pot.

The conventional countryman of the stage, who picks up pocket-books and never looks into them, and who is too simple even to know that honesty has its opposite, represents the still lingering mistake that an unintelligible dialect is a guarantee for ingenuousness, and that slouching shoulders indicate an upright disposition. It is quite true that a thresher is likely to be innocent of any adroit arithmetical cheating, but he is not the less likely to carry home his master's corn in his shoes and pocket; a reaper is not given to writing begging-letters, but he is quite capable of cajoling the dairymaid into filling his small-beer bottle with ale. The selfish instincts are not subdued by the sight of buttercups, nor is integrity in the least established by that classic rural occupation, sheep-washing. To make men moral, something more is requisite than to turn them out to grass.

Opera peasants, whose unreality excites Mr. Ruskin's indignation, are surely too frank an idealization to be misleading; and since popular chorus is one of the most effective elements of the opera, we can hardly object to lyric rustics in elegant laced bodices and picturesque motley, unless we are prepared to advocate a chorus of colliers in their pit costume, or a ballet of charwomen and stocking-weavers. But our social novels profess to represent the people as they are, and the unreality of their representations is a grave evil. The greatest benefit we owe to the artist, whether painter, poet, or novelist, is the extension of our sympathies. Appeals founded on generalizations and statistics require a sympathy ready-made, a moral sentiment already in activity; but a picture of human life such as a great artist can give, surprises even the trivial and the selfish into that attention to what is apart from themselves, which may be called the raw material of moral sentiment. When Scott takes us into Luckie Mucklebackit's cottage, or tells the story of "The Two Drovers," when Wordsworth sings to us the revery of "Poor Susan," when Kingsley shows us Alton Locke gazing yearningly over the gate which leads from the highway into the first wood he ever saw, when Hornung paints a group of

chimney-sweepers—more is done towards linking the higher classes with the lower, towards obliterating the vulgarity of exclusiveness, than by hundreds of sermons and philosophical dissertations. Art is the nearest thing to life; it is a mode of amplifying experience and extending our contact with our fellow-men beyond the bounds of our personal lot. All the more sacred is the task of the artist when he undertakes to paint the life of the People. Falsification here is far more pernicious than in the more artificial aspects of life. It is not so very serious that we should have false ideas about evanescent fashions—about the manners and conversation of beaux and duchesses; but it *is* serious that our sympathy with the perennial joys and struggles, the toil, the tragedy, and the humor in the life of our more heavily laden fellow-men, should be perverted, and turned towards a false object instead of the true one.

This perversion is not the less fatal because the misrepresentation which gives rise to it has what the artist considers a moral end. The thing for mankind to know is, not what are the motives and influences which the moralist thinks *ought* to act on the laborer or the artisan, but what are the motives and influences which *do* act on him. We want to be taught to feel, not for the heroic artisan or the sentimental peasant, but for the peasant in all his coarse apathy, and the artisan in all his suspicious selfishness.

We have one great novelist who is gifted with the utmost power of rendering the external traits of our town population; and if he could give us their psychological character—their conceptions of life, and their emotions—with the same truth as their idiom and manners, his books would be the greatest contribution art has ever made to the awakening of social sympathies. But while he can copy Mrs. Plornish's colloquial style with the delicate accuracy of a sun-picture, while there is the same startling inspiration in his description of the gestures and phrases of "Boots," as in the speeches of Shakespeare's mobs or numbskulls, he scarcely ever passes from the humorous and external to the emotional and tragic, without becoming as transcendent in his unreality as he was a moment before in his artistic truthfulness. But for the precious salt of his humor, which compels him to reproduce external traits that serve, in some degree, as a corrective to his frequently false psychology, his preternaturally

virtuous poor children and artisans, his melodramatic boatmen and courtesans, would be as noxious as Eugène Sue's idealized proletaires in encouraging the miserable fallacy that high morality and refined sentiment can grow out of harsh social relations, ignorance, and want; or that the working-classes are in a condition to enter at once into a millennial state of *altruism*, wherein every one is caring for every one else, and no one for himself.

If we need a true conception of the popular character to guide our sympathies rightly, we need it equally to check our theories, and direct us in their application. The tendency created by the splendid conquests of modern generalization, to believe that all social questions are merged in economical science, and that the relations of men to their neighbors may be settled by algebraic equations, the dream that the uncultured classes are prepared for a condition which appeals principally to their moral sensibilities; the aristocratic dilettanteism which attempts to restore "the good old times" by a sort of idyllic masquerading, and to grow feudal fidelity and veneration as we grow prize turnips, by an artificial system of culture, none of these diverging mistakes can coëxist with a real knowledge of the people, with a thorough study of their habits, their ideas, their motives. The landholder, the clergyman, the mill-owner, the mining-agent, have each an opportunity for making precious observations on different sections of the working-classes; but unfortunately their experience is too often not registered at all, or its results are too scattered to be available as a source of information and stimulus to the public mind generally. If any man of sufficient moral and intellectual breadth, whose observations would not be vitiated by a foregone conclusion, or by a professional point of view, would devote himself to studying the natural history of our social classes, especially of the small shopkeepers, artisans and peasantry, the degree in which they are influenced by local conditions, their maxims and habits, the points of view from which they regard their religious teachers, and the degree in which they are influenced by religious doctrines, the interaction of the various classes on each other, and what are the tendencies in their position towards disintegration or towards development; and if, after all this study, he would give us the result of his observations in a book well nourished with specific

facts, his work would be a valuable aid to the social and political reformer.

What we are desiring for ourselves has been in some degree done for the Germans by Riehl, the author of the very remarkable books the titles of which are placed at the bottom of this page;* and we wish to make these books known to our readers, not only for the sake of the interesting matter they contain and the important reflections they suggest, but also as a model for some future or actual student of our own people. By way of introducing Riehl to those who are unacquainted with his writings, we will give a rapid sketch from his picture of the German Peasantry, and perhaps this indication of the mode in which he treats a particular branch of his subject may prepare them to follow us with more interest when we enter on the general purpose and contents of his works.

In England, at present, when we speak of the peasantry, we mean scarcely more than the class of farm-servants and farm-laborers; and it is only in the most primitive districts—as in Wales, for example—that farmers are included under the term. In order to appreciate what Riehl says of the German peasantry, we must remember what the tenant-farmers and small proprietors were in England half a century ago, when the master helped to milk his own cows, and the daughters got up at one o'clock in the morning to brew; when the family dined in the kitchen with the servants and sat with them round the kitchen fire in the evening. In those days, the quarried parlor was innocent of a carpet, and its only specimens of art were a framed sampler and the best tea-board; the daughters even of substantial farmers had often no greater accomplishment in writing and spelling than they could procure at a dame-school; and, instead of carrying on sentimental correspondence, they were spinning their future table-linen, and looking after every saving in butter and eggs that might enable them to add to the little stock of plate and china which they were laying in against their marriage. In our own day, setting aside the superior order of farmers, whose style of living and mental culture are often equal to that of the professional

* "*Die Bürgerliche Gesellschaft*," von W. H. Riehl. Dritte Auflage, 1855.

"*Land und Leute*," von W. H. Riehl. Dritte Auflage, 1856.

class in provincial towns, we can hardly enter the least imposing farm-house without finding a bad piano in the "drawing-room," and some old annuals, disposed with a symmetrical imitation of negligence, on the table; though the daughters may still drop their *h*'s, their vowels are studiously narrow; and it is only in very primitive regions that they will consent to sit in a covered vehicle without springs, which was once thought an advance in luxury on the pillion.

The condition of the tenant-farmers and small proprietors in Germany is, we imagine, about on a par—not, certainly, in material prosperity, but in mental culture and habits—with that of the old English farmers who were beginning to be thought old-fashioned nearly fifty years ago; and if we add to these the farm servants and laborers, we shall have a class approximating in its characteristics to the *Bauernthum*, or peasantry, described by Riehl.

In Germany, perhaps more than in any other country, it is among the peasantry that we must look for the historical type of the national *physique*. In the towns this type has become so modified to express the personality of the individual, that even "family likeness" is often but faintly marked. But the peasants may still be distinguished into groups by their physical peculiarities. In one part of the country we find a longer-legged, in another a broader-shouldered race, which has inherited these peculiarities for centuries. For example, in certain districts of Hesse are seen long faces, with high foreheads, long, straight noses, and small eyes with arched eyebrows and large eyelids. On comparing these physiognomies with the sculptures in the church of St. Elizabeth, at Marburg, executed in the thirteenth century, it will be found that the same old Hessian type of face has subsisted unchanged, with this distinction only, that the sculptures represent princes and nobles, whose features then bore the stamp of their race, while that stamp is now to be found only among the peasants. A painter who wants to draw mediæval characters with historic truth must seek his models among the peasantry. This explains why the old German painters gave the heads of their subjects a greater uniformity of type than the painters of our day; the race had not attained to a high degree of individualization in features and expression. It indicates, too, that the cultured man

acts more as an individual; the peasant, more as one of a group. Hans drives the plough, lives, and thinks just as Kunz does; and it is this fact, that many thousands of men are as like each other in thoughts and habits as so many sheep or oysters, which constitutes the weight of the peasantry in the social and political scale.

In the cultivated world each individual has his style of speaking and writing. But among the peasantry it is the race, the district, the province, that has its style—namely, its dialect, its phraseology, its proverbs, and its songs, which belong alike to the entire body of the people. This provincial style of the peasant is again, like his *physique*, a remnant of history to which he clings with the utmost tenacity. In certain parts of Hungary there are still descendants of German colonists of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, who go about the country as reapers, retaining their old Saxon songs and manners, while the more cultivated German emigrants in a very short time forget their own language, and speak Hungarian. Another remarkable case of the same kind is that of the Wends, a Slavonic race settled in Lusatia, whose numbers amount to 200,000, living either scattered among the German population or in separate parishes. They have their own schools and churches, and are taught in the Slavonic tongue. The Catholics among them are rigid adherents of the Pope; the Protestants are not less rigid adherents of Luther, or *Doctor* Luther, as they are particular in calling him—a custom which, a hundred years ago, was universal in Protestant Germany. The Wend clings tenaciously to the usages of his Church, and perhaps this may contribute not a little to the purity in which he maintains the specific characteristics of his race. German education, German law and government, service in the standing army, and many other agencies, are in antagonism to his natural exclusiveness; but the *wives* and *mothers* here, as elsewhere, are a conservative influence, and the habits temporarily laid aside in the outer world are recovered by the fire-side. The Wends form several stout regiments in the Saxon army; they are sought far and wide as diligent and honest servants; and many a weakly Dresden or Leipzig child becomes thriving under the care of a Wendish nurse. In their villages they have the air and habits of genuine, sturdy peasants, and all their customs indicate that they have been,

from the first, an agricultural people. For example, they have traditional modes of treating their domestic animals. Each cow has its own name, generally chosen carefully, so as to express the special qualities of the animal; and all important family events are narrated to the *bees*—a custom which is found also in Westphalia. Whether by the help of the bees or not, the Wend farming is especially prosperous; and when a poor Bohemian peasant has a son born to him, he binds him to the end of a long pole and turns his face towards Lusatia, that he may be as lucky as the Wends who live there.

The peculiarity of the peasant's language consists chiefly in his retention of historical peculiarities, which gradually disappear under the friction of cultivated circles. He prefers any proper name that may be given to a day in the calendar rather than the abstract date, by which he very rarely reckons. In the baptismal names of his children he is guided by the old custom of the country, not at all by whim and fancy. Many old baptismal names, formerly common in Germany, would have become extinct but for their preservation among the peasantry, especially in North Germany; and so firmly have they adhered to local tradition in this matter that it would be possible to give a sort of topographical statistics of proper names, and distinguish a district by its rustic names as we do by its flora and fauna. The continuous inheritance of certain favorite proper names in a family, in some districts, forces the peasant to adopt the princely custom of attaching a numeral to the name, and saying, when three generations are living at once, Hans I., II., and III.; or, in the more antique fashion, Hans the elder, the middle, and the younger. In some of our English counties there is a similar adherence to a narrow range of proper names; and as a mode of distinguishing collateral branches in the same family, you will hear of Jonathan's Bess, Thomas's Bess, and Samuel's Bess—the three Bessies being cousins.

The peasant's adherence to the traditional has much greater inconvenience than that entailed by a paucity of proper names. In the Black Forest and in Huttenberg you will see him in the dog-days wearing a thick fur cap, because it is an historical fur cap—a cap worn by his grandfather. In the Wetterau, that peasant girl is considered the hand-

somest who wears the most petticoats. To go to field-labor in seven petticoats can be anything but convenient or agreeable, but it is the traditionally correct thing; and a German peasant girl would think herself as unfavorably conspicuous in an untraditional costume as an English servant girl would now think herself in a "linsey-woolsey" apron or a thick muslin cap. In many districts no medical advice would induce the rustic to renounce the tight leather belt with which he injures his digestive functions; you could more easily persuade him to smile on a new communal system than on the unhistorical invention of braces. In the eighteenth century, in spite of the philanthropic preachers of potatoes, the peasant for years threw his potatoes to the pigs and the dogs, before he could be persuaded to put them on his own table. However, the unwillingness of the peasant to adopt innovations has a not unreasonable foundation in the fact that for him experiments are practical, not theoretical, and must be made with expense of money instead of brains—a fact that is not, perhaps, sufficiently taken into account by agricultural theorists, who complain of the farmer's obstinacy. The peasant has the smallest possible faith in theoretic knowledge; he thinks it rather dangerous than otherwise, as is well indicated by a Lower Rhenish proverb: "One is never too old to learn, said an old woman; so she learned to be a witch."

Between many villages an historical feud—once, perhaps, the occasion of much bloodshed—is still kept up under the milder form of an occasional round of cudgelling, and the launching of traditional nicknames. An historical feud of this kind still exists, for example, among many villages on the Rhine and more inland places in the neighborhood. *Rheinschnacke* (of which the equivalent is, perhaps, "water-snake") is the standing term of ignominy for the inhabitant of the Rhine village, who repays it in kind by the epithet "*karst*" (mattock?) or "*kukuk*" (cuckoo), according as the object of his hereditary hatred belongs to the field or the forest. If any Romeo among the "mattocks" were to marry a Juliet among the "water-snakes," there would be no lack of Tybalts and Mercutios to carry the conflict from words to blows, though neither side knows a reason for the enmity.

A droll instance of peasant conservatism is told of a village on the Taunus, whose inhabitants from time immem-

orial had been famous for impromptu cudgelling. For this historical offence the magistrates of the district had always inflicted the equally historical punishment of shutting up the most incorrigible offenders, not in prison, but in their own pig-sty. In recent times, however, the government, wishing to correct the rudeness of these peasants, appointed an "enlightened" man as magistrate, who at once abolished the original penalty above mentioned. But this relaxation of punishment was so far from being welcome to the villagers that they presented a petition praying that a more energetic man might be given them as a magistrate, who would have the courage to punish according to law and justice, "as had been beforetime." And the magistrate who abolished incarceration in the pig-sty could never obtain the respect of the neighborhood. This happened no longer ago than the beginning of the present century.

But it must not be supposed that the historical piety of the German peasant extends to anything not immediately connected with himself. He has the warmest piety towards the old tumble-down house which his grandfather built, and which nothing will induce him to improve; but towards the venerable ruins of the old castle that overlooks his village he has no piety at all, and carries off its stones to make a fence for his garden, or tears down the Gothic carving of the old monastic church, which is "nothing to him," to mark off a footpath through his field. It is the same with historical traditions. The peasant has them fresh in his memory, so far as they relate to himself. In districts where the peasantry are unadulterated, you discern the remnants of the feudal relations in innumerable customs and phrases, but you will ask in vain for historical traditions concerning the empire, or even concerning the particular princely house to which the peasant is subject. He can tell you what "half people and whole people" mean; in Hesse you will still hear of "four horses making a whole peasant," or of "four-day and three-day peasants;" but you will ask in vain about Charlemagne and Frederic Barbarossa.

Riehl well observes that the feudal system, which made the peasant the bondman of his lord, was an immense benefit in a country the greater part of which had still to be colonized--rescued the peasant from vagabondage, and laid the foundation of persistency and endurance in future generations.

If a free German peasantry belongs only to modern times, it is to his ancestor, who was a serf, and even, in the earliest times, a slave, that the peasant owes the foundation of his independence; namely, his capability of a settled existence—nay, his unreasoning persistency, which has its important function in the development of the race.

Perhaps the very worst result of that unreasoning persistency is the peasant's inveterate habit of litigation. Every one remembers the immortal description of Dandie Dinmont's importunate application to Lawyer Pleydell to manage his "bit lawsuit," till at length Pleydell consents to help him ruin himself, on the ground that Dandie may fall into worse hands. It seems this is a scene which has many parallels in Germany. The farmer's lawsuit is his point of honor; and he will carry it through, though he knows from the very first day that he shall get nothing by it. The litigious peasant piques himself, like Mr. Saddletree, on his knowledge of the law, and this vanity is the chief impulse to many a lawsuit. To the mind of the peasant, law presents itself as the "custom of the country," and it is his pride to be versed in all customs. *Custom with him holds the place of sentiment, of theory, and, in many cases, of affection.* Riehl justly urges the importance of simplifying law proceedings, so as to cut off this vanity at its source, and also of encouraging, by every possible means, the practice of arbitration.

The peasant never begins his lawsuit in summer, for the same reason that he does not make love and marry in summer—because he has no time for that sort of thing. Anything is easier to him than to move out of his habitual course, and he is attached even to his privations. Some years ago, a peasant youth, out of the poorest and remotest region of the Westerwald, was enlisted as a recruit, at Wierburg in Nassau. The lad having never in his life slept in a bed, when he had to get into one for the first time began to cry like a child; and he deserted twice because he could not reconcile himself to sleeping in a bed, and to the "fine" life of the barracks; he was homesick at the thought of his accustomed poverty and his thatched hut. A strong contrast this with the feeling of the poor in towns, who would be far enough from deserting because their condition was too much improved! The genuine peasant is never ashamed of his rank and calling; he is rather inclined to look down

on every one who does not wear a smock-frock, and thinks a man who has the manners of the gentry is likely to be rather windy and unsubstantial. In some places, even in French districts, this feeling is strongly symbolized by the practice of the peasantry, on certain festival days, to dress the images of the saints in peasant's clothing. History tells us of all kinds of peasant insurrections, the object of which was to obtain relief for the peasants from some of their many oppressions; but of an effort on their part to step out of their hereditary rank and calling, to become gentry, to leave the plough and carry on the easier business of capitalists or government functionaries, there is no example.

The German novelists who undertake to give pictures of peasant life fall into the same mistake as our English novelists; they transfer their own feelings to ploughmen and woodcutters, and give them both joys and sorrows of which they know nothing. The peasant never questions the obligations of family ties—he questions *no custom*—but tender affection, as it exists among the refined part of mankind, is almost as foreign to him as white hands and filbert-shaped nails. That the aged father who has given up his property to his children on condition of their maintaining him for the remainder of his life is very far from meeting with delicate attentions, is indicated by the proverb current among the peasantry—"Don't take your clothes off before you go to bed."* Among rustic moral tales and parables, not one is more universal than the story of the ungrateful children, who made their gray-headed father, dependent on them for a maintenance, eat at a wooden trough because he shook the food out of his trembling hands. Then these same ungrateful children observed one day that their own little boy was making a tiny wooden trough; and when they asked him what it was for, he answered, that his father and mother might eat out of it when he was a man and had to keep them.

Marriage is a very prudential affair, especially among the peasants who have the largest share of property. Politic marriages are as common among them as among princes; and when a peasant-heiress in Westphalia marries, her husband adopts her name, and places his own after it with the prefix *geborner* (*ni*). The girls marry young, and the rapidity

* This proverb is common among the English farmers also.

with which they get old and ugly is one among the many proofs that the early years of marriage are fuller of hardships than of conjugal tenderness. "When our writers of village stories," says Riehl, "transferred their own emotional life to the peasant, they obliterated what is precisely his most predominant characteristic: namely, that with him general custom holds the place of individual feeling."

We pay for greater emotional susceptibility too often by nervous diseases of which the peasant knows nothing. To him headache is the least of physical evils, because he thinks head-work the easiest and least indispensable of all labor. Happily, many of the younger sons in peasant families, by going to seek their living in the towns, carry their hardy nervous system to amalgamate with the over-wrought nerves of our town population, and refresh them with a little rude vigor. And a return to the habits of peasant life is the best remedy for many moral as well as physical diseases induced by perverted civilization. Riehl points to colonization as presenting the true field for this regenerative process. On the other side of the ocean a man will have the courage to begin life again as a peasant, while at home, perhaps, opportunity as well as courage will fail him. *A propos* of this subject of emigration, he remarks the striking fact that the native shrewdness and mother-wit of the German peasant seem to forsake him entirely when he has to apply them under new circumstances, and on relations foreign to his experience. Hence it is that the German peasant who emigrates so constantly falls a victim to unprincipled adventurers in the preliminaries to emigration; but if once he gets his foot on the American soil, he exhibits all the first rate qualities of an agricultural colonist; and among all German emigrants the peasant class are the most successful.

But many disintegrating forces have been at work on the peasant character, and degeneration is unhappily going on at a greater pace than development. In the wine districts, especially, the inability of the small proprietors to bear up under the vicissitudes of the market, or to insure a high quality of wine by running the risks of a late vintage, and the competition of beer and cider with the inferior wines, have tended to produce that uncertainty of gain which, with the peasant, is the inevitable cause of demoralization. The small peasant proprietors are not a new class in Germany, but many of the

evils of their position are new. They are more dependent on ready money than formerly; thus, where a peasant used to get his wood for building and firing from the common forest, he has now to pay for it with hard cash; he used to thatch his own house, with the help, perhaps of a neighbor, but now he pays a man to do it for him; he used to pay taxes in kind, he now pays them in money. The chances of the market have to be discounted, and the peasant falls into the hands of money-lenders. Here is one of the cases in which social policy clashes with a purely economical policy.

Political vicissitudes have added their influence to that of economical changes in disturbing that dim instinct, that reverence for traditional custom, which is the peasant's principle of action. He is in the midst of novelties for which he knows no reason—changes in political geography, changes of the government to which he owes fealty, changes in bureaucratic management and police regulations. He finds himself in a new element before an apparatus for breathing in it is developed in him. His only knowledge of modern history is in some of its results—for instance, that he has to pay heavier taxes from year to year. His chief idea of a government is of a power that raises his taxes, opposes his harmless customs, and torments him with new formalities. The source of all this is the false system of “enlightening” the peasant, which has been adopted by the bureaucratic governments. A system which disregards the traditions and hereditary attachments of the peasant, and appeals only to a logical understanding which is not yet developed in him, is simply disintegrating and ruinous to the peasant character. The interference with the communal regulations has been of this fatal character. Instead of endeavoring to promote to the utmost the healthy life of the commune, as an organism the conditions of which are bound up with the historical characteristics of the peasant, the bureaucratic plan of government is bent on improvement by its patent machinery of state-appointed functionaries, and off-hand regulations in accordance with modern enlightenment. The spirit of communal exclusiveness—the resistance to the indiscriminate establishment of strangers—is an intense traditional feeling in the peasant. “This gallows is for us and our children,” is the typical motto of this spirit. But such exclusiveness is highly irrational and repugnant to liberalism; therefore a bureau-

cratic government at once opposes it, and encourages to the utmost the introduction of new inhabitants in the provincial communes. Instead of allowing the peasants to manage their own affairs, and, if they happen to believe that five and four make eleven, to unlearn the prejudice by their own experience in calculation, so that they may gradually understand processes, and not merely see results, bureaucracy comes with its "Ready Reckoner" and works all the peasant's sums for him—the surest way of maintaining him in his stupidity, however it may shake his prejudice.

Another questionable plan for elevating the peasant is the supposed elevation of the clerical character, by preventing the clergyman from cultivating more than a trifling part of the land attached to his benefice—that he may be as much as possible of a scientific theologian, and as little as possible of a peasant. In this, Riehl observes, lies one great source of weakness to the Protestant Church as compared with the Catholic, which finds the great majority of its priests among the lower orders; and we have had the opportunity of making an analogous comparison in England, where many of us can remember country districts in which the great mass of the people were Christianized by illiterate Methodist and Independent ministers; while the influence of the parish clergyman among the poor did not extend much beyond a few old women in scarlet cloaks, and a few exceptional church-going laborers.

Bearing in mind the general characteristics of the German peasant, it is easy to understand his relation to the revolutionary ideas and revolutionary movements of modern times. The peasant in Germany, as elsewhere, is a born grumbler. He has always plenty of grievances in his pocket, but he does not generalize those grievances; he does not complain of "government" or "society," probably because he has good reason to complain of the burgomaster. When a few sparks from the first French Revolution fell among the German peasantry, and in certain villages of Saxony the country people assembled together to write down their demands, there was no glimpse in their petition of the "universal rights of man," but simply of their own particular affairs as Saxon peasants. Again, after the July revolution of 1830, there were many insignificant peasant insurrections; but the object of almost all was

the removal of local grievances. Toll-houses were pulled down; stamped paper was destroyed; in some places there was a persecution of wild boars, in others of that plentiful tame animal the German *Rath*, or councillor who is never called into council. But in 1848 it seemed as if the movements of the peasants had taken a new character; in the small western states of Germany it seemed as if the whole class of peasantry was in insurrection. But, in fact, the peasant did not know the meaning of the part he was playing. He had heard that everything was being set right in the towns, and that wonderful things were happening there, so he tied up his bundle and set off. Without any distinct object or resolution, the country people presented themselves on the scene of commotion, and were warmly received by the party leaders. But, seen from the windows of ducal palaces and ministerial hotels, these swarms of peasants had quite another aspect, and it was imagined that they had a common plan of coöperation. This, however, the peasants have never had. Systematic coöperation implies general conceptions, and a provisional subordination of egoism, to which even the artisans of towns have rarely shown themselves equal, and which are as foreign to the mind of the peasant as logarithms or the doctrine of chemical proportions. And the revolutionary fervor of the peasant was soon cooled. The old mistrust of the towns was reawakened on the spot. The Tyrolese peasants saw no great good in the freedom of the press and the constitution, because these changes "seemed to please the gentry so much." Peasants who had given their voices stormily for a German parliament asked afterwards, with a doubtful look, whether it were to consist of infantry or cavalry. When royal domains were declared the property of the state, the peasants in some small principalities rejoiced over this, because they interpreted it to mean that every one would have his share in them, after the manner of the old common and forest rights.

The very practical views of the peasants, with regard to the demands of the people, were in amusing contrast with the abstract theorizing of the educated townsmen. The peasant continually withheld all state payments until he saw how matters would turn out, and was disposed to reckon up the solid benefit, in the form of land or money, that might

come to him from the changes obtained. While the townsman was heating his brains about representation on the broadest basis, the peasant asked if the relation between tenant and landlord would continue as before, and whether the removal of the "feudal obligations" meant that the farmer should become owner of the land?

It is in the same naïve way that Communism is interpreted by the German peasantry. The wide spread among them of communistic doctrines, the eagerness with which they listened to a plan for the partition of property, seemed to countenance the notion that it was delusion to suppose the peasant would be secured from this intoxication by his love of secure possession and peaceful earnings. But, in fact, the peasant contemplated "partition" by the light of an historical reminiscence rather than of novel theory. The golden age, in the imagination of the peasant, was the time when every member of the Commune had a right to as much wood from the forest as would enable him to sell some, after using what he wanted in firing, in which the Communal possessions were so profitable that, instead of his having to pay rates at the end of the year, each member of the Commune was something in pocket. Hence, the peasants in general understood by "partition" that the state lands, especially the forests, would be divided among the Communes, and that, by some political legerdemain or other, everybody would have free firewood, free grazing for his cattle, and, over and above that, a piece of gold without working for it. That he should give up a single clod of his own to further the general "partition" had never entered the mind of the peasant Communist: and the perception that this was an essential preliminary to "partition" was often a sufficient cure for his Communism.

In villages lying in the neighborhood of large towns, however, where the circumstances of the peasantry are very different, quite another interpretation of Communism is prevalent. Here the peasant is generally sunk to the position of the proletaire, living from hand to mouth: he has nothing to lose, but everything to gain by "partition." The coarse nature of the peasant has here been corrupted into bestiality by the disturbance of his instincts, while he is as yet incapable of principles; and in this type of the degenerate peasant is seen the worst example of ignorance intoxicated by theory.

A significant hint as to the interpretation the peasants put on revolutionary theories may be drawn from the way they employed the few weeks in which their movements were unchecked. They felled the forest trees and shot the game; they withheld taxes; they shook off the imaginary or real burdens imposed on them by their mediatized princes, by presenting their "demands" in a very rough way before the ducal or princely "Schloss;" they set their faces against the bureaucratic management of the Communes, deposed the government functionaries who had been placed over them as burgomasters and magistrates, and abolished the whole bureaucratic system of procedure, simply by taking no notice of its regulations, and recurring to some tradition—some old order or disorder of things. In all this it is clear that they were animated not in the least by the spirit of modern revolution, but by a purely narrow and personal impulse towards reaction.

The idea of constitutional government lies quite beyond the range of the German peasant's conception. His only notion of representation is that of a representation of ranks—of classes; his only notion of a deputy is of one who takes care, not only of the national welfare, but of the interests of his own order. Herein lay the great mistake of the democratic party, in common with the bureaucratic governments, that they entirely omitted the peculiar character of the peasant from their political calculations. They talked of the "people," and forgot that the peasants were included in the term. Only a baseless misconception of the peasant's character could induce the supposition that he would feel the slightest enthusiasm about the principles involved in the reconstitution of the Empire, or even about that reconstitution itself. He has no zeal for a written law, as such, but only so far as it takes the form of living law—a tradition. It was the external authority which the revolutionary party had won in Baden that attracted the peasants into a participation in the struggle.

Such, Riehl tells us, are the general characteristics of German peasantry—characteristics which subsist amid a wide variety of circumstances. In Mecklenburg, Pomerania, and Brandenburg, the peasant lives on extensive estates; in Westphalia he lives in large isolated homesteads; in the Westerwald and in Sauerland, in little groups of villages and hamlets; on

the Rhine, land is for the most part parcelled out among small proprietors, who live together in large villages. Then, of course, the diversified physical geography of Germany gives rise to equally diversified methods of land-culture; and out of these various circumstances grow numerous specific differences in manner and character. But the generic character of the German peasant is everywhere the same: in the clean mountain hamlet and in the dirty fishing-villages on the coast; in the plains of North Germany and in the backwoods of America. "Everywhere he has the same historical character—everywhere custom is his supreme law. Where religion and patriotism are still a naïve instinct—are still a sacred *custom*—there begins the class of the German Peasantry."

Our readers will perhaps already have gathered from the foregoing portrait of the German Peasant that Riehl is not a man who looks at objects through the spectacles either of the *doctrinaire* or the dreamer; and they will be ready to believe what he tells us in his Preface—namely, that years ago he began his wanderings over the hills and plains of Germany for the sake of obtaining, in immediate intercourse with the people, that completion of historical, political, and economical studies which he was unable to find in books. He began his investigations with no party prepossessions, and his present views were evolved entirely from his own gradually amassed observations. He was, first of all, a pedestrian, and only in the second place a political author. The views at which he has arrived by this inductive process, he sums up in the term—*social-political-conservatism*; but his conservatism is, we conceive, of a thoroughly philosophical kind. He sees in European society *incarnate history*, and any attempt to disengage it from its historical elements must, he believes, be simply destructive of social vitality.* What has grown up historically can only die out historically, by the gradual operation of necessary law. The external conditions which society has inherited from the past are but the manifestation of inherited conditions in the human beings who compose it; the internal conditions and the external are related to each other as the organism and its

* Throughout this article, in our statement of Riehl's opinions, we must be understood not as quoting Riehl, but as interpreting and illustrating him.

medium, and development can take place only by the gradual consentaneous development of both. Take the familiar example of attempts to abolish titles, which have been about as effective as the process of cutting off poppy-heads in a corn-field. "*Jedem Menschen,*" says Riehl, "*ist sein Zopf angeboren, warum soll denn der sociale Sprachgebrauch nicht auch seinen Zopf haben?*"—which we may render. "As long as snobbism runs in the blood, why should it not run in our speech?" As a necessary preliminary to a purely rational society, you must obtain purely rational men, free from the sweet and bitter prejudices of hereditary affection and antipathy; which is as easy as to get running streams without springs, or the leafy shade of the forest without the secular growth of trunk and branch.

The historical conditions of society may be compared with those of language. It must be admitted that the language of cultivated nations is in anything but a rational state; the great sections of the civilized world are only approximatively intelligible to each other, and even that only at the cost of long study; one word stands for many things, and many words for one thing; the subtle shades of meaning, and still subtler echoes of association, make language an instrument which scarcely anything short of genius can wield with definiteness and certainty. Suppose, then, that the effort which has been again and again made to construct a universal language on a rational basis has at length succeeded, and that you have a language which has no uncertainty, no whims of idiom, no cumbrous forms, no fitful shimmer of many-hued significance, no hoary archaisms "familiar with forgotten years"—a patent deodorized and non-resonant language, which effects the purpose of communication as perfectly and rapidly as algebraic signs. Your language may be a perfect medium of expression to science, but will never express *life*, which is a great deal more than science. With the anomalies and inconveniences of historical language, you will have parted with its music and its passion, with its vital qualities as an expression of individual character, with its subtle capabilities of wit, with everything that gives it power over the imagination; and the next step in simplification will be the invention of a talking watch, which will achieve the utmost facility and despatch in the communication of ideas by a graduated adjustment of ticks, to be

represented in writing by a corresponding arrangement of dots. A melancholy "language of the future!" The sensory and motor nerves that run in the same sheath are scarcely bound together by a more necessary and delicate union than that which binds men's affections, imagination, wit, and humor, with the subtle ramifications of historical language. Language must be left to grow in precision, completeness, and unity, as minds grow in clearness, comprehensiveness, and sympathy. And there is an analogous relation between the moral tendencies of men and the social conditions they have inherited. The nature of European men has its roots intertwined with the past, and can only be developed by allowing those roots to remain undisturbed while the process of development is going on, until that perfect ripeness of the seed which carries with it a life independent of the root. This vital connection with the past is much more vividly felt on the Continent than in England, where we have to recall it by an effort of memory and reflection; for though our English life is in its core intensely traditional, Protestantism and commerce have modernized the face of the land and the aspects of society in a far greater degree than in any Continental country:

"Abroad," says Ruskin, "a building of the eighth or tenth century stands ruinous in the open street; the children play around it, the peasants heap their corn in it, the buildings of yesterday nestle about it, and fit their new stones in its rents, and tremble in sympathy as it trembles. No one wonders at it, or thinks of it as separate, and of another time; we feel the ancient world to be a real thing, and one with the new; antiquity is no dream; it is rather the children playing about the old stones that are the dream. But all is continuous, and the words, 'from generation to generation,' understandable here."

This conception of European society as incarnate history is the fundamental idea of Riehl's books.

After the notable failure of revolutionary attempts conducted from the point of view of abstract democratic and socialistic theories, after the practical demonstration of the evils resulting from a bureaucratic system which governs by an indiscriminating, dead mechanism, Riehl wishes to urge on the consideration of his countrymen a social policy founded on the special study of the people as they are—on the natural history of the various social ranks. He thinks it wise to pause a little from theorizing, and see what is the material actually present for theory to work upon. It is the glory of

the Socialists—in contrast with the democratic *doctrinaires*, who have been too much occupied with the general idea of “the people” to inquire particularly into the actual life of the people—that they have thrown themselves with enthusiastic zeal into the study at least of one social group—namely, the factory operatives; and here lies the secret of their partial success. But, unfortunately, they have made this special study or a single fragment of society the basis of a theory which quietly substitutes for the small group of Parisian *proletaires* or English factory-workers, the society of all Europe—nay, of the whole world. And in this way they have lost the best fruit of their investigations. For, says Riehl, the more deeply we penetrate into the knowledge of society in its details, the more thoroughly we shall be convinced that a *universal social policy has no validity except on paper*, and can never be carried into successful practice. The conditions of German society are altogether different from those of French, of English, or of Italian society; and to apply the same social theory to these nations indiscriminately, is about as wise a procedure as Triptolemus Yellowley's application of the agricultural directions in Virgil's “Georgics” to his farm in the Shetland Isles.

It is the clear and strong light in which Riehl places this important position that in our opinion constitutes the suggestive value of his books for foreign as well as German readers. It has not been sufficiently insisted on, that in the various branches of Social Science there is an advance from the general to the special, from the simple to the complex, analogous with that which is found in the series of the sciences, from Mathematics to Biology. To the laws of quantity comprised in Mathematics and Physics are super-added, in Chemistry, laws of quality; to these again are added, in Biology, laws of life; and, lastly, the conditions of life in general branch out into its special conditions or Natural History, on the one hand, and into its abnormal conditions, or Pathology, on the other. And in this series or ramification of the sciences, the more general science will not suffice to solve the problems of the more special. Chemistry embraces phenomena which are not explicable by physics; Biology embraces phenomena which are not explicable by Chemistry; and no biological generalization will enable us to predict the infinite specialties produced by

the complexity of vital conditions. So Social Science, while it has departments which in their fundamental generality correspond to mathematics and physics—namely, those grand and simple generalizations which trace out the inevitable march of the human race as a whole, and, as a ramification of these, the laws of economical science—has also, in the departments of Government and jurisprudence, which embrace the conditions of social life in all their complexity, what may be called its Biology, carrying us on to innumerable special phenomena which outlie the sphere of science, and belong to Natural History. And just as the most thorough acquaintance with physics, or chemistry, or general physiology will not enable you at once to establish the balance of life in your private vivarium, so that your particular society of zoophytes, molluscs, and echinoderms may feel themselves, as the Germans say, at ease in their skin; so the most complete equipment of theory will not enable a statesman or a political and social reformer to adjust his measures wisely, in the absence of a special acquaintance with the section of society for which he legislates, with the peculiar characteristics of the nation, the province, the class whose well-being he has to consult. In other words, a wise social policy must be based not simply on abstract social science, but on the natural history of social bodies.

Riehl's books are not dedicated merely to the argumentative maintenance of this or of any other position; they are intended chiefly as a contribution to that knowledge of the German people on the importance of which he insists. He is less occupied with urging his own conclusions than with impressing on his readers the facts which have led him to those conclusions. In the volume entitled "*Land und Leute*," which, though published last, is properly an introduction to the volume entitled "*Die Bürgerliche Gesellschaft*," he considers the German people in their physical geographical relations; he compares the natural divisions of the race, as determined by land and climate, and social traditions, with the artificial divisions which are based on diplomacy; and he traces the genesis and influences of what we may call the ecclesiastical geography of Germany—its partition between Catholicism and Protestantism. He shows that the ordinary antithesis of North and South Germany represents no real ethnographical distinction, and that the natural divisions of

Germany, founded on its physical geography, are threefold ; namely, the low plains, the middle mountain region, and the high mountain region, or Lower, Middle, and Upper Germany ; and on this primary natural division all the other broad ethnographical distinctions of Germany will be found to rest. The plains of North or Lower Germany include all the seaboard the nation possesses ; and this, together with the fact that they are traversed to the depth of six hundred miles by navigable rivers, makes them the natural seat of a trading race. Quite different is the geographical character of Middle Germany. While the northern plains are marked off into great divisions, by such rivers as the Lower Rhine, the Weser, and the Oder, running almost in parallel lines, this central region is cut up like a mosaic by the capricious lines of valleys and rivers. Here is the region in which you find those famous roofs from which the rain-water runs towards two different seas, and the mountain-tops from which you may look into eight or ten German states. The abundance of water-power and the presence of extensive coal-mines allow of a very diversified industrial development in Middle Germany. In Upper Germany, or the high mountain region, we find the same symmetry in the lines of the rivers as in the north ; almost all the great Alpine streams flow parallel with the Danube. But the majority of these rivers are neither navigable nor available for industrial objects, and instead of serving for communication they shut off one great tract from another. The slow development, the simple peasant-life of many districts, is here determined by the mountain and the river. In the southeast, however, industrial activity spreads through Bohemia towards Austria, and forms a sort of balance to the industrial districts of the Lower Rhine. Of course, the boundaries of these three regions cannot be very strictly defined ; but an approximation to the limits of Middle Germany may be obtained by regarding it as a triangle, of which one angle lies in Silesia, another in Aix-la-Chapelle, and a third at Lake Constance.

This triple division corresponds with the broad distinctions of climate. In the northern plains the atmosphere is damp and heavy ; in the southern mountain region it is dry and rare, and there are abrupt changes of temperature, sharp contrasts between the seasons, and devastating storms ; but in both these zones men are hardened by conflict with the rough-

ness of the climate. In Middle Germany, on the contrary, there is little of this struggle; the seasons are more equable, and the mild, soft air of the valleys tends to make the inhabitants luxurious and sensitive to hardships. It is only in exceptional mountain districts that one is here reminded of the rough, bracing air on the heights of Southern Germany. It is a curious fact that, as the air becomes gradually lighter and rarer from the North German coast towards Upper Germany, the average of suicides regularly decreases. Mecklenburg has the highest number, than Prussia, while the fewest suicides occur in Bavaria and Austria.

Both the northern and southern regions have still a large extent of waste lands, downs, morasses, and heaths; and to these are added, in the south, abundance of snow-fields and naked rock; while in Middle Germany culture has almost overspread the face of the land, and there are no large tracts of waste. There is the same proportion in the distribution of forests. Again, in the north we see a monotonous continuity of wheat-fields, potato-grounds, meadow-lands, and vast heaths; and there is the same uniformity of culture over large surfaces in the southern table-lands and the Alpine pastures. In Middle Germany, on the contrary, there is a perpetual variety of crops within a short space; the diversity of land surface and the corresponding variety in the species of plants are an invitation to the splitting-up of estates, and this again encourages to the utmost the motley character of the cultivation.

According to this threefold division, it appears that there are certain features common to North and South Germany in which they differ from Central Germany, and the nature of this difference Riehl indicates by distinguishing the former as *Centralized Land* and the latter as *Individualized Land*—a distinction which is well symbolized by the fact that North and South Germany possess the great lines of railway which are the medium for the traffic of the world, while Middle Germany is far richer in lines for local communication, and possesses the greatest length of railway within the smallest space. Disregarding superficialities, the East Frieslanders, the Schleswig-Holsteiners, the Mecklenburgers, and the Pomeranians are much more nearly allied to the old Bavarians, the Tyrolese, and the Styrians, than any of these are allied to the Saxons, the Thuringians, or the Rhine-

landers. Both in North and South Germany original races are still found in large masses, and popular dialects are spoken; you still find there thoroughly peasant districts, thorough villages, and also, at great intervals, thorough cities; you still find there a sense of rank. In Middle Germany, on the contrary, the original races are fused together or sprinkled hither and thither; the peculiarities of the popular dialects are worn down or confused; there is no very strict line of demarcation between the country and the town population, hundreds of small towns and large villages being hardly distinguishable in their characteristics; and the sense of rank, as part of the organic structure of society, is almost extinguished. Again, both in the north and south there is still a strong ecclesiastical spirit in the people, and the Pomeranian sees Antichrist in the Pope as clearly as the Tyrolese sees him in Doctor Luther; while in Middle Germany the confessions are mingled—they exist peaceably side by side in very narrow space, and tolerance or indifference has spread itself widely even in the popular mind. And the analogy, or rather the causal relation, between the physical geography of the three regions and the development of the population goes still further:

“For,” observes Riehl, “the striking connection which has been pointed out between the local geological formations in Germany and the revolutionary disposition of the people, has more than a metaphorical significance. Where the primeval physical revolutions of the globe have been the wildest in their effects, and the most multi-form strata have been tossed together or thrown one upon the other, it is a very intelligible consequence that on a land surface thus broken up, the population should sooner develop itself into small communities, and that the more intense life generated in these smaller communities should become the most favorable nidus for the reception of modern culture, and with this a susceptibility for its revolutionary ideas; while a people settled in a region where its groups are spread over a large space will persist much more obstinately in the retention of its original character. The people of Middle Germany have none of that exclusive one-sidedness which determines the peculiar genius of great national groups, just as this one-sidedness or uniformity is wanting to the geological and geographical character of their land.”

This ethnographical outline Riehl fills up with special and typical descriptions, and then makes it the starting-point for a criticism of the actual political condition of Germany. The volume is full of vivid pictures, as well as penetrating glances into the maladies and tendencies of modern society.

It would be fascinating as literature, if it were not important for its facts and philosophy. But we can only commend it to our readers, and pass on to the volume entitled "*Die Bürgerliche Gesellschaft*," from which we have drawn our sketch of the German peasantry. Here Riehl gives us a series of studies in that natural history of the people which he regards as the proper basis of social policy. He holds that, in European society, there are *three natural ranks or estates*: the hereditary landed aristocracy, the citizens or commercial class, and the peasantry or agricultural class. By *natural ranks* he means ranks which have their roots deep in the historical structure of society, and are still, in the present, showing vitality above ground; he means those great social groups which are not only distinguished externally by their vocation, but essentially by their mental character, their habits, their mode of life—by the principle they represent in the historical development of society. In his conception of the "Fourth Estate" he differs from the usual interpretation, according to which it is simply equivalent to the Proletariat, or those who are dependent on daily wages, whose only capital is their skill or bodily strength—factory operatives, artisans, agricultural laborers, to whom might be added, especially in Germany, the day-laborers with the quill, the literary proletariat. This, Riehl observes, is a valid basis of economical classification, but not of social classification. In his view, the Fourth Estate is a stratum produced by the perpetual abrasion of the other great social groups; it is the sign and result of the decomposition which is commencing in the organic constitution of society. Its elements are derived alike from the aristocracy, the *bourgeoisie*, and the peasantry. It assembles under its banner the deserters of historical society, and forms them into a terrible army, which is only just awaking to the consciousness of its corporate power. The tendency of this Fourth Estate, by the very process of its formation, is to do away with the distinctive historical character of the other estates, and to resolve their peculiar rank and vocation into a uniform social relation founded on an abstract conception of society. According to Riehl's classification, the day-laborers, whom the political economist designates as the Fourth Estate, belong partly to the peasantry or agricultural class, and partly to the citizens or commercial class.

Riehl considers, in the first place, the peasantry and aristocracy as the "Forces of social persistence," and, in the second, the *bourgeoisie* and the "fourth estate" as the "Forces of social movement."

The aristocracy, he observes, is the only one among these four groups which is denied by others besides Socialists to have any natural basis as a separate rank. It is admitted that there was once an aristocracy which had an intrinsic ground of existence; but now, it is alleged, this is an historical fossil, an antiquarian relic, venerable because gray with age. In what, it is asked, can consist the peculiar vocation of the aristocracy, since it has no longer the monopoly of the land, of the higher military functions, and of government offices, and since the service of the court has no longer any political importance? To this Riehl replies that in great revolutionary crises, the "men of progress" have more than once "abolished" the aristocracy. But, remarkably enough, the aristocracy has always reappeared. This measure of abolition showed that the nobility were no longer regarded as a real class, for to abolish a real class would be an absurdity. It is quite possible to contemplate a voluntary breaking up of the peasant or citizen class in the socialistic sense, but no man in his senses would think of straightway "abolishing" citizens and peasants. The aristocracy, then, was regarded as a sort of cancer, or excrescence of society. Nevertheless, not only has it been found impossible to annihilate an hereditary nobility by decree; but also, the aristocracy of the eighteenth century outlived even the self-destructive acts of its own perversity. A life which was entirely without object, entirely destitute of functions, would not, says Riehl, be so persistent. He has an acute criticism of those who conduct a polemic against the idea of an hereditary aristocracy while they are proposing an "aristocracy of talent," which, after all, is based on the principle of inheritance. The Socialists are, therefore, only consistent in declaring against an aristocracy of talent. "But when they have turned the world into a great Foundling Hospital, they will still be unable to eradicate the 'privileges of birth.'" We must not follow him in his criticism, however; nor can we afford to do more than mention hastily his interesting sketch of the mediæval aristocracy, and his admonition to the German aristocracy of the present day, that the vitality

of their class is not to be sustained by romantic attempts to revive mediæval forms and sentiments, but only by the exercise of functions as real and salutary for actual society as those of the mediæval aristocracy were for the feudal age. "In modern society the divisions of rank indicate *division of labor*, according to that distribution of functions in the social organism which the historical constitution of society has determined. In this way the principle of differentiation and the principle of unity are identical."

The elaborate study of the German *bourgeoisie* which forms the next division of the volume must be passed over; but we may pause a moment to note Riehl's definition of the social *Philister* (Philistine), an epithet for which we have no equivalent—not at all, however, for want of the object it represents. Most people who read a little German know that the epithet *Philister* originated in the *Burschen-Leben*, or student-life of Germany, and that the antithesis of *Bursch* and *Philister* was equivalent to the antithesis of "gown" and "town;" but since the word has passed into ordinary language, it has assumed several shades of significance which have not yet been merged in a single absolute meaning; and one of the questions which an English visitor in Germany will probably take an opportunity of asking is, "What is the strict meaning of the word *Philister*?" Riehl's answer is, that the *Philister* is one who is indifferent to all social interests, all public life, as distinguished from selfish and private interests; he has no sympathy with political and social events except as they affect his own comfort and prosperity, as they offer him material for amusement or opportunity for gratifying his vanity. He has no social or political creed, but is always of the opinion which is most convenient for the moment. He is always in the majority, and is the main element of unreason and stupidity in the judgment of a "discerning public." It seems presumptuous in us to dispute Riehl's interpretation of a German word, but we must think that, in literature, the epithet *Philister* has usually a wider meaning than this—includes his definition and something more. We imagine the *Philister* is the personification of the spirit which judges everything from a lower point of view than the subject demands—which judges the affairs of the parish from the egotistic or purely personal point of view; and does not hesitate to measure the

merits of the universe from the human point of view. At least, this must surely be the spirit to which Goethe alludes in a passage cited by Riehl himself, where he says that the Germans need not be ashamed of erecting a monument to him as well as to Blucher; for if Blucher had freed them from the French, he (Goethe) had freed them from the nets of the *Philister* :

"Ihr mögt mir immer ungescheut
Gleich Blüchern Denkmal setzen.
Von Franzosen hat er euch befreit,
Ich von Philister-netzen."

Goethe could hardly claim to be the apostle of public spirit; but he is eminently the man who helps us to rise to a lofty point of observation, so that we may see things in their relative proportions.

The most interesting chapters in the description of the "Fourth Estate," which concludes the volume, are those on the "Aristocratic Proletariat" and the "Intellectual Proletariat." The Fourth Estate in Germany, says Riehl, has its centre of gravity not, as in England and France, in the day-laborers and factory operatives, and still less in the degenerate peasantry. In Germany, the *educated proletariat* is the leaven that sets the mass in fermentation; the dangerous classes there go about, not in blouses, but in frock-coats; they begin with the impoverished prince and end in the hungriest *littérateur*. The custom that all the sons of a nobleman shall inherit their father's title necessarily goes on multiplying that class of aristocrats who are not only without function, but without adequate provision, and who shrink from entering the ranks of the citizens by adopting some honest calling. The younger son of a prince, says Riehl, is usually obliged to remain without any vocation; and however zealously he may study music, painting, or science, he can never be a regular musician, painter, or man of science; his pursuit will be called a "passion," not a "calling," and to the end of his days he remains a dilettante. "But the ardent pursuit of a fixed practical calling can alone satisfy the active man." Direct legislation cannot remedy this evil. The inheritance of titles by younger sons is the universal custom, and custom is stronger than law. But if all government preference for the "aristocratic proletariat" were withdrawn, the sensible men among them would prefer emigration, or the pursuit of some profession, to the hungry distinction of a title without rents.

The intellectual *proletaires* Riehl calls the "church militant" of the Fourth Estate in Germany. In no other country are they so numerous; in no other country is the trade in material and industrial capital so far exceeded by the wholesale and retail trade, the traffic and the usury, in the intellectual capital of the nation. *Germany yields more intellectual produce than it can use and pay for.*

"This over-production, which is not transient, but permanent, nay, is constantly on the increase, evidences a diseased state of the national industry, a perverted application of industrial powers, and is a far more pungent satire on the national condition than all the poverty of operatives and peasants. . . . Other nations need not envy us the preponderance of the intellectual *proletariat* over the *proletaires* of manual labor. For man more easily becomes diseased from over-study than from the labor of the hands; and it is precisely in the intellectual *proletariat* that there are the most dangerous seeds of disease. This is the group in which the opposition between earnings and wants, between the ideal social position and the real, is the most hopelessly irreconcilable."

We must unwillingly leave our readers to make acquaintance for themselves with the graphic details with which Riehl follows up this general statement; but, before quitting these admirable volumes, let us say, lest our inevitable omissions should have left room for a different conclusion, that Riehl's conservatism is not in the least tinged with the partisanship of a class, with a poetic fanaticism for the past, or with the prejudice of a mind incapable of discerning the grander evolution of things to which all social forms are but temporarily subservient. It is the conservatism of a clear-eyed, practical, but withal large-minded man—a little caustic, perhaps, now and then in his epigrams on democratic *doctrinaires* who have their nostrum for all political and social diseases, and on communistic theories which he regards as "the despair of the individual in his own manhood, reduced to a system," but nevertheless able and willing to do justice to the elements of fact and reason in every shade of opinion and every form of effort. He is as far as possible from the folly of supposing that the sun will go backward on the dial because we put the hands of our clock backward; he only contends against the opposite folly of decreeing that it shall be mid-day, while in fact the sun is only just touching the mountain-tops, and all along the valley men are stumbling in the twilight.

THREE MONTHS IN WEIMAR.

It was between three and four o'clock, on a fine morning in August, that, after a ten hours' journey from Frankfort, I awoke at the Weimar station. No tipsiness can be more dead to all appeals than that which comes from fitful draughts of sleep on a railway journey by night. To the disgust of your wakeful companions, you are totally insensible to the existence of your umbrella, and to the fact that your carpet-bag is stowed under you seat, or that you have borrowed books and tucked them behind the cushion. "What's the odds, so long as one can sleep?" is your philosophic formula, and it is not until you have begun to shiver on the platform in the early morning air that you become alive to property and its duties—*i. e.*, to the necessity of keeping a fast grip upon it. Such was my condition when I reached the station at Weimar. The ride to the town thoroughly roused me, all the more because the glimpses I caught from the carriage window were in startling contrast with my preconceptions. The lines of houses looked rough and straggling, and were often interrupted by trees peeping out from the gardens behind. At last we stopped before the Erbprinze, an inn of long standing, in the heart of the town, and were ushered along heavy-looking in-and-out corridors, such as are found only in German inns, into rooms which overlooked a garden just like one you may see at the back of a farmhouse in many an English village.

A walk in the morning in search of lodgings confirmed the impression that Weimar was more like a market-town than the precinct of a court. "And this is the Athens of the North!" we said. Materially speaking, it is more like Sparta. The blending of rustic and civic life, the indications of a central government in the midst of very primitive-looking objects, has some distant analogy with the condition of old Lacedæmon. The shops are most of them such as you would see in the back streets of an English provincial town, and the commodities on sale are often chalked on the door-

posts. A loud rumbling of vehicles may indeed be heard now and then; but the rumbling is loud, not because the vehicles are many, but because the springs are few. The inhabitants seemed to us to have more than the usual heaviness of *Germanity*; even their stare was slow, like that of herbivorous quadrupeds. We set out with the intention of exploring the town, and at every other turn we came into a street which took us *out* of the town, or else into one that led us back to the market from which we set out. One's first feeling was, How could Goethe live here in this dull, lifeless village? The reproaches cast on him for his worldliness and attachment to court splendor seemed ludicrous enough, and it was inconceivable that the stately Jupiter, in a frock-coat, so familiar to us all through Rauch's statuette, could have habitually walked along these rude streets and among these slouching mortals. Not a picturesque bit of building was to be seen; there was no quaintness, nothing to remind one of historical associations, nothing but the most arid prosaism.

This was the impression produced by a first morning's walk in Weimar—an impression which very imperfectly represents what Weimar is, but which is worth recording, because it is true as a sort of back view. Our ideas were considerably modified when, in the evening, we found our way to the Belvedere chaussée, a splendid avenue of chestnut-trees, two miles in length, reaching from the town to the summer residence of Belvedere; when we saw the Schloss, and discovered the labyrinthine beauties of the park; indeed every day opened to us fresh charms in this quiet little valley and its environs. To any one who loves Nature in her gentle aspects, who delights in the chequered shade on a summer morning, and in a walk on the corn-clad upland at sunset, within sight of a little town nestled among the trees below, I say—come to Weimar. And if you are weary of English unrest, of that society of “eels in a jar,” where each is trying to get his head above the other, the somewhat stupid well-being of the Weimarians will not be an unwelcome contrast, for a short time at least. If you care nothing about Goethe and Schiller and Herder and Wieland, why, so much the worse for you—you will miss many interesting thoughts and associations; still, Weimar has a charm independent of these great names.

First among all its attractions is the Park, which would be remarkably beautiful even among English parks, and it has one advantage over all these—namely, that it is without a fence. It runs up to the houses, and far out into the corn-fields and meadows, as if it had a “sweet will” of its own, like a river or a lake, and had not been planned and planted by human will. Through it flows the Ilm, not a clear stream, it must be confessed, but, like all water, as Novalis says, “an eye to the landscape.” Before we came to Weimar we had had dreams of boating on the Ilm, and we were not a little amused at the difference between this vision of our own and the reality. A few water-fowl are the only navigators of the river, and even they seem to confine themselves to one spot, as if they were there purely in the interest of the picturesque. The real extent of the park is small, but the walks are so ingeniously arranged, and the trees are so luxuriant and various, that it takes weeks to learn the turnings and windings by heart, so as no longer to have the sense of novelty. In the warm weather our great delight was the walk which follows the course of the Ilm, and is over-arched by tall trees with patches of dark moss on their trunks, in rich contrast with the transparent green of the delicate leaves, through which the golden sunlight played, and chequered the walk before us. On one side of this walk the rocky ground rises to the height of twenty feet or more, and is clothed with mosses and rock-plants. On the other side there are, every now and then, openings, breaks in the continuity of shade, which show you a piece of meadow-land, with fine groups of trees; and at every such opening a seat is placed under the rock, where you may sit and chat away the sunny hours, or listen to those delicate sounds which one might fancy came from tiny bells worn on the garment of Silence to make us aware of her invisible presence. It is along this walk that you come upon a truncated column, with a serpent twined round it, devouring cakes, placed on the column as offerings, a bit of rude sculpture in stone. The inscription—*Genio loci*—enlightens the learned as to the significance of this symbol, but the people of Weimar, unedified by classical allusions, have explained the sculpture by a story which is an excellent example of a modern myth. Once on a time, say they, a huge serpent infested the park, and evaded all attempts to exterminate him, until at last a cunning baker made some

appetizing cakes which contained an effectual poison, and placed them in the serpent's reach, thus meriting a place with Hercules, Theseus, and other monster slayers. Weimar, in gratitude, erected this column as a memorial of the baker's feat and its own deliverance. A little farther on is the Borkenhaus, where Carl August used to play the hermit for days together, and from which he used to telegraph to Goethe in his Gartenhaus. Sometimes we took our shady walk in the *Stern*, the oldest part of the park plantations, on the opposite side of the river, lingering on our way to watch the crystal brook which hurries on, like a foolish young maiden, to wed itself with the muddy Ilm. The *Stern* (Star), a large circular opening among the trees, with walks radiating from it, has been thought of as the place for the projected statues of Goethe and Schiller. In Rauch's model for these statues the poets are draped in togas, Goethe, who was considerably the shorter of the two, resting his hand on Schiller's shoulder; but it has been wisely determined to represent them in their "habit as they lived;" so Rauch's design is rejected. Against classical idealizing in portrait sculpture, Weimar has already a sufficient warning in the colossal statue of Goethe, executed after Bettina's design, which the readers of the "Correspondence with a Child" may see engraved as a frontispiece to the second volume. This statue is locked up in an odd structure, standing in the park, and looking like a compromise between a church and a summer-house. (Weimar does *not* shine in its buildings!) How little real knowledge of Goethe must the mind have that could wish to see him represented as a naked Apollo, with a Psyche at his knee! The execution is as feeble as the sentiment is false; the Apollo Goethe is a caricature, and the Psyche is simply vulgar. The statue was executed under Bettina's encouragement, in the hope that it would be bought by the King of Prussia: but a breach having taken place between her and her royal friend, a purchaser was sought in the Grand Duke of Weimar, who, after transporting it at enormous expense from Italy, wisely shut it up where it is seen only by the curious.

As autumn advanced and the sunshine became precious, we preferred the broad walk on the higher grounds of the park, where the masses of trees are finely disposed, leaving wide spaces of meadow, which extend on one side to the

Belvedere allée with its avenue of chestnut-trees, and on the other to the little cliffs which I have already described as forming a wall by the walk along the Ilm. Exquisitely beautiful were the graceful forms of the plane-trees, thrown in golden relief on a background of dark pines. Here we used to turn and turn again in the autumn afternoons, at first bright and warm, then sombre with low-lying purple clouds, and chill with winds that sent the leaves raining from the branches. The eye here welcomes, as a contrast, the white *façade* of a building looking like a small Greek temple, placed on the edge of a cliff, and you at once conclude it to be a bit of pure ornament, a device to set off the landscape; but you presently see a porter seated near the door of the basement story, beguiling the ennui of his sinecure by a book and a pipe, and you learn with surprise that this is another retreat for ducal dignity to unbend and philosophize in. Singularly ill-adapted to such a purpose it seems to beings not ducal. On the other side of the Ilm the park is bordered by the road leading to the little village of Ober Weimar, another sunny walk, which has the special attraction of taking one by Goethe's Gartenhaus, his first residence at Weimar. Inside, this Gartenhaus is a homely sort of cottage, such as many an English nobleman's gardener lives in; no furniture is left in it, and the family wish to sell it. Outside, its aspect became to us like that of a dear friend, whose irregular features and rusty clothes have a peculiar charm. It stands, with its bit of garden and orchard, on a pleasant slope, fronting the west; before it the park stretches one of its meadowy openings to the trees which fringe the Ilm, and between this meadow and the garden hedge lies the said road to Ober Weimar. A grove of weeping birches sometimes tempted us to turn out of this road up to the fields at the top of the slope, on which not only the Gartenhaus, but several other modest villas are placed. From this little height one sees to advantage the plantations of the park in their autumnal coloring; the town, with its steep-roofed church, and castle clock-tower, painted a gay green; the bushy line of the Belvedere chaussée, and Belvedere itself peeping on an eminence from its nest of trees. Here, too, was the place for seeing a lovely sunset, such a sunset as September sometimes gives us, when the western horizon is like a rippled sea of gold, sending over the whole hemisphere

golden vapors, which, as they near the east, are subdued to a deep rose-color.

The Schloss is rather a stately, ducal-looking building, forming three sides of a quadrangle. Strangers are admitted to see a suite of rooms called the Dichter-Zimmer (Poet's Rooms), dedicated to Goethe, Schiller, and Wieland. The idea of these rooms is really a pretty one: in each of them there is a bust of the poet who is its presiding genius, and the walls of the Schiller and Goethe rooms are covered with frescoes representing scenes from their works. The Wieland room is much smaller than the other two, and serves as an antechamber to them; it is also decorated more sparingly, but the arabesques on the walls are very tastefully designed, and satisfy one better than the ambitious compositions from Goethe and Schiller.

A more interesting place to visitors is the library, which occupies a large building not far from the Schloss. The principal *Saal*, surrounded by a broad gallery, is ornamented with some very excellent busts and some very bad portraits. Of the busts, the most remarkable is that of Glück, by Houdon—a striking specimen of the *real* in art. The sculptor has given every scar made by the small-pox; he has left the nose as pug and insignificant, and the mouth as common, as Nature made them; but then he has done what, doubtless, Nature also did—he has spread over those coarsely cut features the irradiation of genius. A specimen of the opposite style in art is Trippel's bust of Goethe as the young Apollo, also fine in its way. It was taken when Goethe was in Italy; and in the "*Italiänische Reise*," mentioning the progress of the bust, he says that he sees little likeness to himself, but is not discontented that he should go forth to the world as such a good-looking fellow—*hübscher Bursch*. This bust, however, is a frank idealization; when an artist tells us that the ideal of a Greek god divides his attention with his immediate subject, we are warned. But one gets rather irritated with idealization in portraiture when, as in Dannecker's bust of Schiller, one has been misled into supposing that Schiller's brow was square and massive, while, in fact, it was receding. We say this partly on the evidence of his skull, a cast of which is kept in the library, so that we could place it in juxtaposition with the bust. The story of this skull is curious. When it was determined to disinter Schiller's remains.

that they might repose in company with those of Carl August and Goethe, the question of identification was found to be a difficult one, for his bones were mingled with those of ten insignificant fellow-mortals. When, however, the eleven skulls were placed in juxtaposition, a large number of persons who had known Schiller, separately and successively fixed upon the same skull as his, and their evidence was clinched by the discovery that the teeth of this skull corresponded to the statement of Schiller's servant, that his master had lost no teeth, except one, which he specified. Accordingly it was decided that this was Schiller's skull, and the comparative anatomist Loder was sent for from Jena to select the bones which completed the skeleton.* The evidence certainly leaves room for a doubt; but the receding forehead of the skull agrees with the testimony of persons who knew Schiller, that he had, as Rauch said to us, a "miserable forehead;" it agrees, also, with a beautiful miniature of Schiller, taken when he was about twenty. This miniature is deeply interesting; it shows us a youth whose clearly cut features, with the mingled fire and melancholy of their expression, could hardly have been passed with indifference; it has the *langer Gänsehals* (long goose-neck) which he gives to his Karl Moor: but instead of the black, sparkling eyes, and the gloomy, overhanging, bushy eyebrows he chose for his robber hero, it has the fine, wavy, auburn locks, and the light-blue eyes which belong to our idea of pure German race. We may be satisfied that we know at least the *form* of Schiller's features, for in this particular his bust and portraits are in striking accordance; unlike the busts and portraits of Goethe, which are a proof, if any were wanted, how inevitably subjective art is, even when it professes to be purely imitative—how the most active perception gives us rather a reflex of what we think and feel, than the real sun of objects before us. The Goethe of Rauch or of Schwanthaler is widely different in form, as well as expression, from the Goethe of Stieler; and Winterberger, the actor, who knew Goethe intimately, told us that to him not one of all the likenesses, sculptured or painted, seemed to have more than

* I tell this story from my recollection of Stahr's account in his "Weimar und Jena," an account which was confirmed to me by residents in Weimar; but as I have not the book by me, I cannot test the accuracy of my memory

a faint resemblance to their original. There is, indeed, one likeness, taken in his old age, and preserved in the library, which is startling from the conviction it produces of close resemblance, and Winterberger admitted it to be the best he had seen. It is a tiny miniature painted on a small cup of Dresden china, and is so wonderfully executed that a magnifying-glass exhibits the perfection of its texture as if it were a flower or a butterfly's wing. It is more like Stieler's portrait than any other; the massive neck, unbent though withered, rises out of his dressing-gown, and supports majestically a head from which one might imagine (though, alas! it never is so in reality) that the discipline of seventy years had purged away all meaner elements than those of the sage and the poet—a head which might serve as a type of sublime old age. Among the collection of toys and trash, melancholy records of the late Grand Duke's eccentricity, which occupy the upper rooms of the library, there are some precious relics hanging together in a glass case, which almost betray one into sympathy with "holy coat" worship. They are—Luther's gown, the coat in which Gustavus Adolphus was shot, and Goethe's court coat and *Schlafröck*. What a rush of thoughts from the mingled memories of the passionate reformer, the heroic warrior, and the wise singer!

The only one of its great men to whom Weimar has at present erected a statue in the open air is Herder. His statue, erected in 1850, stands in what is called the Herder Platz, with its back to the church in which he preached; in the right hand is a roll bearing his favorite motto—*Licht, Liebe, Leben* (Light, Love, Life), and on the pedestal is the inscription—*Von Deutschen aller Länder* (from Germans of all lands). This statue, which is by Schaller of Munich, is very much admired; but, remembering the immortal description in the "Dichtung and Wahrheit," of Herder's appearance when Goethe saw him for the first time at Strasburg, I was disappointed with the parsonic appearance of the statue, as well as of the bust in the library. The part of the town which imprints itself on the memory, next to the Herder Platz, is the Markt, a cheerful square, made smart by a new Rath-haus. Twice a week it is crowded with stalls and country people; and it is the very pretty custom for the band to play in the balcony of the Rath-haus about twenty minutes every market-day to delight the ears of the peasantry.

A head-dress worn by many of the old women, and here and there by a young one, is, I think, peculiar to Thuringia. Let the fair reader imagine half a dozen of her broadest French sashes dyed black, and attached as streamers to the back of a stiff, black skull-cap, ornamented in front with a large bow, which stands out like a pair of donkey's ears; let her further imagine, mingled with the streamers of ribbon, equally broad pendants of a thick woollen texture, something like the fringe of an urn rug, and she will have an idea of the head-dress in which I have seen a Thuringian damsel figure on a hot summer's day. Two houses in the Markt are pointed out as those from which Tetzels published his indulgences and Luther thundered against them; but it is difficult to one's imagination to conjure up scenes of theological controversy in Weimar, where, from princes down to pastry-cooks, rationalism is taken as a matter of course.

Passing along the Schiller-strasse, a broad, pleasant street, one is thrilled by the inscription, *Hier wohnte Schiller*, over the door of a small house with casts in its bow-window. Mount up to the second story and you will see Schiller's study very nearly as it was when he worked in it. It is a cheerful room with three windows, two towards the street, and one looking on a little garden which divides his house from the neighboring one. The writing table, which he notes as an important purchase in one of his letters to Körner, and in one of the drawers of which he used to keep rotten apples for the sake of their scent, stands near the last-named window, so that its light would fall on his left hand. On another side of the room is his piano, with his guitar lying upon it; and above these hangs an ugly print of an Italian scene, which has a companion equally ugly on another wall. Strange feelings it awakened in me to run my fingers over the keys of the little piano and call forth its tones, now so queer and feeble, like those of an invalided old woman, whose voice could once make a heart beat with fond passion or soothe its angry pulses into calm. The bedstead on which Schiller died has been removed into the study from the small bedroom behind, which is now empty. A little table is placed close to the head of the bed, with his drinking-glass upon it, and on the wall above the bedstead there is a beautiful sketch of him lying dead. He used to occupy the whole of the second floor. It contains, besides the study

and bedroom, an antechamber, now furnished with casts and prints on sale, in order to remunerate the custodiers of the house, and a *salon* tricked out, since his death, with a symbolical cornice, statues, and a carpet worked by the ladies of Weimar.

Goethe's house is much more important-looking, but, to English eyes, far from being the palatial residence which might be expected, from the description of German writers. The entrance-hall is indeed rather imposing, with its statues in niches, and its broad staircase, but the rest of the house is not proportionately spacious and elegant. The only part of the house open to the public—and this only on a Friday—is the principal suite of rooms which contain his collection of casts, pictures, cameos, etc. This collection is utterly insignificant, except as having belonged to him; and one turns away from bad pictures and familiar casts, to linger over the manuscript of the wonderful "*Römische Elegein*," written by himself in the Italian character. It is to be regretted that a large sum offered for this house by the German Diet was refused by the Goethe family, in the hope, it is said, of obtaining a still larger sum from that mythical English Cræsus always ready to turn fabulous sums into dead capital, who haunts the imagination of Continental people. One of the most fitting tributes a nation can pay to its great dead is to make their habitation, like their works, a public possession, a shrine where affectionate reverence may be more vividly reminded that the being who has bequeathed to us immortal thoughts or immortal deeds, had to endure the daily struggle with the petty details, perhaps with the sordid cares of this working-day world; and it is a sad pity that Goethe's study, bedroom, and library, so fitted to call up that kind of sympathy, because they are preserved just as he left them, should be shut out from all but the specially privileged. We were happy enough to be among these, to look through the mist of rising tears at the dull study with its two small windows, and without a single object chosen for the sake of luxury or beauty; at the dark little bedroom with the bed on which he died, and the arm-chair where he took his morning coffee as he read; at the library with its common deal shelves, and books containing his own paper-marks. In the presence of this hardy simplicity, the contrast suggests itself of the study at Abbotsford, with its elegant

Gothic fittings, its delicious easy-chair, and its oratory of painted glass.

We were very much amused at the privacy with which people keep their shops at Weimar. Some of them have not so much as their names written up; and there is so much indifference of manner towards customers that one might suppose every shopkeeper was a salaried functionary employed by government. The distribution of commodities, too, is carried on according to a peculiar Weimarian logic; we bought our lemons at a ropemaker's, and should not have felt ourselves very unreasonable if we had asked for shoes at a stationer's. As to competition, I should think a clever tradesman or artificer is almost as free from it at Weimar as Æsculapius or Vulcan in the days of old Olympus. Here is an illustration. Our landlady's husband was called the "*süsser* Rabenhorst," by way of distinguishing him from a brother of his who was the reverse of sweet. This Rabenhorst who was not sweet, but who nevertheless dealt in sweets, for he was a confectioner, was so utter a rogue that any transaction with him was avoided almost as much as if he had been the Evil One himself, yet so clever a rogue that he always managed to keep on the windy side of the law. Nevertheless, he had so many dainties in the confectionery line—*so viel Süssigkeiten und Leckerbissen*—that people bent on giving a fine entertainment were at last constrained to say, "After all, I must go to Rabenhorst;" and so he got abundant custom, in spite of general detestation.

A very fair dinner is to be had at several *tables d'hôte* in Weimar for ten or twelve groschen (a shilling or fifteen pence). The Germans certainly excel us in their *Mehlspeise*, or farinaceous puddings, and in their mode of cooking vegetables: they are bolder and more imaginative in their combination of sauces, fruits, and vegetables with animal food, and they are faithful to at last one principle of dietetics—variety. The only thing at table we have any pretext for being supercilious about is the quality and dressing of animal food. The meat at a *table d'hôte* in Thuringia, and even Berlin, except in the very first hotels, bears about the same relation to ours as horse-flesh probably bears to German beef and mutton; and an Englishman with a bandage over his eyes would often be sorely puzzled to guess the kind of flesh he was eating. For example, the only flavor we could ever discern in hare, which

is a very frequent dish, was that of the more or less disagreeable fat which predominated in the dressing; and roast meat seems to be considered an extravagance rarely admissible. A melancholy sight is a flock of Weimarian sheep, followed or led by their shepherd. They are as dingy as London sheep, and far more skinny; indeed, an Englishman who dined with us said the sight of the sheep had set him against mutton. Still, the variety of dishes you get for ten groschen is something marvellous to those who have been accustomed to English charges, and among the six courses it is not a great evil to find a dish or two the reverse of appetizing. I suppose, however, that the living at *tables d'hôte* gives one no correct idea of the mode in which the people live at home. The basis of the national food seems to be raw ham and sausage, with a copious superstratum of *Blaukrant*, *Sauerkraut*, and black bread. Sausage seems to be to the German what potatoes were to the Irish—the *sine quâ non* of bodily sustenance. Goethe asks the Frau von Stein to send him *so eine Wurst* when he wants to have a make-shift dinner away from home; and in his letters to Kestner he is enthusiastic about the delights of dining on *Blaukraut* and *Leberwurst* (blue cabbage and liver sausage). If *Kraut* and *Wurst* may be called the solid prose of Thuringian diet, fish and *Kuchen* (generally a heavy kind of fruit tart) are the poetry: the German appetite disports itself with these as the English appetite does with ices and whipped creams.

At the beginning of August, when we arrived in Weimar, almost every one was away—"at the Baths," of course—except the tradespeople. As birds nidify in the spring, so Germans wash themselves in the summer; their *Waschungstrieb* acts strongly only at a particular time of the year; during all the rest, apparently, a decanter and a sugar-basin or pie-dish are an ample toilet-service for them. We were quite contented, however, that it was not yet the Weimar "season," fashionably speaking, since it was the very best time for enjoying something far better than Weimar gayeties—the lovely park and environs. It was pleasant, too, to see the good bovine citizens enjoying life in their quiet fashion. Unlike our English people, they take pleasure into their calculations, and seem regularly to set aside part of their time for recreation. It is understood that something is to be done in life besides business and house-wifery; the women

take their children and their knitting to the *Erholung*, or walk with their husbands to Belvedere, or in some other direction where a cup of coffee is to be had. The *Erholung*, by the way, is a pretty garden, with shady walks, abundant seats, and orchestra, a ball-room, and a place for refreshments. The higher classes are subscribers and visitors here as well as the *bourgeoisie*; but there are several resorts of a similar kind frequented by the latter exclusively. The reader of Goethe will remember his little poem, "Die Lustigen von Weimar," which still indicates the round of amusements in this simple capital: the walk to Belvedere or Tiefurt; the excursion to Jena, or some other trip, not made expensive by distance; the round game at cards; the dance; the theatre; and so many other enjoyments to be had by a people not bound to give dinner-parties and "keep up a position."

It is charming to see how real an amusement the theatre is to the Weimar people. The greater number of places are occupied by subscribers, and there is no fuss about toilet or escort. The ladies come alone, and slip quietly into their places without need of "protection"—a proof of civilization perhaps more than equivalent to our pre-eminence in patent locks and carriage springs; and after the performance is over you may see the same ladies following their servants, with lanterns, through streets innocent of gas, in which an oil-lamp, suspended from a rope slung across from house to house, occasionally reveals to you the shafts of a cart or omnibus, conveniently placed for you to run upon them.

A yearly autumn festival at Weimar is the *Vogelschiessen* or Bird-shooting; but the reader must not let his imagination wander at this word into fields and brakes. The bird here concerned is of wood, and the shooters, instead of wandering over breezy down and common, are shut up, day after day, in a room clouded with tobacco-smoke, that they may take their turn at shooting with the rifle from the window of a closet about the size of a sentinel's box. However, this is a mighty enjoyment to the Thuringian yeomanry, and an occasion of profit to our friend Punch, and other itinerant performers; for while the *Vogelschiessen* lasts, a sort of fair is held in the field where the marksmen assemble.

Among the quieter every-day pleasures of the Weimarians, perhaps the most delightful is the stroll on a bright afternoon

or evening to the Duke's summer residence of *Belvedere*, about two miles from Weimar. As I have said, a glorious avenue of chestnut trees leads all the way from the town to the entrance of the grounds, which are open to all the world as much as to the Duke himself. Close to the palace and its subsidiary buildings there is an inn, for the accommodation of the good people who come to take dinner or any other meal here, by way of holiday-making. A sort of pavilion stands on a spot commanding a lovely view of Weimar and its valley, and here the Weimarians constantly come on summer and autumn evenings to smoke a cigar or drink a cup of coffee. In one wing of the little palace, which is made smart by wooden cupolas, with gilt pinnacles, there is a saloon, which I recommend to the imitation of tasteful people in their country-houses. It has no decoration but that of natural foliage: ivy is trained at regular intervals up the pure white walls, and all round the edge of the ceiling, so as to form pilasters and a cornice; ivy again, trained on trellis-work, forms a blind to the window, which looks towards the entrance-courts; and beautiful ferns, arranged in tall baskets, are placed here and there against the walls. The furniture is of light cane-work. Another pretty thing here is the *Natur-Theater*—a theatre constructed with living trees, trimmed into walls and side scenes. We pleased ourselves for a little while with thinking that this was one of the places where Goethe acted in his own dramas, but we afterwards learned that it was not made until his acting days were over. The inexhaustible charm of *Belvedere*, however, is the grounds, which are laid out with a taste worthy of a first-rate landscape-gardener. The tall and graceful limes, plane-trees, and weeping birches, the little basins of water here and there, with fountains playing in the middle of them, and with a fringe of broad-leaved plants, or other tasteful bordering round them, the gradual descent towards the river, and the hill clothed with firs and pines on the opposite side, forming a fine dark background for the various and light foliage of the trees that ornament the gardens—all this we went again and again to enjoy, from the time when everything was of a vivid green until the Virginian creepers which festooned the silver stems of the birches were bright scarlet, and the touch of autumn had turned all the green to gold. One of the spots to linger in is at a semicircular seat against an artificial rock, on which

are placed large glass globes of different colors. It is wonderful to see with what minute perfection the scenery around is painted in these globes. Each is like a pre-Raphaelite picture, with every little detail of gravelly walk, mossy bank, and delicately-leaved, interlacing boughs presented in accurate miniature.

In the opposite direction to Belvedere lies Tiefurt, with its small park and tiny chateau, formerly the residence of the Duchess Amalia, the mother of Carl August, and the friend and patroness of Wieland, but now apparently serving as little else than a receptacle for the late Duke Carl Friedrich's rather childish collections. In the second story there is a suite of rooms, so small that the largest of them does not take up as much space as a good dining-table, and each of these doll-house rooms is crowded with prints, old china, and all sorts of knick-knacks and *rococo* wares. The park is a little paradise. The Ilm is seen here to the best advantage: it is clearer than at Weimar, and winds about gracefully between the banks, on one side steep, and curtained with turf and shrubs, or fine trees. It was here, at a point where the bank forms a promontory into the river, that Goethe and his court friends got up the performance of an operetta, "Die Fischerin," by torchlight. On the way to Tiefurt lies the Webicht, a beautiful wood, through which run excellent carriage-roads and grassy foot-paths. It was a rich enjoyment to skirt this wood along the Jena road, and see the sky arching grandly down over the open fields on the other side of us, the evening red flushing the west over the town, and the stars coming out as if to relieve the sun in its watch; or to take the winding road through the wood, under its tall, over-arching trees, now bending their mossy trunks forward now standing with the stately erectness of lofty pillars; or to saunter along the grassy foot-paths, where the sunlight streamed through the fairy-like foliage of the silvery barked birches.

Stout pedestrains who go to Wiemar will do well to make a walking excursion, as we did, to Ettersburg, a more distant summer residence of the Grand Duke, interesting to us beforehand as the scene of private theatricals and *sprees* in the Goethe days. We set out on one of the brightest and hottest mornings that August ever bestowed, and it required some resolution to trudge along the shadeless *chaussée*, which formed the first two or three miles of our way. One

compensating pleasure was the sight of the beautiful mountain-ash trees in full berry, which alternately with cherry-trees, border the road for a considerable distance. At last we rested from our broiling walk on the borders of a glorious pine-wood, so extensive that the trees in the distance form a complete wall with their trunks, and so give one a twilight very welcome on a summer's noon. Under these pines you tread on a carpet of the softest moss, so that you hear no sound of a footstep, and all is as solemn and still as in the crypt of a cathedral. Presently we passed out of the pine-wood into one of limes, beeches, and other trees of transparent and light foliage, and from this again we emerged into the open space of the Ettersburg Park in front of the Schloss, which is finely placed on an eminence commanding a magnificent view of the far-reaching woods. Prince Pückler Muskau has been of service here by recommending openings to be made in the woods, in the taste of the English parks. The Schloss, which is a favorite residence of the Grand Duke, is a house of very moderate size, and no pretension of any kind. Its stuccoed walls, and doors long unacquainted with fresh paint, would look distressingly shabby to the owner of a villa at Richmond or Twickenham; but much beauty is procured here at slight expense, by the tasteful disposition of creepers on the balustrades, and pretty vases full of plants ranged along the steps, or suspended in the little piazza beneath them. A walk through a beech-wood took us to the *Mooshitte*, in front of which stands the famous beech from whence Goethe denounced Jacobi's "Woldemar." The bark is covered with initials cut by him and his friends.

People who only allow themselves to be idle under the pretext of hydropathizing, may find all the apparatus necessary to satisfy their conscience at Bercka, a village seated in a lovely valley about six miles from Weimar. Now and then a Weimar family takes lodgings here for the summer, retiring from the quiet of the capital to the deeper quiet of Bercka; but generally the place seems not much frequented. It would be difficult to imagine a more peace-inspiring scene than this little valley. The hanging wood; the soft coloring and graceful outline of the uplands; the village, with its roofs and spire of a reddish-violet hue, muffled in luxuriant trees; the white Kurhaus glittering on a grassy slope; the avenue of poplars contrasting its pretty primness with the wild, bushy outline of the wood-covered hill, which rises abruptly

from the smooth, green meadows; the clear, winding stream, now sparkling in the sun, now hiding itself under soft gray willows—all this makes an enchanting picture. The walk to Bercka and back was a favorite expedition with us and a few Weimar friends, for the road thither is a pleasant one, leading at first through open, cultivated fields, dotted here and there with villages, and then through wooded hills—the outskirts of the Thuringian Forest. We used not to despise the fine plums which hung in tempting abundance by the roadside; but we afterwards found that we had been deceived in supposing ourselves free to pluck them, as if it were the golden age, and that we were liable to a penalty of ten groschen for our depredations.

But I must not allow myself to be exhaustive on pleasures which seem monotonous when told, though in enjoying them one is as far from wishing them to be more various as from wishing for any change in the sweet sameness of successive summer days. I will only advise the reader who has yet to make excursions in Thuringia to visit Jena, less for its traditions than for its fine scenery, which makes it, as Goethe says, a delicious place, in spite of its dull, ugly street; and exhort him, above all, to brave the discomforts of a *Postwagen* for the sake of getting to Ilmenau. Here he will find the grandest pine-clad hills, with endless walks under their solemn shades; beech-woods where every tree is a picture; an air that he will breathe with as conscious a pleasure as if he were taking iced water on a hot day; baths *ad libitum*, with a *douche* lofty and tremendous enough to invigorate the giant Cormoran; and, more than all, one of the most interesting relics of Goethe, who had a great love for Ilmenau. This is the small wooden house, on the height called the Kickelhahn, where he often lived in his long retirements here, and where you may see written by his own hand, near the window-frame, those wonderful lines—perhaps the finest expression yet given to the sense of resignation inspired by the sublime calm of Nature—

“ Ueber allen Gipfeln
Ist Ruh,
In allen Wipfeln
Spürest du
Kaum einen Hauch;
Die Vögelein schweigen im Walde
Warte nur, balde
Ruhest du auch.”

ADDRESS TO WORKING MEN BY FELIX HOLT

FELLOW-WORKMEN, I am not going to take up your time by complimenting you. It has been the fashion to compliment kings and other authorities when they have come into power, and to tell them that, under their wise and beneficent rule, happiness would certainly overflow the land. But the end has not always corresponded to that beginning. If it were true that we who work for wages had more of the wisdom and virtue necessary to the right use of power than has been shown by the aristocratic and mercantile classes, we should not glory much in that fact, or consider that it carried with it any near approach to infallibility.

In my opinion, there has been too much complimenting of that sort; and whenever a speaker, whether he is one of ourselves or not, wastes our time in boasting or flattery, I say, let us hiss him. If we have the beginning of wisdom, which is, to know a little truth about ourselves, we know that as a body we are neither very wise nor very virtuous. And to prove this, I will not point especially to our own habits and doings, but to the general state of the country. Any nation that had within it a majority of men—and we are the majority—possessed of much wisdom and virtue, would not tolerate the bad practices, the commercial lying and swindling, the poisonous adulteration of goods, the retail cheating and the political bribery, which are carried on boldly in the midst of us. A majority has the power of creating a public opinion. We could groan and hiss before we had the franchise: if we had groaned and hissed in the right place, if we had discerned better between good and evil, if the multitude of us artisans, and factory hands, and miners, and laborers of all sorts, had been skilful, faithful, well-judging, industrious, sober—and I don't see how there can be wisdom and virtue, anywhere without those qualities—we should have made an audience that would have shamed the other classes out of their share in the national vices. We should have had better members of Parliament, better religious teachers, hon-

ester tradesmen, fewer foolish demagogues, less impudence in infamous and brutal men; and we should not have had among us the abomination of men calling themselves religious while living in splendor on ill-gotten gains. I say, it is not possible for any society in which there is a very large body of wise and virtuous men to be as vicious as our society is—to have as low a standard of right and wrong, to have so much belief in falsehood, or to have so degrading, barbarous a notion of what pleasure is, or of what justly raises a man above his fellows. Therefore, let us have done with this nonsense about our being much better than the rest of our countrymen, or the pretence that that was a reason why we ought to have such an extension of the franchise as has been given to us. The reason for our having the franchise, as I want presently to show, lies somewhere else than in our personal good qualities, and does not in the least lie in any high betting chance that a delegate is a better man than a duke, or that a Sheffield grinder is a better man than any one of the firm he works for.

However, we have got our franchise now. We have been sarcastically called in the House of Commons the future masters of the country; and if that sarcasm contains any truth, it seems to me that the first thing we had better think of is, our heavy responsibility; that is to say, the terrible risk we run of working mischief and missing good, as others have done before us. Suppose certain men, discontented with the irrigation of a country which depended for all its prosperity on the right direction being given to the waters of a great river, had got the management of the irrigation before they were quite sure how exactly it could be altered for the better, or whether they could command the necessary agency for such an alteration. Those men would have a difficult and dangerous business on their hands; and the more sense, feeling, and knowledge they had, the more they would be likely to tremble rather than to triumph. Our situation is not altogether unlike theirs. For general prosperity and well-being is a vast crop, that like the corn in Egypt can be come at, not at all by hurried snatching, but only by a well-judged, patient process; and whether our political power will be any good to us now we have got it, must depend entirely on the means and materials—the knowledge, ability, and honesty—we have at command. These three things are the only con-

ditions on which we can get any lasting benefit, as every clever workman among us knows: he knows that for an article to be worth much there must be a good invention or plan to go upon, there must be well-prepared material, and there must be skilful and honest work in carrying out the plan. And by this test we may try those who want to be our leaders. Have they anything to offer us besides indignant talk? When they tell us we ought to have this, that, or the other thing, can they explain to us any reasonable, fair, safe way of getting it? Can they argue in favor of a particular change by showing us pretty closely how the change is likely to work? I don't want to decry a just indignation; on the contrary, I should like it to be more thorough and general. A wise man, more than two thousand years ago, when he was asked what would most tend to lessen injustice in the world, said, "That every bystander should feel as indignant at a wrong as if he himself were the sufferer." Let us cherish such indignation. But the long-growing evils of a great nation are a tangled business, asking for a good deal more than indignation in order to be got rid of. Indignation is a fine war-horse, but the war-horse must be ridden by a man: it must be ridden by rationality, skill, courage, armed with the right weapons, and taking definite aim.

We have reason to be discontented with many things, and, looking back either through the history of England to much earlier generations, or to the legislation and administration of later times, we are justified in saying that many of the evils under which our country now suffers are the consequences of folly, ignorance, neglect, or self-seeking in those who, at different times, have wielded the powers of rank, office and money. But the more bitterly we feel this, the more loudly we utter it, the stronger is the obligation we lay on ourselves to beware lest we also, by a too hasty wresting of measures which seem to promise an immediate partial relief, make a worse time of it for our own generation, and leave a bad inheritance to our children. The deepest curse of wrong-doing, whether of the foolish or wicked sort, is that its effects are difficult to be undone. I suppose there is hardly anything more to be shuddered at than that part of the history of disease which shows how, when a man injures his constitution by a life of vicious excess, his children and grandchildren inherit diseased bodies and minds,

and how the effects of that unhappy inheritance continue to spread beyond our calculation. This is only one example of the law by which human lives are linked together: another example of what we complain of when we point to our pauperism, to the brutal ignorance of multitudes among our fellow-countrymen, to the weight of taxation laid on us by blamable wars, to the wasteful channels made for the public money, to the expense and trouble of getting justice, and call these the effects of bad rule. This is the law that we all bear the yoke of, the law of no man's making, and which no man can undo. Everybody now sees an example of it in the case of Ireland. We who are living now are sufferers by the wrong-doing of those who lived before us; we are sufferers by each other's wrong-doing; and the children who come after us are and will be sufferers from the same causes. Will any man say he doesn't care for that law—it is nothing to him—what he wants is to better himself? With what face, then, will he complain of any injury? If he says that in politics or in any sort of social action he will not care to know what are likely to be the consequences to others besides himself, he is defending the very worst doings that have brought about his discontent. He might as well say that there is no better rule needful for men than that each should tug and rive for what will please him, without caring how that tugging will act on the fine, widespread network of society in which he is fast meshed. If any man taught that as a doctrine, we should know him for a fool. But there are men who act upon it: every scoundrel, for example, whether he is a rich religious scoundrel who lies and cheats on a large scale, and will perhaps come and ask you to send him to Parliament, or a poor pocket-picking scoundrel, who will steal your loose pence while you are listening round the platform. None of us are so ignorant as not to know that a society, a nation, is held together by just the opposite doctrine and action—by the dependence of men on each other and the sense they have of a common interest in preventing injury. And we working men are, I think, of all classes the last that can afford to forget this; for if we did we should be much like sailors cutting away the timbers of our own ship to warm our grog with. For what else is the meaning of our Trades-unions? What else is the meaning of every flag we carry, every procession we make, every

crowd we collect for the sake of making some protest on behalf of our body as receivers of wages, if not this; that it is **our** interest to stand by each other, and that this being the common interest, no one of us will try to make a good bargain for himself without considering what will be good for his fellows? And every member of a union believes that the wider he can spread his union, the stronger and surer will be the effect of it. So I think I shall be borne out in saying that a working man who can put two and two together, or take three from four and see what will be the remainder, can understand that a society, to be well off, must be made up chiefly of men who consider the general good as well as their own.

Well, but taking the world as it is—and this is one way we must take it when we want to find out how it can be improved—no society is made up of a single class: society stands before us like that wonderful piece of life, the human body, with all its various parts depending on one another, and with a terrible liability to get wrong because of that delicate dependence. We all know how many diseases the human body is apt to suffer from, and how difficult it is even for the doctors to find out exactly where the seat or beginning of the disorder is. That is because the body is made up of so many various parts, all related to each other, or likely all to feel the effect if any one of them goes wrong. It is somewhat the same with our old nations or societies. No society ever stood long in the world without getting to be composed of different classes. Now, it is all pretence to say that there is no such thing as Class Interest. It is clear that if any particular number of men get a particular benefit from any existing institution, they are likely to band together, in order to keep up that benefit and increase it, until it is perceived to be unfair and injurious to another large number, who get knowledge and strength enough to set up a resistance; and this, again, has been part of the history of every great society since history began. But the simple reason for this being, that any large body of men is likely to have more of stupidity, narrowness, and greed than of farsightedness and generosity, it is plain that the number who resist unfairness and injury are in danger of becoming injurious in their turn. And in this way a justifiable resistance has become a damaging convulsion, making everything worse

instead of better. This has been seen so often that we ought to profit a little by the experience. So long as there is selfishness in men; so long as they have not found out for themselves institutions which express and carry into practice the truth that the highest interest of mankind must at last be a common and not a divided interest; so long as the gradual operation of steady causes has not made that truth a part of every man's knowledge and feeling, just as we now not only know that it is good for our health to be cleanly, but feel that cleanliness is only another word for comfort, which is the under-side or lining of all pleasure; so long, I say, as men wink at their own knowingness, or hold their heads high, because they have got an advantage over their fellows, so long Class Interest will be in danger of making itself felt injuriously. No set of men will get any sort of power without being in danger of wanting more than their right share. But, on the other hand, it is just as certain that no set of men will get angry at having less than their right share, and set up a claim on that ground, without falling into just the same danger of exacting too much, and exacting it in wrong ways. It's human nature we have got to work with all around, and nothing else. That seems like saying something very commonplace—nay, obvious; as if one should say that where there are hands there are mouths. Yet, to hear a good deal of the speechifying and to see a good deal of the action that goes forward, one might suppose it was forgotten.

But I come back to this: that in our old society, there are old institutions, and among the various distinctions and inherited advantages of classes, which have shaped themselves along with all the wonderful slow-growing system of things made up of our laws, our commerce, and our stores of all sorts, whether in material objects, such as buildings and machinery, or in knowledge, such as scientific thought and professional skill. Just as in that case I spoke of before, the irrigation of a country, which must absolutely have its water distributed or it will bear no crop; there are the old channels, the old banks, and the old pumps, which must be used as they are until new and better have been prepared, or the structure of the old has been gradually altered. But it would be fool's work to batter down a pump only because a better might be made, when you had no machinery ready

for a new one: it would be wicked work, if villages lost their crops by it. Now, the only safe way by which society can be steadily improved and our worst evils reduced, is not by any attempt to do away directly with the actually existing class distinctions and advantages, as if everybody could have the same sort of work, or lead the same sort of life (which none of my hearers are stupid enough to suppose), but by the turning of Class Interests into Class Functions or duties. What I mean is, that each class should be urged by the surrounding conditions to perform its particular work under the strong pressure of responsibility to the nation at large; that our public affairs should be got into a state in which there should be no impunity for foolish or faithless conduct. In this way, the public judgment would sift out incapability and dishonesty from posts of high charge, and even personal ambition would necessarily become of a worthier sort, since the desires of the most selfish men must be a good deal shaped by the opinions of those around them; and for one person to put on a cap and bells, or to go about dishonest or paltry ways of getting rich that he may spend a vast sum of money in having more finery than his neighbors, he must be pretty sure of a crowd that will applaud him. Now, changes can only be good in proportion as they help to bring about this sort of result: in proportion as they put knowledge in the place of ignorance, and fellow-feeling in the place of selfishness. In the course of that substitution, class distinctions must inevitably change their character, and represent the varying Duties of men, not their varying Interests. But this end will not come by impatience. "Day will not break the sooner because we get up before the twilight." Still less will it come by mere undoing, or change merely as change. And, moreover, if we believe that it would be unconditionally hastened by our getting the franchise; we should be what I call superstitious men, believing in magic, or the production of a result by hocus-pocus. Our getting the franchise will greatly hasten that good end in proportion only as every one of us has the knowledge, the foresight, the conscience, that will make him well-judging and scrupulous in the use of it. The nature of things in this world has been determined for us beforehand, and in such a way that no ship can be expected to sail well on a difficult voyage, and reach the right port, unless it is well manned:

the nature of the winds and the waves, of the timbers, the sails and the cordage, will not accommodate itself to drunken, mutinous sailors.

You will not suspect me of wanting to preach any cant to you, or of joining in the pretence that everything is in a fine way, and need not be made better. What I am striving to keep in our minds is the care, the precaution, with which we should go about making things better, so that the public order may not be destroyed, so that no fatal shock may be given to this society of ours, this living body in which our lives are bound up. After the reform bill of 1832 I was in an election riot, which showed me clearly, on a small scale, what public disorder must always be; and I have never forgotten that the riot was brought about chiefly by the agency of dishonest men who professed to be on the people's side. Now, the danger hanging over change is great, just in proportion as it tends to produce such disorder by giving any large number of ignorant men, whose notions of what is good are of a low and brutal sort, the belief that they have got power into their hands, and may do pretty much as they like. If any one can look round us and say that he sees no signs of any such danger now, and that our national condition is running along like a clear, broadening stream, safe not to get choked with mud, I call him a cheerful man; perhaps he does his own gardening, and seldom takes exercise far away from home. To us who have no gardens, and often walk abroad, it is plain that we can never get into a bit of a crowd but we must rub clothes with a set of Roughts, who have the worst vices of the worst rich—who are gamblers, sots, libertines, knaves, or else mere sensual simpletons and victims. They are the ugly crop that has sprung up while the stewards have been sleeping; they are the multiplying brood begotten by parents who have been left without all teaching save that of a too craving body, without all well-being save the fading delusions of drugged beer and gin. They are the hideous margin of society, at one edge drawing towards it the undesigning, ignorant poor, at the other darkening imperceptibly into the lowest criminal class. Here is one of the evils which cannot be got rid of quickly, and against which any of us who have got sense, decency, and instruction have need to watch. That these degraded fellow-men could really get the mastery in a persistent disobe-

dience to the laws and in a struggle to subvert order, I do not believe; but wretched calamities would come from the very beginning of such a struggle, and the continuance of it would be a civil war, in which the inspiration on both sides might soon cease to be even a false notion of good, and might become the direct savage impulse of ferocity. We have all to see to it that we do not help to rouse what I may call the savage beast in the breast of our generation—that we do not help to poison the nation's blood, and make richer provision for bestiality to come. We know well enough that oppressors have sinned this way—that oppression has notoriously made men mad; and we are determined to resist oppression. But let us, if possible, show that we can keep sane in our resistance, and shape our means more and more reasonably towards the least harmful, and, therefore, the speediest, attainment of our end. Let us, I say, show that our spirits are too strong to be driven mad, but can keep that sober determination which alone gives mastery over the adaptation of means. And a first guarantee of this sanity will be to act as if we understood that the fundamental duty of a government is to preserve order, to enforce obedience of the laws. It has been held hitherto that a man can be depended on as a guardian of order only when he has much money and comfort to lose. But a better state of things would be, that men who had little money and not much comfort should still be guardians of order, because they had sense to see that disorder would do no good, and had a heart of justice, pity, and fortitude, to keep them from making more misery only because they felt some misery themselves. There are thousands of artisans who have already shown this fine spirit, and have endured much with patient heroism. If such a spirit spread, and penetrated us all, we should soon become the masters of the country in the best sense and to the best ends. For, the public order being preserved, there can be no government in future that will not be determined by our insistence on our fair and practicable demands. It is only by disorder that our demands will be choked, that we shall find ourselves lost among a brutal rabble, with all the intelligence of the country opposed to us, and see government in the shape of guns that will sweep us down in the ignoble martyrdom of fools.

It has been a too common notion that to insist much on

the preservation of order is the part of a selfish aristocracy and a selfish commercial class, because among these, in the nature of things, have been found the opponents of change. I am a Radical; and, what is more, I am not a Radical with a title, or a French cook, or even an entrance into fine society. I expect great changes and I desire them. But I don't expect them to come in a hurry, by mere inconsiderate sweeping. A Hercules with a big besom is a fine thing for a filthy stable, but not for weeding a seed bed, where his besom would soon make a barren floor.

That is old-fashioned talk, some one may say. We know all that.

Yes, when things are put in an extreme way, most people think they know them; but, after all, they are comparatively few who see the small degrees by which those extremes are arrived at, or have the resolution and self-control to resist the little impulses by which they creep on surely towards a fatal end. Does anybody set out meaning to ruin himself, or to drink himself to death, or to waste his life so that he becomes a despicable old man, a superannuated nuisance, like a fly in winter? Yet there are plenty, of whose lot this is the pitiable story. Well, now, supposing us all to have the best intentions, we working men, as a body, run some risk of bringing evil on the nation in that unconscious manner—half-hurrying, half-pushed in a jostling march towards an end we are not thinking of. For just as there are many things which we know better and feel much more strongly than the richer, softer-handed classes can know or feel them, so there are many things—many precious benefits—which we, by the very fact of our privations, our lack of leisure and instruction, are not so likely to be aware of and take into our account. Those precious benefits form a chief part of what I may call the common estate of society; a wealth over and above buildings, machinery, produce, shipping, and so on, though closely connected with these; a wealth of a more delicate kind, that we may more unconsciously bring into danger, doing harm and not knowing that we do it. I mean that treasure of knowledge, science, poetry, refinement of thought, feeling, and manners, great memories, and the interpretation of great records, which is carried on from the minds of one generation to the minds of another. This is something distinct from the indulgences of luxury and the pursuit of vain finery; and one

of the hardships in the lot of working men is that they have been for the most part shut out from sharing in this treasure. It can make a man's life very great, very full of delight, though he has no smart furniture and no horses; it also yields a great deal of discovery that corrects error, and of invention that lessens bodily pain, and must at last make life easier for all.

Now, the security of this treasure demands, not only the preservation of order, but a certain patience on our part with many institutions and facts of various kinds, especially touching the accumulation of wealth, which, from the light we stand in, we are more likely to discern the evil than the good of. It is constantly the task of practical wisdom not to say, "This is good, and I will have it," but to say, "This is the less of two unavoidable evils, and I will bear it." And this treasure of knowledge, which consists in the fine activity, the exalted vision of many minds, is bound up at present with conditions which have much evil in them. Just as in the case of material wealth and its distribution we are obliged to take the selfishness and weaknesses of human nature into account, and, however we insist that men might act better, are forced, unless we are fanatical simpletons, to consider how they are likely to act; so in this matter of the wealth that is carried in men's minds, we have to reflect that the too absolute predominance of a class whose wants have been of a common sort, who are chiefly struggling to get better and more food, clothing, shelter, and bodily recreation, may lead to hasty measures for the sake of having things more fairly shared, which, even if they did not fail of their object, would at last debase the life of the nation. Do anything which will throw the classes who hold the treasures of knowledge—nay, I may say, the treasure of refined needs—into the background, cause them to withdraw from public affairs, stop too suddenly any of the sources by which their leisure and ease are furnished, rob them of the chances by which they may be influential and pre-eminent, and you do something as short-sighted as the acts of France and Spain when in jealousy and wrath, not altogether unprovoked, they drove from among them races and classes that held the traditions of handicraft and agriculture. You injure your own inheritance and the inheritance of your children. You may truly say that this which I call the common estate of society has

been anything but common to you; but the same may be said, by many of us of the sunlight and the air, of the sky and the fields, of parks and holiday games. Nevertheless, that these blessings exist makes life worthier to us, and urges us the more to energetic, likely means of getting our share in them; and I say, let us watch carefully lest we do anything to lessen this treasure which is held in the minds of men, while we exert ourselves first of all, and to the very utmost, that we and our children may share in all its benefits. Yes; exert ourselves to the utmost to break the yoke of ignorance. If we demand more leisure, more ease in our lives, let us show that we don't deserve the reproach of wanting to shirk that industry which, in some form or other, every man, whether rich or poor, should feel himself as much bound to as he is bound to decency. Let us show that we want to have some time and strength left to us, that we may use it, not for brutal indulgence, but for the rational exercise of the faculties which make us men. Without this no political measures can benefit us. No political institution will alter the nature of Ignorance, or hinder it from producing vice and misery. Let Ignorance start how it will, it must run the same round of low appetites, poverty, slavery, and superstition. Some of us know this well—nay, I will say, feel it; for knowledge of this kind cuts deep; and to us it is one of the most painful facts belonging to our condition that there are numbers of our fellow-workmen who are so far from feeling in the same way, that they never use the imperfect opportunities already offered them for giving their children some schooling but turn their little ones of tender age into bread-winners, often at cruel tasks, exposed to the horrible infection of childish vice. Of course, the causes of these hideous things go a long way back. Parents' misery has made parents' wickedness. But we, who are still blessed with the hearts of fathers and the consciences of men—we who have some knowledge of the curse entailed on broods of creatures in human shape, whose enfeebled bodies, and dull, perverted minds are mere centres of uneasiness, in whom even appetite is feeble, and joy impossible—I say we are bound to use all the means at our command to help in putting a stop to this horror. Here, it seems to me, is a way in which we may use extended co-operation among us to the most momentous of all purposes, and make conditions of enrol-

ment that would strengthen all educational measures. It is true enough that there is a low sense of parental duties in the nation at large, and that numbers who have no excuse in bodily hardship seem to think it a light thing to beget children—to bring human beings, with all their tremendous possibilities, into this difficult world—and then take little heed how they are disciplined and furnished for the perilous journey they are sent on without any asking of their own. This is a sin shared in more or less by all classes; but there are sins which, like taxation, fall the heaviest on the poorest, and none have such galling reasons as we working men to try and rouse to the utmost the feeling of responsibility in fathers and mothers. We have been urged into co-operation by the pressure of common demands. In war men need each other more; and where a given point has to be defended, fighters inevitably find themselves shoulder to shoulder. So fellowship grows; so grow the rules of fellowship, which gradually shape themselves to thoroughness as the idea of a common good becomes more complete. We feel a right to say, If you will be one of us, you must make such and such a contribution, you must renounce such and such a separate advantage, you must set your face against such and such an infringement. If we have any false ideas about our common good, our rules will be wrong, and we shall be co-operating to damage each other. But now, here is a part of our good, without which everything else we strive for will be worthless—I mean the rescue of our children. Let us demand from the members of our Unions that they fulfil their duty as parents in this definite matter, which rules can reach. Let us demand that they send their children to school, so as not to go on recklessly breeding a moral pestilence among us, just as strictly as we demand that they pay their contributions to a common fund, understood to be for a common benefit. While we watch our public men let us watch one another as to this duty, which is also public, and more momentous even than obedience to sanitary regulations. While we resolutely declare against the wickedness in high places, let us set ourselves also against the wickedness in low places; not quarreling which came first, or which is the worst of the two—not trying to settle the miserable precedence of plague or famine, but insisting unflinchingly on remedies once ascertained, and summoning those who

hold the treasure of knowledge to remember that they hold it in trust, and that with them lies the task of searching for new remedies, and finding the right methods of applying them.

To find right remedies and right methods! Here is the great function of knowledge: here the life of one man may make a fresh era straight away, in which a sort of suffering that has existed shall exist no more. For the thousands of years, down to the middle of the sixteenth century since Christ, that human limbs had been hacked and amputated, nobody knew how to stop the bleeding except by searing the ends of the vessels with red-hot iron. But then came a man named Ambrose Paré, and said, "Tie up the arteries!" That was a fine word to utter. It contained the statement of a method—a plan by which a particular evil was forever assuaged. Let us try to discern the men whose words carry that sort of kernel, and choose such men to be our guides and representatives—not choose platform swaggerers, who bring us nothing but the ocean to make our broth with.

To get the chief power into the hands of the wisest, which means to get our life regulated according to the truest principles mankind is in possession of, is a problem as old as the very notion of wisdom. The solution comes slowly, because men collectively can only be made to embrace principles, and to act on them, by the slow, stupendous teaching of the world's events. Men will go on planting potatoes, and nothing else but potatoes, till a potato disease comes and forces them to find out the advantage of a varied crop. Selfishness, stupidity, sloth, persist in trying to adapt the world to their desires, till a time comes when the world manifests itself as too decidedly inconvenient to them. Wisdom stands outside of man and urges itself upon him, like the marks of the changing seasons, before it finds a home within him, directs his actions, and from the precious effects of obedience begets a corresponding love.

But while still outside of us, wisdom often looks terrible, and wears strange forms, wrapped in the changing conditions of a struggling world. It wears now the form of wants and just demands in a great multitude of British men; wants and demands urged into existence by the forces of a maturing world. And it is in virtue of this—in virtue of this presence of wisdom on our side as a mighty fact, physical and moral, which must enter into and shape the thoughts and actions

of mankind—that we working men have obtained the suffrage. Not because we are an excellent multitude, but because we are a needy multitude.

But now, for our own part, we have seriously to consider this outside wisdom which lies in the supreme unalterable nature of things, and watch to give it a home within us and obey it. If the claims of the unendowed multitude of working men hold within them principles which must shape the future, it is not less true that the endowed classes, in their inheritance from the past, hold the precious material without which no worthy, noble future can be moulded. Many of the highest uses of life are in their keeping; and if privilege has often been abused, it has also been the nurse of excellence. Here again we have to submit ourselves to the great law of inheritance. If we quarrel with the way in which the labors and earnings of the past have been preserved and handed down, we are just as bigoted, just as narrow, just as wanting in that religion which keeps an open ear and obedient mind to the teachings of fact, as we accuse those of being who quarrel with the new truth and new needs which are disclosed in the present. The deeper insight we get into the causes of human trouble, and the ways by which men are made better and happier, the less we shall be inclined to the unprofitable spirit and practice of reproaching classes as such in a wholesale fashion. Not all the evils of our condition are such as we can justly blame others for; and, I repeat, many of them are such as no change of institutions can quickly remedy. To discern between the evils that energy can remove and the evils that patience must bear, makes the difference between manliness and childishness, between good sense and folly. And, more than that, without such discernment, seeing that we have grave duties towards our own body and the country at large, we can hardly escape acts of fatal rashness and injustice.

I am addressing a mixed assembly of workmen, and some of you may be as well or better fitted than I am to take up this office. But they will not think it amiss in me that I have tried to bring together the considerations most likely to be of service to us in preparing ourselves for the use of our new opportunities. I have avoided touching on special questions. The best help towards judging well on these is to approach them in the right temper, without vain expectation, and with a resolution which is mixed with temperance.

LEAVES FROM A NOTE-BOOK.

Authorship.

To lay down in the shape of practical moral rules courses of conduct only to be made real by the rarest states of motive and disposition, tends not to elevate, but to degrade the general standard, by turning that rare attainment from an object of admiration into an impossible prescription, against which the average nature first rebels and then flings out ridicule. It is for art to present images of a lovelier order than the actual, gently winning the affections, and so determining the taste. But in any rational criticism of the time which is meant to guide a practical reform, it is idle to insist that action ought to be this or that, without considering how far the outward conditions of such change are present, even supposing the inward disposition towards it. Practically, we must be satisfied to aim at something short of perfection—and at something very much further off it in one case than in another. While the fundamental conceptions of morality seem as stationary through ages as the laws of life, so that a moral manual written eighteen centuries ago still admonishes us that we are low in our attainments, it is quite otherwise with the degree to which moral conceptions have penetrated the various forms of social activity, and made what may be called the special conscience of each calling, art, or industry. While on some points of social duty public opinion has reached a tolerably high standard, on others a public opinion is not yet born; and there are even some functions and practices with regard to which men far above the line in honorableness of nature feel hardly any scrupulosity, though their consequent behavior is easily shown to be as injurious as bribery, or any other slowly poisonous procedure which degrades the social vitality.

Among those callings which have not yet acquired anything near a full-grown conscience in the public mind is Authorship. Yet the changes brought about by the spread

of instruction and the consequent struggles of an uneasy ambition, are, or at least might well be, forcing on many minds the need of some regulating principle with regard to the publication of intellectual products, which would override the rule of the market: a principle, that is, which should be derived from a fixing of the author's vocation according to those characteristics in which it differs from the other bread-winning professions. Let this be done, if possible, without any cant, which would carry the subject into Utopia, away from existing needs. The guidance wanted is a clear notion of what should justify men and women in assuming public authorship, and of the way in which they should be determined by what is usually called success. But the forms of authorship must be distinguished; journalism, for example, carrying a necessity for that continuous production which in other kinds of writing is precisely the evil to be fought against, and judicious, careful compilation, which is a great public service, holding in its modest diligence a guarantee against those deductions of vanity and idleness which draw many a young gentleman into reviewing, instead of the sorting and copying which his small talents could not rise to with any vigor and completeness.

A manufacturer goes on producing calicoes as long and as fast as he can find a market for them; and in obeying this indication of demand he gives his factory its utmost usefulness to the world in general, and to himself in particular. Another manufacturer buys a new invention of some light kind likely to attract the public fancy, is successful in finding a multitude who will give their testers for the transiently desirable commodity, and, before the fashion is out, pockets a considerable sum: the commodity was colored with a green which had arsenic in it, that damaged the factory workers and the purchasers. What then? These, he contends (or does not know or care to contend), are superficial effects, which it is folly to dwell upon while we have epidemic diseases and bad government.

The first manufacturer we will suppose blameless. Is an author simply on a par with him, as to the rules of production?

The author's capital is his brain-power—power of invention, power of writing. The manufacturer's capital, in fortunate cases, is being continually reproduced and increased.

Here is the first grand difference between the capital which is turned into calico, and the brain capital which is turned into literature. The calico scarcely varies in appropriateness of quality, no consumer is in danger of getting too much of it, and neglecting his boots, hats, and flannel shirts in consequence. That there should be large quantities of the same sort in the calico manufacture is an advantage: the sameness is desirable, and nobody is likely to roll his person in so many folds of calico as to become a mere bale of cotton goods, and nullify his senses of hearing and touch, while his morbid passion for Manchester shirtings makes him still cry "More!" The wise manufacturer gets richer and richer, and the consumers he supplies have their real wants satisfied and no more.

Let it be taken as admitted that all legitimate social activity must be beneficial to others besides the agent. To write prose or verse as a private exercise and satisfaction is not social activity; nobody is culpable for this any more than for learning other people's verse by heart, if he does not neglect his proper business in consequence. If the exercise made him sillier or secretly more self-satisfied, that, to be sure, would be a roundabout way of injuring society; for though a certain mixture of silliness may lighten existence, we have at present more than enough.

But man or woman who publishes writings inevitably assumes the office of teacher or influencer of the public mind. Let him protest as he will that he only seeks to amuse, and has no pretension to do more than while away an hour of leisure or weariness—"the idle singer of an empty day"—he can no more escape influencing the moral taste, and with it the action of the intelligence, than a setter of fashions in furniture and dress can fill the shops with his designs, and leave the garniture of persons and houses unaffected by his industry.

For a man who has a certain gift of writing to say, "I will make the most of it while the public likes my wares, as long as the market is open and I am able to supply it at a money profit—such profit being the sign of liking"—he should have a belief that his wares have nothing akin to the arsenic green in them, and also that his continuous supply is secure from a degradation in quality which the habit of consumption encouraged in the buyers may hinder them from marking

their sense of by rejection; so that they complain, but pay, and read while they complain. Unless he has that belief, he is on a level with the manufacturer who gets rich by fancy wares covered with arsenic green. He really cares for nothing but his income. He carries on authorship on the principle of the gin-palace.

And bad literature of the sort called amusing is spiritual gin.

A writer capable of being popular can only escape this social culpability by first of all getting a profound sense that literature is good-for-nothing if it is not admirably good: he must detest bad literature too heartily to be indifferent about producing it if only other people don't detest it. And if he has this sign of the divine afflatus within him, he must make up his mind that he must not pursue authorship as a vocation with a trading determination to get rich by it. It is in the highest sense lawful for him to get as good a price as he honorably can for the best work he is capable of; but not for him to force or hurry his production, or even do over again what has already been done, either by himself or others, so as to render his work no real contribution, for the sake of bringing up his income to the fancy pitch. An author who would keep a pure and noble conscience, and with that a developing instead of degenerating intellect and taste, must cast out of his aims the aim to be rich. And, therefore, he must keep his expenditure low—he must make for himself no dire necessity to earn sums in order to pay bills.

In opposition to this, it is common to cite Walter Scott's case and cry, "Would the world have got as much innocent (and therefore salutary) pleasure out of Scott, if he had not brought himself under the pressure of money-need?" I think it would—and more; but since it is impossible to prove what would have been, I confine myself to replying that Scott was not justified in bringing himself into a position where severe consequences to others depended on his retaining or not retaining his mental competence. Still less is Scott to be taken as an example to be followed in this matter, even if it were admitted that money-need served to press at once the best and the most work out of him; any more than a great navigator who has brought his ship to port in spite of having taken a wrong and perilous route, is

to be followed as to his route by navigators who are not yet ascertained to be great.

But after the restraints and rules which must guide the acknowledged author, whose power of making a real contribution is ascertained, comes the consideration, how or on what principle are we to find a check for that troublesome disposition to authorship arising from the spread of what is called Education, which turns a growing rush of vanity and ambition into this current? The well-taught, an increasing number, are almost all able to write essays on given themes, which demand new periodicals to save them from lying in cold obstruction. The ill-taught—also an increasing number—read many books, seem to themselves to be able to write others surprisingly like what they read, and probably superior, since the variations are such as please their own fancy, and such as they would have recommended to their favorite authors: these ill-taught persons are perhaps idle and want to give themselves “an object;” or they are short of money, and feel disinclined to get it by a commoner kind of work; or they find a facility in putting sentences together which gives them more than a suspicion that they have genius, which, if not very cordially believed in by private confidants, will be recognized by an impartial public; or, finally, they observe that writing is sometimes well paid, and sometimes a ground of fame or distinction, and without any use of punctilious logic, they conclude to become writers themselves.

As to these ill-taught persons, whatever medicines of a spiritual sort can be found good against mental emptiness and inflation—such medicines are needful for *them*. The contempt of the world for their productions only comes after their disease has wrought its worst effects. But what is to be said to the well-taught, who have such an alarming equality in their power of writing “like a scholar and a gentleman?” Perhaps they, too, can only be cured by the medicine of higher ideals in social duty, and by a fuller representation to themselves of the processes by which the general culture is furthered or impeded.

Judgments on Authors.

In endeavoring to estimate a remarkable writer who aimed at more than temporary influence, we have first to consider what was his individual contribution to the spiritual wealth of mankind? Had he a new conception? Did he animate long-known but neglected truths with new vigor, and cast fresh light on their relation to other admitted truths? Did he impregnate any ideas with a fresh store of emotion, and in this way enlarge the area of moral sentiment? Did he, by a wise emphasis here, and a wise disregard there, give a more useful or beautiful proportion to aims or motives? And even where his thinking was most mixed with the sort of mistake which is obvious to the majority, as well as that which can only be discerned by the instructed, or made manifest by the progress of things, has it that salt of a noble enthusiasm which should rebuke our critical discrimination if its correctness is inspired with a less admirable habit of feeling?

This is not the common or easy course to take in estimating a modern writer. It requires considerable knowledge of what he has himself done, as well as of what others had done before him, or what they were doing contemporaneously; it requires deliberate reflection as to the degree in which our own prejudices may hinder us from appreciating the intellectual or moral bearing of what, on a first view, offends us. An easier course is to notice some salient mistakes, and take them as decisive of the writer's incompetence; or to find out that something apparently much the same as what he has said in some connection not clearly ascertained had been said by somebody else, though without great effect, until this new effect of discrediting the other's originality had shown itself as an adequate final cause; or to pronounce from the point of view of individual taste that this writer for whom regard is claimed is repulsive, wearisome, not to be borne, except by those dull persons who are of a different opinion.

Elder writers who have passed into classics were doubtless treated in this easy way when they were still under the misfortune of being recent—nay, are still dismissed with the same rapidity of judgment by daring ignorance. But people who think that they have a reputation to lose in the matter

of knowledge, have looked into cyclopædias and histories of philosophy or literature, and possessed themselves of the duly balanced epithets concerning the immortals. They are not left to their own unguided rashness, or their own unguided pusillanimity. And it is this sheep-like flock who have no direct impressions, no spontaneous delight, no genuine objection or self-confessed neutrality in relation to the writers become classic—it is these who are incapable of passing a genuine judgment on the living. Necessarily. The susceptibility they have kept active is a susceptibility to their own reputation for passing the right judgment, not the susceptibility to qualities in the object of judgment. Who learns to discriminate shades of color by considering what is expected of him? The habit of expressing borrowed judgments stupefies the sensibilities, which are the only foundation of genuine judgments, just as the constant reading and retailing of results from other men's observations through the microscope, without ever looking through the lens one's self, is an instruction in some truths and some prejudices, but is no instruction in observant susceptibility; on the contrary, it breeds a habit of inward seeing according to verbal statement, which dulls the power of outward seeing according to visual evidence.

On this subject, as on so many others, it is difficult to strike the balance between the educational needs of passivity or receptivity, and independent selection. We should learn nothing without the tendency to implicit acceptance; but there must clearly be a limit to such mental submission, else we should come to a standstill. The human mind would be no better than a dried specimen, representing an unchangeable type. When the assimilation of new matter ceases, decay must begin. In a reasoned self-restraining deference there is as much energy as in rebellion; but among the less capable, one must admit that the superior energy is on the side of the rebels. And certainly a man who dares to say that he finds an eminent classic feeble here, extravagant there, and in general overrated, may chance to give an opinion which has some genuine discrimination in it concerning a new work or a living thinker—an opinion such as can hardly ever be got from the reputed judge, who is a correct echo of the most approved phrases concerning those who have been already canonized.

Story-Telling.

What is the best way of telling a story? Since the standard must be the interest of the audience, there must be several or many good ways rather than one best. For we get interested in the stories life presents to us through divers orders and modes of presentation. Very commonly our first awakening to a desire of knowing a man's past or future comes from our seeing him as a stranger in some unusual or pathetic or humorous situation, or manifesting some remarkable characteristics. We make inquiries in consequence, or we become observant and attentive whenever opportunities of knowing more may happen to present themselves without our search. You have seen a refined face among the prisoners picking tow in jail; you afterwards see the same unforgettable face in a pulpit: he must be of dull fibre who would not care to know more about a life which showed such contrasts, though he might gather his knowledge in a fragmentary and unchronological way.

Again, we have heard much, or at least something not quite common, about a man whom we have never seen, and hence we look round with curiosity when we are told that he is present; whatever he says or does before us is charged with a meaning due to our previous hearsay knowledge about him, gathered either from dialogue of which he was expressly and emphatically the subject, or from incidental remark, or from general report either in or out of print.

These indirect ways of arriving at knowledge are always the most stirring even in relation to impersonal subjects. To see a chemical experiment gives an attractiveness to a definition of chemistry, and fills it with a significance which it would never have had without the pleasant shock of an unusual sequence, such as the transformation of a solid into gas, and *vice versa*. To see a word for the first time either as substantive or adjective in a connection where we care about knowing its complete meaning, is the way to vivify its meaning in our recollection. Curiosity becomes the more eager from the incompleteness of the first information. Moreover, it is in this way that memory works in its incidental revival of events: some salient experience appears in inward vision, and in consequence the antecedent facts are retraced from what is regarded as the beginning of the epi-

sode in which that experience made a more or less strikingly memorable part. "Ah! I remember addressing the mob from the hustings at Westminster—you wouldn't have thought that I could ever have been in such a position. Well, how I came there was in this way—;" and then follows a retrospective narration.

The modes of telling a story founded on these processes of outward and inward life derive their effectiveness from the superior mastery of images and pictures in grasping the attention—or, one might say with more fundamental accuracy, from the fact that our earliest, strongest impressions, our most intimate convictions, are simply images added to more or less of sensation. These are the primitive instruments of thought. Hence it is not surprising that early poetry took this way—telling a daring deed, a glorious achievement, without caring for what went before. The desire for orderly narration is a later, more reflective birth. The presence of the Jack in the box affects every child: it is the more reflective lad, the miniature philosopher, who wants to know how he got there.

The only stories life presents to us in an orderly way are those of our autobiography, or the career of our companions from our childhood upwards, or perhaps of our own children. But it is a great art to make a connected, strictly relevant narrative of such careers as we can recount from the beginning. In these cases the sequence of associations is almost sure to overmaster the sense of proportion. Such narratives *ab ovo* are summer's-day stories for happy loungers; not the cup of self-forgetting excitement to the busy who can snatch an hour of entertainment.

But the simple opening of a story with a date and necessary account of places and people, passing on quietly towards the more rousing elements of narrative and dramatic presentation, without need of retrospect, has its advantages, which have to be measured by the nature of the story. Spirited narrative, without more than a touch of dialogue here and there, may be made eminently interesting, and is suited to the novelette. Examples of its charm are seen in the short tales in which the French have a mastery never reached by the English, who usually demand coarser flavors than are given by that delightful gayety which is well described by

La Fontaine* as not anything that provokes fits of laughter, but a certain charm, an agreeable mode of handling, which lends attractiveness to all subjects even the most serious. And it is this sort of gayety which plays around the best French novelettes. But the opening chapters of the "Vicar of Wakefield" are as fine as anything that can be done in this way.

Why should a story not be told in the most irregular fashion that an author's idiosyncrasy may prompt, provided that he gives us what we can enjoy? The objections to Sterne's wild way of telling "Tristram Shandy" lie more solidly in the quality of the interrupting matter than in the fact of interruption. The dear public would do well to reflect that they are often bored from the want of flexibility in their own minds. They are like the toppers of "one liquor."

Historic Imagination.

The exercise of a veracious imagination in historical picturing seems to be capable of a development that might help the judgment greatly with regard to present and future events. By veracious imagination, I mean the working out in detail of the various steps by which a political or social change was reached, using all extant evidence, and supplying deficiencies by careful analogical creation. How triumphant opinions originally spread; how institutions arose; what were the conditions of great inventions, discoveries, or theoretic conceptions; what circumstances affecting individual lots are attendant on the decay of long-established systems—all these grand elements of history require the illumination of special imaginative treatment. But effective truth in this application of art requires freedom from the vulgar coercion of conventional plot, which is become hardly of higher influence on imaginative representation than a detailed "order" for a picture sent by a rich grocer to an eminent painter—allotting a certain portion of the canvas to a rural scene, another to a fashionable group, with a request

* "Je n'appelle pas gayété ce qui excite le rire, mais un certain charme, un air agréable qu'on peut donner à toutes sortes de sujets, mesme les plus sérieux."—Preface to Fables.

for a murder in the middle distance, and a little comedy to relieve it. A slight approximation to the veracious glimpses of history artistically presented, which I am indicating, but applied only to an incident of contemporary life, is "Un Paquet de Lettres" by Gustave Droz. For want of such, real, minute vision of how changes come about in the past, we fall into ridiculously inconsistent estimates of actual movements, condemning, in the present what we belaud in the past, and pronouncing impossible processes that have been repeated again and again in the historical preparation of the very system under which we live. A false kind of idealization dulls our perception of the meaning in words when they relate to past events which have had a glorious issue; for lack of comparison no warning image rises to check scorn of the very phrases which in other associations are consecrated.

Utopian pictures help the reception of ideas as to constructive results, but hardly so much as a vivid presentation of how results have been actually brought about, especially in religious and social change. And there is the pathos, the heroism, often accompanying the decay and final struggle of old systems, which has not had its share of tragic commemoration. What really took place in and around Constantine before, upon, and immediately after his declared conversion? Could a momentary flash be thrown on Eusebius in his sayings and doings as an ordinary man in bishop's garments? Or on Julian and Libanius? There has been abundant writing on such great turning-points, but not such as serves to instruct the imagination in true comparison. I want something different from the abstract treatment which belongs to grave history from a doctrinal point of view, and something different from the schemed picturesqueness of ordinary historical fiction. I want brief, severely conscientious reproductions in their concrete incidents, of pregnant movements in the past.

Value in Originality.

The supremacy given in European cultures to the literatures of Greece and Rome has had an effect almost equal to

that of a common religion in binding the Western nations together. It is foolish to be forever complaining of the consequent uniformity, as if there were an endless power of originality in the human mind. Great and precious origination must always be comparatively rare, and can only exist on condition of a wide, massive uniformity. When a multitude of men have learned to use the same language in speech and writing, then and then only can the greatest masters of language arise. For in what does their mastery consist? They use words which are already a familiar medium of understanding and sympathy in such a way as greatly to enlarge the understanding and sympathy. Originality of this order changes the wild grasses into world-feeding grain. Idiosyncrasies are pepper and spices of questionable aroma.

To the Prosaic all Things are Prosaic.

"Is the time we live in prosaic?" "That depends: it must certainly be prosaic to one whose mind takes a prosaic stand in contemplating it," "But it is precisely the most poetic minds that most groan over the vulgarity of the present, its degenerate sensibility to beauty, eagerness for materialistic explanation, noisy triviality." "Perhaps they would have had the same complaint to make about the age of Elizabeth, if, living then, they had fixed their attention on its more sordid elements, or had been subject to the grating influence of its every-day meanness, and had sought refuge from them in the contemplation of whatever suited their taste in a former age."

"Dear Religious Love."

We get our knowledge of perfect Love by glimpses and in fragments chiefly—the rarest only among us knowing what it is to worship and caress, reverence and cherish, divide our bread and mingle our thoughts at one and the same time, under inspiration of the same object. Finest aromas will so often leave the fruits to which they are native and cling elsewhere, leaving the fruit empty of all but its coarser structure!

We Make our Own Precedents.

In the times of national mixture when modern Europe was, as one may say, a-brewing, it was open to a man who did not like to be judged by the Roman law to choose which of certain other codes he would be tried by. So, in our own times, they who openly adopt a higher rule than their neighbors do thereby make act of choice as to the laws and precedents by which they shall be approved or condemned, and thus it may happen that we see a man morally pilloried for a very customary deed, and yet having no right to complain, inasmuch as in his foregoing deliberative course of life he had referred himself to the tribunal of those higher conceptions, before which such a deed is without question condemnable.

Birth of Tolerance.

Tolerance first comes through equality of struggle, as in the case of Arianism and Catholicism in the early times—Valens, Eastern and Arian, Valentinian, Western and Catholic, alike publishing edicts of tolerance; or it comes from a common need of relief from an oppressive predominance, as when James II. published his Act of Tolerance towards non-Anglicans, being forced into liberality towards the Dissenters by the need to get it for the Catholics. Community of interest is the root of justice; community of suffering, the root of pity; community of joy, the root of love.

Enveloped in a common mist, we seem to walk in clearness ourselves, and behold only the mist that enshrouds others.

Sympathetic people are often incommunicative about themselves: they give back reflected images which hide their own depths.

The pond said to the ocean, "Why do you rage so? The wind is not so very violent—nay, it is already fallen. Look at me. I rose into no foaming waves, and am already smooth again."

Felix qui non potuit.

Many feel themselves very confidently on safe ground when they say: It must be good for man to know the Truth. But it is clearly not good for a particular man to know some particular truth, as irremediable treachery in one whom he cherishes—better that he should die without knowing it.

Of scientific truth, it is not conceivable that some facts as to the tendency of things affecting the final destination of the race might be more hurtful when they had entered into the human consciousness than they would have been if they had remained purely external in their activity?

Divine Grace a Real Emanation.

There is no such thing as an impotent or neutral deity, if the deity be really believed in, and contemplated, either in prayer or meditation. Every object of thought reacts on the mind that conceives it, still more on that which habitually contemplates it. In this we may be said to solicit help from a generalization or abstraction. Wordsworth had this truth in his consciousness when he wrote (in the Prelude):

"Nor general truths, which are themselves a sort
Of elements and agents, Under-powers,
Subordinate helpers of the living mind"—

not indeed precisely in the same relation, but with a meaning which involves that wider moral influence.

"A Fine Excess." Feeling is Energy.

One can hardly insist too much, in the present stage of thinking, on the efficacy of feeling in stimulating to ardent

co-operation, quite apart from the conviction that such co-operation is needed for the achievement of the end in view. Just as hatred will vent itself in private curses no longer believed to have any potency, and joy, in private singing far out among the woods and fields, so sympathetic feeling can only be satisfied by joining in the action which expresses it, though the added "Bravo!" the added push, the added penny, is no more than a grain of dust on a rolling mass. When students take the horses out of a political hero's carriage, and draw him home by the force of their own muscle, the struggle in each is simply to draw or push, without consideration whether his place would not be as well filled by somebody else, or whether his one arm be really needful to the effect. It is under the same inspiration that abundant help rushes towards the scene of a fire, rescuing imperilled lives, and laboring with generous rivalry in carrying buckets. So the old, blind King John of Bohemia at the battle of Crecy begged his vassals to lead him into the fight that he might strike a good blow, though his own stroke, possibly fatal to himself, could not turn by a hair's-breadth the imperious course of victory.

The question, "Of what use is it for me to work towards an end confessedly good?" comes from that sapless kind of reasoning which is falsely taken for a sign of supreme mental activity, but is really due to languor, or incapability of that mental grasp which makes objects strongly present, and to a lack of sympathetic emotion. In the "Spanish Gypsy" Fedalma says—

"The grandest death! to die in vain—for Love
Greater than sways the forces of the world" *—

referring to the image of the disciples throwing themselves, consciously in vain, on the Roman spears. I really believe and mean this—not as a rule of general action, but as a possible grand instance of determining energy in human sympathy, which even in particular cases, where it has only a magnificent futility, is more adorable, or as we say divine, than un pitying force, or than a prudent calculation of results. Perhaps it is an implicit joy in the resources of our human nature which has stimulated admiration for acts of self-sacri-

* *V.* what Demosthenes says ("De Corona") about Athens pursuing the same course, though she had known from the beginning that her heroic resistance would be in vain.

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fice which are vain as to their immediate end. Marcus Cur-
tius was probably not imagined as concluding to himself that
he and his horse would so fill up the gap as to make a
smooth *terra firma*. The impulse and act made the heroism,
not the correctness of adaptation. No doubt the passionate
inspiration which prompts and sustains a course of self-sac-
rificing labor in the light of soberly estimated results gathers
the highest title to our veneration, and makes the supreme
heroism. But the generous leap of impulse is needed too,
to swell the flood of sympathy in us beholders, that we may
not fall completely under the mastery of calculation, which
in its turn may fail of ends for want of energy got from
ardor. We have need to keep the sluices open for possible
influxes of the rarer sort.

THE END.

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